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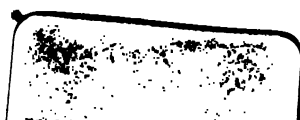
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"Why wilt thou defer thy good purpose from day to day? Arise and begin in this very instant and say: Now is the time for doing, now is the time for striving, now is the fit time to amend myself."

THOMAS-À-KEMPIS.



PAPERS FOR THE TIMES,

ON

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

PART XVIII:

The Count of Saint Germain.

By William Maccall.

Iago : A Study.

By S. Hales.

The Beauty of Holiness.

By J. Kaines, D.Sc.

Alexander Anderson.

By M. M.

Ouida.

By Herbert J. Bathgate.

On the Intellectual Passions and Faculties

in Old Age.

By M. M.

OCTOBER, 1880.]

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KANT AS A POSITIVE THINKER.

Printer's Error.

Top line of Page 25 should have been placed at the bottom.

A NOTE ON VANINI,

BY

JAMES HOOPER.

A NOTE ON VANINI.

*"Virtue, though obscured on earth, not less
Survives all mortal change in lasting loveliness."*—SHELLEY.

THE name of Giulio Cesare Vanini has been long "obscured on earth," yet the record of his life and sufferings, in the meagre details left to us, is full of vivid interest. That record was published to the world in 1878, by Signor Raffaele Palumbo, in an interesting little book (*Giulio Cesare Vanini e i suoi tempi, Cenno Biografico - Storico.*—*Napoli, N-Jovene, 1878*) from which the following facts are derived :—

On first opening this booklet we see the likeness and autograph of Vanini : the long wavy hair, the regular features, the plain scholar's dress, and, above all, the dreamy yet questioning eyes, whose gaze seems fixed on some far off beatific vision, serve as fit introduction to a striking personality. So much has the history of Vanini been left in the dark, that his very name has been variously written by different writers, some calling him Pomponio, others Lucilio, Lucio, &c. ; and even in a quite recent work on Pantheism he is designated Lucilio Vanini. It is, however, established by Signor Palumbo that his real name was Giulio Cesare Vanini, and that it was not merely adopted, as one of his detractors would have

us believe, from the silly vanity of being called after the conqueror of Gaul.

Vanini was born in 1585, about the time when Raleigh's adventurous spirit was founding the colony of Virginia, and just five years before

“The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine”

was captured by the Huguenots at Ivry; a time when bright and brave spirits were fighting with pen and sword for freedom and light.

The place of his birth should also be noted, for from Cicero to Ruskin it has been matter of faith that to be born in sweet air filled with the savour of Nature's pure breathings is no small gain, so we are glad to know that Vanini was born in the *amenissima terra di Otranto*, at the village of Taurisano. So we are told of Michel Angelo that “he was born in the neighbourhood of Arezzo, the thin clear air of which it was then thought was favourable to the birth of children of great parts” (*Pater's Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, page 67). Vanini's father was a kind of steward to the magnifico of the place, and his mother was of gentle Spanish blood, as her names—Beatrice Lopez y Noguera—bespeak her.

Annals of his boyhood we have none, but are told that he was sharp of intellect and of ready understanding, that he made rapid progress in all the learning of the time, and got much of his early training in theology and philosophy from one John Bacon, an English Carmelite at Rome. The next point in his career to be noted is his stay at the University of Naples, where he studied astronomy, medicine, jurisprudence, &c., and was granted his Doctor's degree

in the year 1606, the 21st of his age. From there he went to Padua, famous for doctors who dabbled in shady necromantic lore, and where, some quarter of a century later, dear old Sir Thomas Browne resided for a time. It is pleasant to find that here, as at Rome, the young scholar was the pupil of Englishmen who had great fame of learning—to wit, Gunthorpe, Free, William Gray and Robert Fleming. Who these worthies were and why they settled in Padua it would please us well to know ; but Signor Palumbo merely names these *stranieri*, and, likely enough, little beyond their names is left to distinguish them. No teacher of the old University but found in Vanini an eager pupil, and a spirit keen to look below the surface of things, ardent in search, quick to tear aside the wrappings in which partizans or bigots have ever been wont to disguise and deform the truth. This student, too, was very poor ; the little money which the good majordomo could allow him was nearly all spent on books ; his food was coarse, his clothing scanty. He says himself that he endured extreme cold at Padua for lack of warm garments ; but his love of learning warmed his blood, his young enthusiasm kindled the currents of his life—*tutto è caldo*, he wrote, *per coloro che amano*. His devotion to learning was

“ All for love and nothing for reward.”

Like Roger Bacon, like Luther, like Rabelais, Vanini entered the Church, for had not the Church the keys of all learning ? And so the truth-seeking youth dons—for a time—the *cocolla religiosa*, and henceforth he wages war, through good report and

evil report, against all shams whatsoever, be they never so reverend. He was now to be valiant for the truth, through many a stormy day, through many a sleepless night; forlorn and neglected on foreign shores, he was still to be *sibi imperiosus*, and at last, hunted to the death, was, after being "destitute, afflicted, tormented," to yield up his life calmly in the scathing agony of the cruel flames, lighted by ministers of a religion which he had dared to abjure.

The warfare against the rigours of traditional authoritative teaching was one of constant peril and pain, but Vanini felt that in the ranks of the small band who kept alive the spirit of research and defended the freedom of the intellect was his only place. His preaching turned mostly on false beliefs; he attacked, covertly at first, the prodigies and miracles which have played so large a part in various phases of the history of Christianity, as of most other religions, and did what in him lay to recall men to the sober daylight of fact, and the dictates of good sense. He tells how, in one of his sermons, he tried to show forth the gradations of being, to develop the idea of the great chain of life, how the smallest, humblest germ leads, step by step, to the very porch of the Supreme Intelligence.

Vanini found the same *offendicula* as Roger Bacon, the same hindrances to the progress of true philosophy, viz. :—

- I. Dependence on authority,
- II. Yielding to established custom,
- III. Allowing weight to popular opinion,
- IV. Concealment of real ignorance with pretence of knowledge,

and against these grey ramparts of ignorance he did battle, and was often sore wounded in the fray. His earnest desire to combat what he held to be false and noxious, no less than the wish to enlarge his experience of life, led him to travel into various countries, and he wandered through Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and France, preaching, lecturing, and disputing. In Bohemia he had a solemn encounter with an Anabaptist, and at Geneva he nearly fell a victim to the wrath of a Dutch Atheist.

In 1611 he returned to Italy, and the Inquisition was then warm at its work, ferreting out heresy, and burning the works of heretics by the hands of the common executioner, as though, says Signor Palumbo, the flames would suffice to annihilate the human intellect, and the spread of thought, in the same fashion as they served to destroy human bodies. Vanini thought it well to take refuge in Venice, at that time under excommunication and fiercely defying the Pope—Paul V.—and, not satisfied with that, the brave little Republic had expelled the Jesuits, the Theatines, and the Capuchins.

The ignorance and tyranny of the monastic world, such as it has ever been, *depuis que le monde moynant moyna de moynerie*, lay heavy on his soul, and he at length determined to cast off every badge of servitude, to throw aside the Roman faith, and emigrate to England. Sick at heart of the bloody work of the Inquisition, of its subterranean agencies, of the trickeries of the monkish trade, of the hollow professions and ignoble practices of so many of his fellow monks, he thought to find quiet of soul, and a haven of rest among the countrymen of his early

friends and teachers. He found a companion and friend in Maria Giovan Battista, also a Carmelite monk, and, furnished with introductory letters from Sir Dudley Carleton, British Ambassador at Venice, to a certain Mr. Chamberlain, then Mayor of Canterbury, the two wanderers started forth. Signor Palumbo has found some of the letters in Her Majesty's Record Office, and Sir Dudley Carleton's letter to his good Mr. Chamberlain recommends the two worthy strangers to his care and helpful furtherance. The Mayor, on their arrival, forthwith introduced the pilgrim monks to Archbishop Abbot, a prelate who was distinguished by a more moderate zeal than was usual at this period—a period, nevertheless, when the pedagogue King—James I.—was amusing himself and vindicating his orthodoxy by burning Unitarians; and, unable to refute the Arminian Vorstius, compelled the Dutch States to deprive the unhappy professor of his Chair, and to drive him into exile, with the complacent remark, “that, as to the burning of Vorstius for his blasphemies and atheism, he left them to their own Christian wisdom; but surely, never heretic better deserved the flames.” Evil times these for men who wished to bring to the test of reason the teachings of oracular dogmatism. No doubt, however, the Protestant ecclesiastics were well pleased to receive and welcome two monks who had become convinced of the errors of Romanism, and we accordingly find Vanini writing from Lambeth in October, 1612, that he is well and happy, that the *Illustrissime Monsignore Arcivescovo* has received him warmly and accorded him a seat at the Archiepiscopal table. The same letter informs us that his friend and fellow-traveller,

Giovan Battista, had met with similar attentions from the Archbishop of York, *dal quale*, says Vanini, *è amato e trattato con molta cortesia*.

It was not long, however, before the two friends were to meet again, and the occasion was one of serious import—no less than the solemn and public abjuration of the old form of Christianity and acceptance of the new. This ceremony must have been very striking; we can picture the dark-haired impassioned Italians standing in a strange land, midst unfamiliar faces, to take the most important step in life—standing there to cut themselves adrift from the faith which had one time been their solace in affliction, and the joy of brighter hours, to lend their spirits to new influences, and surrender their lives to the guidance of new authorities. This event was consummated in the Italian Church in London in July, 1612, in the presence of a large concourse of persons, amongst whom was *Doctor* Francis Bacon, a doctor whose golden maxim, “Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the enquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature,” was the guiding principle of Vanini’s life.

Vanini’s ardent spirit could hardly remain content in the shackles of so formless a creed as that which “*the first imbecile in Europe*” exerted himself to maintain. He found amongst the Protestants of England many of the cruelties, many of the follies, many of the superstitious incrustations which he had fondly believed he had left behind; moreover, papal

agents were at work to stir up ill-feeling against the heretic brothers, and to endeavour to drive them back to the arms of the Holy Mother Church. In this state of things, Vanini, seeing dissension and discord all around, spoke freely of the harsh proceedings of the dominant religion, and so forfeited the protection of Archbishop Abbot.

Here the story becomes somewhat involved, but it is clear that Vanini and his friend were reduced to great straits, for Signor Palumbo says that in England, where it is necessary that poverty should be concealed to avoid insulting scorn, the two aliens were forced to live on alms. But even this was not the worst ; the two friends fell ill, and, owing to malicious reports, were thrown into the Tower, where they remained 49 days, but were ultimately set free through the exertions of one Moravi, chaplain to the Venetian Embassy, who succeeded in showing that the two unfortunates had been falsely accused.

Vanini's position was still one of extreme peril. The Spanish Ambassador, burning with the zeal of his country and his faith, was furious at the heretics, and threatened that they should be brought to the torture. It is not, therefore, surprising that Vanini determined to leave England and try his fortunes in some less inhospitable land, and accordingly took up his abode in Paris, where he was cordially welcomed by Marshal Bassompierre, who made him his almoner, and bestowed on him a salary ; and it was in this halcyon period of his life that Vanini wrote his work, *De Admirandis Naturæ*, which he dedicated to his benefactor.

But it was not to be expected that the Church

would allow Vanini any rest ; believing as it did that he was sorely perilling the souls of men—how could it ? And here I think it right to pause, and say in the plainest terms that much of the Protestant controversial literature deals in mad invective and most ignorant declamation when it discusses Inquisitors and the Inquisition. As Mr. Ruskin, in his trenchant language, says:—"The miserable question of the schism between Catholic and Protestant is entirely ridiculous and immaterial; taking no note whatever of the true and eternal schism, cloven by the very sword of Michael, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not." (*Fors Clavigera*, Vol. V., page 248). When men are the slaves of a creed which forces them to believe that any who abandon and reject it are certain to be exposed to the infinite burnings or mental or bodily torments of a vengeful Deity through eternity, and when they firmly hold and openly state that without doubt such heretics shall perish everlastingly, can we wonder that any means is judged right to rescue their fellow-men from so awful, so unspeakable, and unimaginable a doom ? Can we not, if we are fair and unprejudiced, rather sympathise with the real anxiety of these woful priests to snatch the souls of men as brands from the burning ? We know that some of the Inquisitors were beloved and lovable men—none more so than the prolific Lope de Vega, who was contemporary with Vanini, and whose benevolence and charity were so great that he never refused help to the needy, and, having had a large fortune, died comparatively poor. Certain it is that any right-minded man would rather deprive his wife or mother of an eye or hand

than that she should go into hell-fire, and, unless we accuse witch-burning Puritans and heretic-burning Inquisitors of being themselves unbelievers, we cannot justly condemn their conduct, how much soever we may loathe and abhor the inhuman creeds which moved their hands and froze their hearts.

The word went forth from the Vatican that the outspoken philosopher was to be put on his trial, and his writings were withdrawn from circulation, and burned by the common executioner. Vanini fled to Toulouse, and there for some time taught philosophy to large audiences, and gained the esteem of the most distinguished men of the city. Little did this avail; the patient dogs of the Church, always scouring her broad domains, always keen to scent heresy, always eager to root out and destroy the pestilence by earthly fires, prelude to fiercer flames, were on his track. They denounced him to the secular power, and found in the Seigneur de Grammont, a weak and bigoted statesman, a tool very proper to their ends. After the judges at the trial had pronounced Vanini innocent, there came forward a certain Franconi who deposed that he had heard Vanini speak against "*le sacrosante dottrine cattolice*." This sufficed to bring the philosopher before the tribunal of de Grammont, who himself has left a record of the proceedings. It was in the month of February, 1619, that Vanini was condemned to death by the Parliament of Toulouse, as an atheist and scoffer at the truths of the holy Roman Church. Many, says de Grammont, judged him to be a heresiarch, but for myself I ever held him to be an atheist, for he admitted no God and attributed all things to chance. He adored Nature

as a good mother, and the cause of all beings, and these horrors he taught openly in so devout a city as Toulouse ; for there is no city in France, he continues, where the laws are armed with greater severity against heresy, and though the edict of Nantes accorded toleration to the Calvinists, yet have none of those sectaries dared to settle in Toulouse, and there is not in France any city so free from the contagion of heresy. Nor is any one permitted to dwell there whose faith is suspected by the Holy See. These are de Grammont's words; what wonder, then, that he did all in his power to effectually eradicate the taint which had come upon the so orthodox city ? We will proceed with his story of the trial. Vanini, he says, remained concealed for some time in the city, but in the end, his vanity induced him to discuss matters openly, first putting his objections to the mysteries of the Church problematically, then ridiculing them publicly. The young men chiefly, were struck with great admiration of him ; they imitated him and conceived a strong affection for him. Being accused of corrupting the youth of the city he was imprisoned. At first he called himself a Catholic and feigned orthodoxy, and this deferred the punishment he merited. He was about to be set free by reason of the ambiguity of the proofs against him, when Franconi, a noble citizen of great worth—as, indeed, this circumstance alone proved him—deposed that Vanini had often denied the existence of God, and had in his presence scoffed at the mysteries of the Christian religion. Vanini was forthwith brought before the judges and asked what he thought concerning the existence of God. He replied that, with the Church, he adored three persons

in one God, and that Nature clearly demonstrated the existence of the Deity. Seeing by chance a twig on the ground, he stretched out his hand and picked it up, then holding it forth, said—This twig proves that there is a God, and thereupon gave a discourse on Providence, his conclusion being that God was the author of all things, and to the objection that Nature was the cause of the products of the earth, he answered from the history of a seed. If Nature produced another seed immediately preceding this one, and if this last is the product of Nature we go back, he said, to another, the last in the chain, which must of necessity have been created, since no other cause for its production can be found.

These reasonings, reported in the very words of de Grammont, scarcely moved the judges, who decided that Vanini argued from vanity or fear, and not from conviction. They were driven by the passion of zealots, eager to quiet the threatening voice of Rome; the oracle had spoken, and by them the kingdom of heaven was to be made secure. They issued from the chamber where they had been gathered to decide the fate of this *quondam* monk—and, with all solemn pomp and circumstance, the President, de Grammont, read the sentence—that Vanini, having been found guilty of atheism, was to have his tongue cut out, his body burned by a slow fire, and his ashes cast to the four winds.

The documents connected with the trial have disappeared from the archives of the pious city of Toulouse, and the foregoing account is derived from the President's own description in his *Historiarum* *lib. 1. c. 10*. On the tomb of de Grammont we may

read that he was a magistrate of the greatest integrity, and “cittadino *benemeritissimo* dell’ umanità” —I quote from Signor Palumbo.

On the 19th of February, 1619, the door of Vanini’s prison was thrown open, and monks and gaolers announced to him the hour when his sentence was to take effect. He was unmoved, and, while the officials busied themselves in disrobing him, and investing him with the San Benito and the black hood which flapped over the brow and shoulders of condemned heretics, he exclaimed, “Let us go, let us go to meet death with the cheerfulness of a philosopher.”

The zealous functionaries who, in their ardour for a barbarous creed, were thus about to sacrifice a noble spirit to show their love to God, were now to consummate their pious labours. Escorted by armed men through a seething mass of humanity, the martyr Vanini was brought to the Place of St. Stephen, strangely enough to suffer his doom on ground already, as it were, consecrated by the name of the Christian protomartyr. A strange and fearsome hush came over the pale throng ; there were, perchance, whispers of sympathy that one so young should thus be cut off from the savour and sweetness of life—perchance some eager youth might kindle with enthusiasm to see his beloved teacher so calmly facing his tormentors, the dread emissaries of the unforgiving Church for which the sweet Christ had died. It may be even that tender maidens, warm with the flush and heyday of southern beauty, had been so taught that they thought the sacrifice was good to God, and that the torture and death of the unhappy philosopher would appease an

offended Deity, and do honour to the gentle Christ and the ever-Blessed Virgin Mother. But can we doubt that in that multitude there were some who felt and knew that this sad ceremonial was utterly and abominably wrong, and that, in the words of Milton—

“ Gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be.”

Vanini bore himself with a calm front, and his whole demeanour was that of resolute and dignified leave-taking of life. His arms were bound, but he bore in his hand a taper of green wax, and a brother would now and again approach him with a crucifix and speak of the mercy of God. We might almost fancy that grinning devils mopped and mowed in delight at this idiot babble.

De Grammont, the judge, sat high on his tribunal, and gave the word for the executioners to do their work ; thereupon the familiars seized the martyr, and with a species of forceps terminating in a half-moon shaped blade, tore out his tongue, and then placed him over the slow fire which was to lengthen out his sufferings until the wearied and agonized frame could no longer house its spiritual guest. Vanini turned his eyes from the cruel earth to the bright sky above, and seeming to plead for aid and rest from some other God than he of whom the prating priests talked, at last passed away ; and when the ministers of vengeance saw that they could inflict no further suffering, they added fresh fuel to the burning pile, which soon was shrouded with clouds of smoke, black and dense.

The ashes of the victim were dispersed in accordance with the sentence, and the magnates of Toulouse might think they had cut off the remembrance of the pestilent heretic, but this just man's ashes have smelled sweet and blossomed, and tell the tale of bigot cruelty in eternal condemnation and fiery scorn of the wretched slaves of a wretched creed.

It needs not that we should expatiate on the moral of Vanini's sad history; it lies on the surface, and may best be given in the telling words of that most lovable of men, Oliver Wendell Holmes. He says—"When the Reverend Mr. Cauvin and his associates burned my distinguished scientific brother—he was burned with green faggots, which made it rather slow and painful—it appears to me they were in a state of religious barbarism. The dogmas of such people about the Father of Mankind and His creatures are of no more account, in my opinion, than those of a council of Aztecs. If a man picks your pocket, do you not consider him thereby disqualified to pronounce any authoritative opinion on matters of ethics? If a man hangs my ancient female relatives for sorcery, as they did in this neighbourhood a little while ago, or burns my instructor for not believing as he does, I care no more for his religious edicts than I should for those of any other barbarian." (*Professor at the Breakfast Table*, chap. 5.)

What nobler episode can be found in the records of noble lives and deaths than the stern conscientiousness, the simple adherence to his convictions, and the sweet resignation to his fate of that great Romanist Chancellor, that pure Christian gentleman, that learned scholar, Sir Thomas More?

To him, indeed, it might seem true, in the words of Petrarch, that—

“ La morte é fin d’una prigion obscura
A gli animi gentili.”

We cannot do better than end this desultory sketch with the great Chancellor’s plea for toleration, as shown in the edict of Kyng Utopus:—“Firste of all he made a decree, that it should be lawfull for everie man to favoure and folow what religion he would, and that he mighte do the best he could to bring other to his opinion, so that he did it peaceablie, gentelie, quietly, and soberlie, without haste and contentious rebuking and invehing against other. If he could not by faire and gentle speche induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no kinde of violence, and refraine from displeasante and seditious woordes. To him that would vehemently and ferventlye in this cause strive and contende was decreed banishment or bondage. This lawe did Kynge Utopus make not only for the maintenanne of peace, which he saw through continuall contention and mortal hatred utterly extinguished, but also because he thought this decree should make for the further-annce of religion. Wherof he durst define and determine nothing unadvisedlie, as douting whether God desiering manifold, and diverse sortes of honour, would inspire sondry men with sondry kindes of religion. And this suerly he thought a very unmete and folish thing, and a point of arrogant presumption to compell all other by violence and threateninges to agre to the same, that thou belevest to be trew.”

HEALTH IN OLD AGE,

BY

M. M.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

THE following notes are based on the writings of the French physician, Dr. Salgues, whose work—*Rules for Preserving the Health of the Aged*—was translated into English in the year 1827, and is now very scarce. *Papers for the Times*, Vol. II., contained an essay dealing with several aspects of this subject, and in the following pages we purpose to examine those particularly which relate to air, warmth, clothing, and bathing. In the introduction to his work Dr. Salgues well says that there are melancholy proofs that we are the authors of our complaints. Had we followed the simple and uniform mode of life which Nature dictates, we might have avoided them all. These suggestions for preserving health in old age should serve as hints for the young, for, in part at least, the same methods are applicable at all stages of life, and it is certain that if health is neglected in youth there will be little of it left to preserve in after years.

Dr. Salgues, after telling us that the air conceals within its bosom the germs of life of every animated being ; that it is the groundwork of existence, the origin and shield of life ; that according to its purity or deterioration it gives health, or causes the disorders that precede death—asks, if it is idleness or indiffer-

ence that causes so few of us to be alive to the great good or evil influence of this astonishing agent of Nature. All should be aware, that in every stage of life, young or old, in sickness or in health, they habitually decompose the surrounding atmosphere, imparting to it, in exchange for the principle of animation, deleterious substances, which may cause death if allowed to accumulate. The person advanced in years, in particular, possesses this melancholy attribute in a much greater degree than in any other stage of life. This being the fact should prompt those who set any value on health, never to neglect the precautions necessary for frequently renewing the air they breathe. All, of whatever age, cannot guard too much, especially in damp situations, against being shut up in close rooms, as the consequences are repeated indispositions, ending, not unfrequently, in premature death. Let us never lose sight of the happy results of breathing a pure, varied, dry and slightly warm atmosphere. What a delightful freshness it imparts to all the organs; what strength, what health immediately succeed its passage into the lungs! What elixirs, howsoever boasted, or receipts for long life, can compare with pure country air, especially among a circle of true friends, where cheerfulness and a mutual confidence reign?

A very damp air is dangerous to any one. The most robust, if constantly exposed to it, would soon sicken and sink under it. It is a sure source of rheumatism, deadly catarrhs, scurvy, and a host of cutaneous disorders, consequent on a vitiated condition of the humours. The atmosphere, on the contrary, which contains but a small portion of water

in solution, far from being to be dreaded by the aged, is peculiarly to be recommended for its efficacy.

Warmth is very necessary to old age. The natural heat, and that proceeding from the organs, is feeble, inactive, and not easily to be restored. Art must interfere to excite and preserve it—precautions doubly necessary, for there is no greater enemy to age than cold, which enervates, debilitates, and may even cause death. It cannot be too strongly recommended to the old, when the air happens to be cold and damp, to keep their rooms, and take exercise there. This rule should be especially observed by those of a weak and unhealthy habit. If any pressing circumstance should, however, oblige them to go abroad, every precaution possible must be taken against cold, and the middle of the day is to be preferred.

Two parts of the body, in the aged, are particularly liable to cold—namely, the legs and feet—to which the blood can only make a slow and painful progress. The old man who suffers from cold feet, besides many inconveniences, soon betrays dangerous symptoms. He becomes peevish, morose, fretful, tormented by cold, headache, sore throat, or pain in the chest; his life becomes a burden to him. Many other diseases appear: his digestion becomes difficult, his breathing irregular, his bowels are attacked by repeated colics, and the most painful sleeplessness allows him no rest. The doctor warns old people particularly, not to retire to rest with cold feet, as serious nightmare and apoplexy may be the result. The constant use of drawers, flannel socks, cloth or woollen stockings, are all efficacious less or more, but the best means of warmth for the old is a good

fireside. Nothing can equal it. It cherishes, enlivens and animates the frame, and assists the functions of the mind and of nature. It reanimates and increases the vital powers, which are always very feeble in the aged ; it imparts gaiety to the imagination, vivacity and strength to the mind. Nevertheless, says the doctor, we cannot too clearly caution the old always to keep themselves at a distance from a large fire, for it is by no means uncommon for some, who are slow in their movements, to be burnt by going too near. The skin of the legs, too, dries, and if ulcers form, their cure is impossible. It is equally bad to slumber by the fire, with the head bending forwards, for in this position it receives too great a body of heat, the blood flows thither with more strength, and in greater quantity, and apoplexy may supervene. The sun's warmth is not less useful than that of the fire. Like the latter, it increases the elasticity of the parts, assists the organs in their play, stimulates the skin gently, and favours the secretions and excretions of the humours. Too much, indeed, cannot be said in favour of light and heat for the aged ; where this can be obtained and attended to, with cheerful society, a very great age may be attained.

The doctor gives a chapter on clothes, beds, cleanliness of person, and baths, in which he says with regard to clothes that fashions and caprices were never meant for the old. If some of these offer them striking advantages, a much greater number have an effect on the health, more or less dangerous. It is to things useful, convenient, and reasonable, that they ought to yield the preference. The essen-

tial point, in old age, is to be well clad ; the soft, easy, flexible, woven cloths—warm clothing which does not check the motions, is particularly suitable ; these woven clothes preserve, better than any other, the animal heat, which is ever escaping ; they concentrate it about the body, whilst they excite its development in a greater or less degree. Woollen stuffs are perfectly adapted to this purpose. They have the great advantage of exciting transpiration, of maintaining its regularity, and preserving to the frame sufficient animal electricity, sometimes too ready to escape.

To persons habitually inclined to cold feet, the doctor recommends woollen stockings. Woollen stuffs, as a rule, he says, are to be recommended, as they speedily absorb perspiration, and prevent its remaining on the surface of the skin, and the ambient atmosphere speedily acting on this animal fluid, by these means leaves the skin in a proper state of dryness. The habit of wearing woollen garments, once contracted, should not be given up. Even a short temporary disuse of them, especially in a variable climate, would greatly affect the play of transpiration, and might be attended with serious consequences. With very old people warm clothing should not be left off until the season is well advanced, and should be resumed long before the return of cold weather.

In his remarks on beds, our author says that a hard or soft bed has a very different effect on him who only wishes to repose. A hard bed, of an elastic and springy formation, affords a sleep as soft as refreshing. The body does not imbibe too much

heat, it preserves all its vigour ; and the hour of rising is not attended with the heaviness which results from the use of too soft a bed. But beds, stuffed with down, or too much soft wool, cherish an excessive and almost feverish heat, affecting, in particular, the abdominal regions, the loins, and organs of generation. Rousseau says that a soft bed, which buries one, actually melts the frame ; the kidneys become irritated, giving rise to stone and other attacks, particularly in a delicate habit which encourages every disorder. The bed that affords the soundest sleep must be the best.

The old are often sluggards ; many remain in bed much longer than is necessary for rest. This is a very bad habit and causes premature decay. A soft bed, too long indulged in, stupifies the feelings and the activity of the organs ; the movements become difficult or impossible ; listlessness, or moroseness, take possession of the mind, and eventually come a host of infirmities, which bring the unfortunate being to a premature grave.

Baths, to the aged, are not merely useful on the score of cleanliness, but have a great effect in prolonging life. Of this the ancients were aware, and, indeed, according to Pliny, the bath was the only medicine known in Rome for the space of 600 years. The effect is great in anticipating and calming both bodily and mental affections. It not only purifies the skin, but fits the body in a greater degree to fulfil its different functions ; it imparts ease, activity, and pleasure throughout the system ; excites sleep, and preserves in our organs that admirable harmony which contributes to health and peace. The bath is not, however,

adapted to extreme old age ; it would weaken too much, and might even end in mortal syncope. Those who, though not so old, are feeble or cachectic, and whose digestion is slow and bad, should also avoid its use.

The Cold Bath is not calculated for the old, as their skin, already too dense, and too little inclined to perspiration, would be still further injured by its use. Their weakness would preclude the salutary reaction of the principal centres of life, the vital warmth would soon perish, and the consequences might be fatal. Of these, and other points, the physicians of the day are well aware, and few will venture to recommend the use of the cold bath to their elderly class of patients. Very warm baths are also dangerous to the aged ; in fact, they are excessively injurious to every age, habit, and constitution, for they excite the organs too much ; produce excessive perspiration ; lay the ground-work of a flow of blood to the head, and apoplexy ; destroy the digestive functions, and frequently even injure the intellect and induce stupidity. Old men, too full of blood and of a feeble habit, should be particularly cautious in avoiding them.

Dr. Salgues is strong in his recommendation of *Tepid Baths* for the young as well as for the old. It was, without doubt, he says, from her knowledge and use of tepid baths, that Medea formerly had the reputation of being able to confer youth. Celsus, one of the oracles of medicine, says: "Warm baths are particularly adapted to children and old persons, *calida lavatio et pueris et senibus apta est.*" These baths, in fact, ward off old age ; they restore softness

and elasticity to all the parts, and assist the play of the joints. Taken once a week, they are peculiarly suited to old persons of a dry irritable constitution, or sedentary habit. They stop desiccation of the fibres, and retard the progress of an old age, which, reducing our vigour, hurries us to the fatal goal, to which the steps of all are directed. Many old men are indebted to the regular custom of using tepid baths for a prolongation of a life that their early excess would have greatly abridged. Phlegmatic old men, those who expectorate much, or are troubled with painful cramps, will find much benefit from the use of tepid baths.

On quitting the bath, certain precautions should be used, a neglect of which might cause very different results from those sought. Every attention should be given to preserve the skin from the effects of the atmosphere; to gain this end the body should be dried as quickly as possible, and speedily and warmly clad. Dry rubbing over the whole body before the fire will assist the good effects of the bath. Strict attention to these points is especially to be observed in cold damp weather.

The bath should never be used immediately after meals; it might have a dangerous effect on digestion, and death itself might be the result. Morning and evening are the periods most desirable for its use.

The question, whether the old should remain long in the bath must be answered by reference to the strength of the individual, or the good or bad effects of the bath on him. A quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at farthest, will generally suffice to answer all useful ends.

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GIRLS' PUBLIC DAY SCHOOLS :

(A Paper read at the Social Science Congress, Manchester October 1879,)

BY

CAROLINE A. BIGGS.

GIRLS' PUBLIC DAY SCHOOLS.

THE perception of the need of a higher education for women is not, as many suppose, entirely the product of this latter quarter of our highly-lauded nineteenth century. Almost as far back in our history as the revival of letters we may find here and there the suggestion, sometimes apologetic, always tentative, that a woman might develop a taste for reading without thereby losing her feminine graces ; that she might even have her mind strengthened by classical or scientific study without becoming unsexed. Occasionally, even, some gentleman of exceptional fairness of mind, on looking round at some boys' school filled with all the appliances for successful education that modern research could desire, remembered that "all these boys had sisters." But combined effort was lacking, and what we may fairly claim for the last thirty years is, that it is only since that time that these scattered desires have been united to some purpose, and crystallised into a few good schools.

In 1848 Queen's College was founded in London, and in the following year Bedford College. In 1850 Miss Buss established the North London Collegiate School, which has since grown to such noble proportions, and a few years later the Cheltenham Ladies'

College was opened. This represented nearly all that was done till about fifteen years ago, when a spreading sense of the need of education for women caused the movement to take something of a national character. In December, 1863, an experimental examination of girls was held in connection with the Cambridge Local Examinations which had been established five years previously for boys. Upwards of 90 students presented themselves, and the result of the examination was so far satisfactory that in 1865 a further step was decided on, and it was resolved, by a very small majority, to open the examinations to girls for three years. Oxford shortly afterwards followed suit. It was not till 1870 that the Higher Cambridge Local (at first called the Women's Cambridge Local) Examinations were commenced, which have since been prosecuted with such marked success. The London University had, meanwhile, received, by a supplemental charter (August, 1867), powers to hold special examinations for women, and to grant them certificates of proficiency, and the first of these examinations took place in 1869.

The establishment of these examinations brought fresh difficulties to light. It was found that the most important work yet remained to be done. The examinations gave previously-unknown facilities to girls to test the knowledge they had already acquired, but how was that knowledge itself to be obtained? During those few last years a College had arisen at Hitchin, whose object was to give women a University education, but the expense of this course put it out of the reach of all but an exceedingly small minority. What was to be done for the vast mass of middle-

class girls whose parents were unable to afford the expense of a collegiate education? According to a statement founded on very close study of statistics, there were about 225,000 girls in England and Wales requiring this secondary education. What was to be done for them? What had been done in the case of their brothers?

The report of the Endowed Schools Commission gave an exhaustive answer to this question. According to the tables of the Schools Inquiry there existed 829 endowed schools for boys. These included nine great public schools and accommodated 40,000 scholars, drawing an income of £277,000 per annum. On the other hand, there were for girls 14 endowed schools containing only 1113 scholars, with an income of under £3000 a year. And six of these fourteen schools were little more than elementary.

Apparently, the pious founders of these endowed schools had forgotten that "all these boys had sisters." Not entirely. If the "price of liberty is perpetual vigilance," the same price must also be given for knowledge. The founders *had* remembered the girls, but those who carried on the work had forgotten them. The case of Christ's Hospital is well known. Intended originally for both sexes, there are now 1192 boys educated there and only 18 girls. Rushworth, in Yorkshire, in whose original foundation girls had been expressly included, had a similar tale to tell. With a revenue of £3000 a year it only educated 15 girls. In the Halifax Grammar School, Wheelwright, in his original foundation, had express regard to girls; but, as a matter of fact, as the Rev. H. G. Robinson said, when examined before the

Committee, "the girls never had a reasonable share." In many cases, girls had not been expressly named in the original charters, but, as Mrs. Grey pointed out, when the words "children" and "youth" are used instead of the word "boys," the presumption seems to be that girls were included in the word "children." The Rev. Doctor Abbott once gave an illustration of the forgetfulness and mere oblivion into which the claims of girls had been allowed to lapse in a large boys' school in the Midland Counties. Some occasion arose for bringing out and cleaning the great seal of the founder, which, half effaced and rusted, dimly represented his figure with a row of little children on each side of him. On cleaning the seal, it was discovered by the difference of dress that, while the six little figures on the one side were boys, the half dozen little figures on the other side were girls, who thus, originally, had had an equal right to the benefits of the foundation.

The Endowed Schools Commissioners did what they could. The Act under which they worked contained a somewhat similar clause to the Irish Intermediate Education Act of last year. It said—"In framing schemes under this Act, provision shall be made, *so far as conveniently may be*, for extending to girls the benefits of endowments." In other words, after the boys had received the fullest meal of knowledge they could possibly require, the crumbs might, "if quite convenient," be given to the girls. But the commissioners set to work gallantly. "We have provided," they said, in one of their early reports, "for the establishment of girls' schools, as in the case of Keighley. In several cases we have provided for

the application of a certain portion of the endowment to the education of girls—often only a small percentage ; sometimes for the division of the endowment between girls and boys, as at Thornton ; sometimes we introduced general clauses into a scheme giving the governors power, as circumstances permit, or as the endowment improves, to extend that endowment to girls through exhibitions or through a supplementary school. In one or two cases where a new endowment has become available we have provided that girls shall have a reasonable share of it ; as, for instance, at Stamford, where £1500 a year had been set apart by the trustees of Brown's Hospital, we establish a large Girls' Day and Boarding School."

The Commissioners had to work under the most discouraging circumstances—an almost total indifference on the part of parents, and active determined opposition on the part of ratepayers who could not see why the district should be taxed for the education of girls. Sometimes the ratepayers accused the Commissioners of converting boys' schools into girls' schools ; and on one occasion, when a careful scheme for converting the funds of some useless and even injurious charities into schools was laid before them, they told the Commissioners that if a girls' school must form part of any scheme, they preferred to keep to their old abuses and go without education even for the boys.

By the time the Report of August, 1872, was published, the Commission had only produced 113 schemes, or groups of two or more schemes, relating to about 154 new or existing schools. Of these only 40 were for girls, and of these forty only ten had yet received

royal sanction. Out of the forty new schemes for girls, twenty-nine were on a scale little above the elementary standard ; several of them were merely upper departments of elementary schools, and only four provided an education of the highest class.

It was evident to all the earnest friends of education that, unless something was done to supplement the work of the Commissioners, the progress of secondary education would be totally inadequate to the need for it. We say the *need*, not the *demand*, advisedly, for there was not as yet any loud or general demand for good education. The Schools Inquiry Commission had described the average standard of girls' schools to be miserable in the extreme : the course of study was crowded into a few years, and the chief time was given to accomplishments ; many subjects were attempted, none thoroughly mastered ; there were want of solidity, want of system, slovenliness and showy superficiality. But as yet the public and parental mind was contented, and asked no better. However, in a matter so important as education, the ordinary rules of supply and demand cannot hold. It is not sufficient to wait for a demand before offering a supply : the supply must be given unasked in order to force a demand.

A system of cheap and sound education was needed ; such schools as should be intermediate between the elementary education provided by the Act of 1870, and the collegiate education of Hitchin and Newnham ; such schools as the large middle class could avail themselves of for their daughters. Such schools existed in hundreds for boys, and only by ones and twos for girls. The schools must be

good, they must be cheap, and they must be self-supporting. How was this problem to be met ?

It was useless to appeal to the benevolence of the public. The public was not as yet fully convinced that such education for girls was necessary, and certainly was not ready with that test of conviction—the loosening of the purse-strings. “How much do you sympathise with that poor slave ?” said the Quaker at an abolitionist meeting. “I sympathise a hundred dollars.” The British public did not sympathise to the extent of founding endowed schools. The large city companies had not yet waked up to their responsibilities, as they have done, in some measure, since. There was also an idea of disgrace connected in many minds with asking charity for the education of their daughters, though these same parents saw none in sending their sons to be educated at the magnificent foundations of Grammar Schools and Universities which past charity had established. Therefore, these girls' schools must be established and carried on in some other way.

The National Union for the Education of Women consequently appealed, not to the benevolent, but to investors, and founded in 1872 a *bona-fide* limited liability company, called the Girls' Public Day School Company, whose shares, offered to the public at large, were to bear a moderate interest as soon as the schools were in full work. The schools, which were to be founded by degrees as the shares became appropriated, were to be public, open to all, without distinction of class or limitation of age. They were to be large, this being necessary for economy as well as for proper classification of pupils, and they were

to be cheap, within middle-class means. The Princess Louise, President of the Union, gave her support to the scheme, and in six months' time £4000 worth of shares were taken up, an amount which it would have been hopeless, at that time at all events, to have expected from public benevolence.

The first Public High School for Girls under the Company was opened at Durham House, Chelsea, on January 21st, 1873. It forms in most particulars the model upon which the others have been founded. The fees were so arranged that the school would begin to be self-supporting with one hundred pupils. These large numbers, hitherto almost unheard of for girls' schools, were necessary to combine cheapness and thorough efficiency. The cost of all arrangements, and especially of teaching, is lessened proportionally by numbers, inasmuch as the same lecture can be given to ten pupils or a hundred at the same time, and classes of forty or fifty are taught nearly as easily as classes of half that number. The average of the fees paid at Chelsea was twelve guineas a year; that is to say, while a very young child would pay less and an older pupil more, a child entering the school at ten years old and remaining till she was eighteen would pay twelve guineas a year for the whole time, or a trifle over £100 for the whole of her school life. This amount is slightly more than that in the schools established by the Endowed Schools Commissioners, but those are professedly second-grade schools, and the education in those of the Company is first-grade. Moreover, the fees paid by the pupils have not only to supply a first-rate staff of teachers, and defray the cost of the most efficient

materials for instruction, but also to return a fair percentage on the capital embarked in the undertaking. They stand thus at a slight disadvantage compared with endowed schools, which, not being obliged to make both ends meet, could afford, if they chose, to give a better education at a lower fee.

The school year was divided into three terms, each about fourteen weeks ; the hours of attendance were from 9 30 to 1 30 every day, except Saturday. The school is thus half time, and the children can prepare their lessons either at home or at school, and such as choose to remain can obtain refreshments at a fixed tariff. The school course includes religious instruction (which was optional with the parents), reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, English grammar and literature, history, geography, French, German, elements of physical science, drawing, class singing and harmony, calisthenic exercises, and needlework. In the Senior Department there are advanced classes for ancient and modern languages, literature and history, mathematics, the elements of modern science and logic, and of physical science.

The success of the school was immediate. In six months' time another was opened at Notting Hill, and afterwards, in quick succession, came Croydon, Norwich, St. John's Wood, Oxford, Hackney, Bath, Brighton, Sheffield, Ipswich, Islington, Maida Hill, Dulwich, &c. There are now seventeen in all, containing 2656 pupils. The demand for these schools appears to be practically unlimited, so long as head-mistresses who attain the high standard of the Company can be secured. A fear was felt at first that the promise of a dividend was illusory, but this has

been dispelled, for a dividend of 5 per cent. has been paid during the last two financial years.

The impulse given to education by the success of the Girls' Public Day School Company has not been limited by the schools it has actually founded. It created a healthy spirit of enterprise. A High School Company was started in Guernsey, in 1872. Another Committee was formed at Plymouth, in connection with the National Union, and a High School was established. Schools and colleges carried on upon similar principles have been founded in Manchester, Liverpool, Sandwell near Birmingham, and many other places, and moreover, the spirit thus awakened has done much to secure more liberal concessions to girls with respect to endowments.

Equality, however, is still very hard to obtain. The lion's share still goes to boys, who have already so much that more is given them. Just as six years ago we found in the Commissioners' scheme for Burton-on-Trent £6000 given to boys, half of which was for higher education, and only £3000 to girls for secondary education,—we find now the same unfairness in the Hulme's Trust Estate scheme, which has lately been submitted by the Commissioners to the Council of Education. It embraces—

For Boys:—A Hall, called Hulme Hall, for the students of Owens College, to be endowed with £1000 yearly, and exhibitions to the value of another £1000; and a boys' school, to have a yearly income of not less than £1000 and not more than £1500.

For Girls:—A school with an income of not less than £500 and not more than £1000. Moreover, the Boys' School is to be built at once for no fewer

than 300 boys, while the establishment of the Girls' School is commuted for the period of three years into a yearly payment to the existing Manchester High School for Girls. If that school does not become permanently endowed, then a school to accommodate 200 girls is to be built. The course of instruction is to be less complete in the Girls' School than in the Boys'; and their fees for tuition will be larger, £5 to £10 for boys, £6 to £12 for girls. There are also other advantages, scholarships, &c., proposed for the boys which the girls have not in equal degree.

These few instances suffice to show the great need for watchfulness to secure public attention to the equal claims of girls for education. They are as yet so far behind with regard to endowments, that one would suppose the balance of new schemes should be in their favour to equalize matters a little, but we do not find this to be the case.

Another task that lies before the National Union is to establish lower-grade schools for girls, where the fees may be only from £4 to £6. The value of a good education for women is as yet esteemed so lightly, that many parents are unwilling to pay for their girls even the moderate fees of the High Schools, though they would pay them ungrudgingly, if required, for their boys. They have been so long accustomed to look upon the boys as the future bread-winners, and the girls' education as unproductive, that they only appreciate the value of sound education in boys. Hence the Girls' High Schools have been gladly seized upon by many whose wealth and position really raises them above the necessity

of studying economy in school fees. Moreover, a large number of the children of widows, poor professional men, clerks, and trades-people want an education better than that of elementary schools, but are unable to pay the high-grade fees. Of this class of lower-grade school, Miss Buss's Camden School for Girls, in the north of London, where the pupils pay from £4 to £6 per annum, is an admirable example. So great was the appreciation of the advantages it offered, that by the end of the first year it became necessary to hire additional premises. It is intended to fit girls of the lower middle class for business or domestic life, or to become the elementary teachers of their own children, but it is also an excellent preparatory school for those who can afford to go on to the higher education.

In giving the history of the High Schools for Girls, I have not taken into account the various objections that have been made to them, even by liberal and enlightened people. That a girl should have as thorough and systematic training for her faculties as a boy, would appear to be as clear as that two and two make four; but on the question whether large public schools are the best way to educate girls, there is room for a margin of doubt. The success, however, of the various schemes for establishing these schools is strong evidence in their favour. There are three imperative conditions which have determined the character of the schools. The education to be thorough *must* be given by first-class teachers; the fees *must* be on a moderate scale; the schools *must* be self-supporting. These conditions can be answered in no other way than by massing together large

numbers of pupils. The admixture of ranks in these schools is sometimes complained of. This admixture need not extend beyond school hours, and during these and the quarter of an hour's rest in the middle of the day, there is no opportunity for the formation of undesirable intimacies. Moreover, these complaints are made by the very class for whom the schools were not originally intended, the wealthier people who send their children to them, eagerly availing themselves of the advantages of the schools; and they cannot fairly complain if middle-class children, for whom the schools were intended, should also be found there. It is not, we may be sure, the poorer people who complain of the intimacy of their children with the rich. We are told sometimes that these schools are over-crowded, but are they so much so as the ordinary school-rooms of private establishments? also, that the children are over-worked, but if this were so, it is no speciality of the system of High Schools, and very careful rules are drawn up by the various committees of the schools which, if complied with, would prevent the children from spending a hurtful time at their books. We are sometimes told that the girls lose in modesty and refinement by the publicity of large numbers, but we know that they gain in habits of independence, energy, order, and industry, and their powers are tested at every step of their progress by the progress of the other pupils, and their interest is kept alive in their studies by wholesome competition.

There is still very much to be done, and all can help:—some by awakening a demand for better education in their own districts, some by establishing scholarships in already-existing girls' schools, and

some by watching that the endowments which, year by year, are being applied to educational purposes may no longer be unfairly distributed. All may rest assured that in proportion as they help forward the hitherto neglected education of the future women of the country, they are helping in the highest degree to raise the status and dignity of the country itself.



WALT WHITMAN,

BY

FRANK W. WALTERS.

WALT WHITMAN.

AMERICA has at last produced an *American* poet. Hitherto we have regarded Emerson as the only American destined to take a place among the immortal thinkers of the Old World. But, saturated with the culture of Europe, a student of universal literature, even Emerson was not the *typical* American for whom we looked.

“ His is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders.”

But

“ He who would be the tongue of this wide land
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron,
And strike it with a toil-embrown'd hand.”

At last, he for whom we looked is come. America has found voice. The teeming life of that wonderful New World has risen into song ; the infant civilization can now boast a true-born poet of its own. If Greece had its Homer, if England had its Chaucer, so, now, America has brought forth the first-born of, we believe, a long line of glorious bards such as the world has never seen before. To some, who have only heard Walt Whitman's name, or only seen him laughed to scorn by reviewers who fail to understand him, our words will seem extravagant. To us,

who have read and re-read his poems with ever-increased delight, it seems impossible to express our sense of their power and beauty. Their power is sometimes overwhelming, and to read some of them produces an effect similar to that of gazing upon a tempest, listening to a hurricane, or watching the lightning. Their beauty and pathos now fill the soul with rapturous joy in the perfection of the world, and now plunge one into tears over the mysteries and sufferings of human life. One volume of these poems is called *Leaves of Grass*; and the title is excellent. They are one, with nature; they are not *made*, they *grow*; they have all the characteristics of natural productions. This man wrote because the spirit moved him; necessity was laid upon him; his utterances pour forth from volcanic depths of soul. To read them is to come near to him. His personality electrifies you in every living sentence. He speaks to you, and speaks the very things you have *felt* but could not put into words. He interprets your soul to you. He takes you by the hand, you feel the beating of his pulse. He calls you his comrade; he puts his arms around you, takes you to his breast, and you feel the beating of his heart. He invites you forth with him to sound the depths and scale the heights; and, with your hand in his, you go forth without fear, as under the protection of a strong elder brother. These poems are not part of the man, they are the man himself. These are the Incarnate Word in which he manifests the fulness of his manhood. Here is not merely the poet—here is the MAN, through and through, from top to toe. He gives to you the unspeakable gift of himself—not merely

his thoughts, but himself. You not only hear him, you *see* him ; you not only see him, but *see through* him ; you not only see through him, but *live* in him ; he possesses you. He tells us himself that his poems are written in blood :—

“Stain every page—stain every song I sing, every word I say,
bloody drops ;
Let them know your scarlet heat—let them glisten ;
Saturate them with yourself, all ashamed and wet ;
Glow upon all I have written, or shall write, bleeding drops ;
Let all be seen in fair light blushing drops.”

And because this man has burst the ornamental chains of rhyme and metre, because his *Leaves of Grass* do not present a well-clipped lawn, because his wild flowers are not arranged into garden beds, because his intellectual growth is wild and rude as a primeval forest of his own America,—there are some who would question his right to the title of poet. If Walt Whitman is not a poet, all the worse for poetry. If your definition of the poet will not admit this man into the sacred circle, then your definition needs revising. If these poems do not belong to what you call *art*, then your art is only *artificial*, it has lost its root in those depths of nature out of which true art must grow, its life is gone ; and in its place a nobler art shall rise, and of this new kingdom of the beautiful, Whitman shall be the earliest prophet, though he comes as a rude voice from the trackless wilderness, though he is clothed in camel's hair and leathern girdle, and feeds his mighty vigour on locusts and wild honey. If Whitman be not a poet, yet he has done something more than write poems ; he has shown us that the world is God's poem. He says he

has listened to the Eternal Voices, and they speak but one harmonious Truth. He has heard the tramp of the generations across the stage of time, and all the sounds rise into music. The clang of labour, the clash of battle, the shouts of joy, the groans of agony, the wailings of grief,—all these are varying passages in the Music of Humanity.

“That music always around me, unceasing, unbeginning—yet long untaught I did not hear ;

But now the chorus I hear, and am elated ;

* * * * *

I hear not the volumes of sound merely—I am moved by the exquisite meanings,

I listen to the different voices winding in and out, striving, contending with fierce vehemence to excel each other in emotion ;

I do not think the performers know themselves—but now I think I begin to know them.”

In one of the most remarkable chapters in *First Principles*, Herbert Spencer proves scientifically that all movement is rhythmic, that the persistency and equivalence of force result in universal harmony. Whitman carries this truth into the regions of thought and will ; he says human nature is as perfect and beautiful as the material world. Indeed, he will admit no unholy divorce between spirit and matter. There are passages in his poems which read like rankest materialism, and there are others which seem to teach the most etherealised spiritualism. That is the “paradox” of which so few are able to understand the meaning :—

“Strange and hard that paradox true I give ;

Objects gross and the unseen Soul are one.”

We, stupid, one-eyed mortals, can only see a part at

once, we have not yet attained the full-orbed vision. We draw out our little systems of the universe, and think to compass the amplitudes of time and space in our charts and globes. One man makes a chart and calls it MATERIALISM, and says matter and motion explain everything ; but the face of a child, the tears of a woman, the heroism of a man are mysteries which refuse to be interpreted by his play of atoms. Another man draws out a theory in which SPIRIT is supreme, using matter as its slave ; but when we see the giant intellect tumble into ruin with the failure of the brain to do its work, when we see tremendous forces of nature defying the strength of love and blasting with awful grief the fairest flowers of human affection,—then we feel that this refined theory fails to unravel all the facts of life. Whitman puts all these partial theories aside. He has faced the universe. He has not gone into the study to manufacture arguments, and build up theories. He goes direct to Nature, and reports what she says. And this is his message :—Matter is the Form which gives identity to Spirit ; Spirit is universal Life which, of necessity, must realise itself in Matter. Those “atoms” of the Materialist are forms of thought, they must *be thought* before they can be known ; this Soul of the Spiritualist cannot reveal itself, apart from material conditions. This material universe, with its terrible forces, which blast and burn and drown, is yet the vast Mother who gives birth to souls, without whom Spirit could never know itself, could not become identified,—could not *be* at all. The universe is ONE, you cannot draw the line where Matter ends and Spirit begins ; Matter and Spirit are the two-

fold aspect of the eternal Rhythm of existence. Dualism is dissolved into One Divine Unity, the symbols of whom to the finite mind are Nature and Man.

Mark the immense importance of this doctrine in our personal experience. We seem to have a two-fold existence. We say, "My Soul *and* my Body;" and we think of the Soul dwelling *inside* the Body. And so the doctrine arose that the Body was the source of all evil, and that only by getting rid of the Body could the Soul rise into the liberty of God. Hence came the asceticism of Monks and the morbid conscience of Puritans. One great side of human nature must be denied, mortified, crushed out, to work out the salvation of the other side. The Monk starved his body, the Puritan denied himself natural pleasures. And, in consequence, the Soul, instead of being saved, became shrivelled and dwarfed. Insanities of mind gave birth to monstrous dogmas and hideous superstitions; insanities of conscience drove men to bigotries, persecutions, and barbarous deeds of cruelty. Now the sudden recoil from this crucifixion of the flesh has, more than once, resulted in sensual indulgence and outrageous license. But Whitman, like a true artist, refuses to ignore either aspect of that unity which constitutes the complete Manhood. He says you are Body, he says you are Soul; but you are not Body *and* Soul—you are a single living Person, one and indissoluble. You cannot draw the line where Body ends and Soul begins. The Spirit appears as Flesh, the Flesh gives limit and identity to Spirit. The Logos is not *made* Flesh, but *becomes* Flesh.

“ Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line,
Severing rightly His from thine ;
Which is Human, which Divine .”

Now here Whitman shows himself the true artist. His conception of the *strength* of Body and *beauty* of Soul which unite in perfect Manhood is akin to that which gave birth to the grandest works of Grecian art. The equilibrium of power and thought, of grace and force, calmness and strength, constitutes, to Walt Whitman, a completed character. To him has been granted the intuition of the Hebrew Seer :—
“ Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.”

We cannot wonder that Whitman lays tremendous emphasis on the Body. Despised and counted unclean so long, it is time that we should proclaim, with unfaltering lips, the divinity of the flesh. Men have been too ready to take at its word the teaching of an emasculated pietism. They have said :—“ If this Body is utterly and hopelessly corrupt, then there is no use attempting to purify it. We will take it at the value you put on it. Its natural functions shall be regarded as shameful ; its appetites and passions shall seek their fulfilment in dark places of the earth.” Now, with all our heart, do we thank Walt Whitman for some of the poems which have been described as shameless glorifications of the Flesh. *Sensuous*, indeed, they are, and that with a vengeance ; but however they may appear to others, to us they are never *sensual*. No lustful mind need come to these severe pages thinking to gratify its morbid taste. We could mention books counted sacred, and novels reckoned polite, which will answer the vile purpose admirably—but not these *Leaves of Grass*. Whit-

man's offence (for so it is counted), is that he will sing the *whole* Man,—not only Soul, but Body too. He says that when you become perfect

“Your very Flesh shall be a great Poem.”

In his *Inscription* he cries :—

“Of Physiology from top to toe I sing ;
Not Physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is worthy of the muse—
I say the Form complete is worthier far ;
The Female equally with the Male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful—for freest action formed, under the laws divine,
The Modern Man I sing.”

He claims for poetry the same privilege as that of painting and sculpture—to reveal the “Human Form Divine” in its Divine Form, in its undisguised complete perfection and undraped beauty. He has said to himself—I will not be satisfied to paint the brow—the brow, the face is not the MAN. I will set the *WHOLE BODY* to music ; all that pertains to it shall be divine. Every limb shall contribute some beauty, every function shall reveal some awful depth of power. Only by interpreting the complete Body can you reveal the complete Soul. *Spirit saturates* ; and when you do perfect justice to Flesh, that Flesh itself shines with the glory of Spirit. Say “*Matter*,” *deep enough*, and you find you are speaking “Spirit.”

It does seem to us that this is teaching which we sadly need. It is similar to the teaching of Novalis :—“When I lay my hand upon human flesh, I touch God.” It is the same as that fine doctrine of Paul :—“Know ye not that ye are the Temple of

God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the Temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the Temple of God is holy, whose Temple ye are." Whitman emphasises that Pauline doctrine. He says that the Body is more than the Temple of indwelling Spirit; to him the Body is the LIVING GARMENT of the Soul, Mind and Matter are inextricably bound up together,—yea they are but aspects of the one Manhood. If we could impress this doctrine of the divinity of the Body upon the young men of the present day, in the next generation our civilization would be regenerated, and a moral reformation would pass over our plague-stricken society with grander results than all the theological reformations of the past.

Reverence—Self-reverence (which Goethe counted the noblest result of all other reverences),—reverence for the *whole* self as an organic expression of Spirit,—reverence for *every function* of Flesh regarded as an essential function of Soul,—with profound conviction we say that such Self-reverence, learnt in early life, would preserve a man blameless and pure, would keep the garments of the Soul undefiled, and would fit him for highest thought, noblest action, and sublimest vision of that God who can be seen alone of those who are "pure in heart."

Now thus far Whitman will appear to most as merely Pagan. His worship of physical beauty, his demand for harmony in form and rhythm in motion is comparable to the Æstheticism of Pagan Greece. But Whitman is *Christian* too—intensely Christian. Some of his sayings are more deeply Christ-like than anything which has been spoken since the great

Master who ate and drank with publicans and sinners. He will not ignore any fact ; there it is, and he will explore it ; because it is a fact, it must have its meaning. *Ugliness* exists, it must therefore have a soul of beauty. *Sin* exists, it must therefore have a soul of goodness. *Error* exists, therefore it must have a soul of Truth. His logic of facts is terrible,—it takes the breath from any one who has only been accustomed to eclectic philosophy, fastidious literature, and respectable religion. He not only ascends into the heights, he goes down into the uttermost depths. He makes his bed in Hell,—he returns, describes that Hell until we shudder,—and then he shocks our piety by thundering his grand discovery :—“ *God is there*,—not only in the Heaven you think so fair, but also in the Hell you think so vile. There is no ‘Great Gulf’ such as you have fabled of, the deepest Hell is part of the One Vast System of facts of which God is the Meaning; the Life, the Soul.” He not only reveals the Heaven of ideal perfection, he opens the Bottomless Pit of vice, crime, abortion, ugliness, disease, uncleanness, corruption and despair ; these are *facts*, and he will not shut his eyes to them ; he will question them, unravel their problems, wring out the meaning from their mystery.

Now, surely, the essence of Christianity and the essence of true poetry are the same,—namely, a BOUNDLESS SYMPATHY which rejects nothing, denies nothing, but accepts the Universe, believing all things, bearing all things, enduring all things, hoping all things for the fallen and the lost. What is Christianity?—was there ever a profounder answer than that of Goethe’s?—*Reverence for what is beneath us.*

And Whitman's is a practical sympathetic reverence. Through the civil war he travelled with the army of the North, tending the wounded on the field, laying his cool hand on fevered brows, whispering strong words of comfort to the dying, and taking last messages for loved ones at the old homes.

"I sit by the restless all the dark night ; some are so young,
Some suffer so much ; I recall the experience sweet and sad.
Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have crossed and
rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips."

He is familiar with all the horrors of disease, he has looked death in the face, he has borne a vicarious load of suffering and sorrow. And not only with the diseases of the body,—he is also well acquainted with the diseases of the Soul. He does not *condescend* to sinners, he stands by them, takes them by the hand, says, "My brother," "My sister." He says they are only *loiterers*, who have not kept up with the rest in the "great procession winding along the roads of the Universe," but the procession is eternal, and they will come up in time. He tells the vicious and criminal he is not shocked with them ; he understands their complaint ; he knows why they have fallen, and how it is they fail to rise again. He offers his hand, he cheers them onward, he rallies them with infinite hope. Had he been present when the guilty woman was dragged before Jesus, he would have said :—"Lord I am not without sin, and therefore can understand her and hope for her ; against these respectable hypocrites I stand by her, and claim her in thy sight as a poor wandering sister." The very crimes and vices of men arise from elements of

human nature which are common to us all, and hence the vilest of the vile can never be so utterly alienated as to make us cry :—" I know you not ! " It seems a long way from Whitman to Goethe's " Fair Saint," but we are reminded how that pure soul confessed after hearing the story of a friend's shortcomings :—" The thought, ' Thou art no better than he,' rose like a little cloud before me, and gradually expanded till it darkened all my soul. I now not only thought myself no better than he ; I felt this, and felt it as I should not wish to do again. Nor was it any transitory mood. For more than a year, I was compelled to feel that, had not an unseen hand restrained me, I might have become a Girard, a Cartouche, a Damiens, or any wretch you can imagine. The tendencies to this I traced too clearly in my own heart. Heavens, what a discovery ! " In one poem Whitman goes to the court of justice, stands by the felons in the dock, wonders why he is not tried with them ; had he been in their circumstances, he would have fallen too.

" I feel I am of them—I belong to these convicts and prostitutes
myself,
And henceforth I will not deny them—for how can I deny
myself ? "

He is not only a man but MAN, he identifies himself not only with Ideal Man in the future, but also with every condition in present and past through which Humanity struggles towards the Ideal. He

" Sees beneath the foulest faces lurking,
One God-built shrine of reverence and love."

He meets a prostitute in the city, and he is reverent to her as to the most splendid woman in the drawing-

room. He will not shut his eyes to Womanhood, even though deformed by vice. Nature does not reject her, and he will not. For her the sun shines, the waters glisten, the leaves murmur ;

“Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you ;

Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you, and the leaves to rustle for you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.”

And at the close of this most Christian poem, in some mystic lines, which gross minds have miserably misunderstood, he hints to us how degraded Womanhood is waiting, making preparation to be worthy to fulfil its long promised appointment of chastest unity with regenerated Manhood. Alas ! it seems a long way off, but it *must* come :—

“And I charge you that you be patient and perfect till I come.”

He teaches the democracy of the soul ; he can discover the divinity of every human being. Democracy, “the purport and aim of all the past,” is the right of every man to become all that he is capable of becoming. He will not deny that Christ is divine, but his affirmation embraces every member of the race to which Christ belongs. He says Humanity is divine :—

“Painters have painted their swarming groups and the Centre Figure of all ;

From the head of the Centre Figure spreading a nimbus of gold-colored light ;

But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head without its nimbus of gold-colored light ;

From my head, from the head of every man and woman it streams effulgently flowing for ever.”

In regard to his religion, in the deepest sense it

may be called the Religion of Humanity. He denies none of the faiths of the world, for all these grow out of the soul; he accepts all Bibles, for these contain the great thoughts to which the Soul has given birth.

"We consider bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are not divine;

I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you still;

It is not they who give the life—it is you who give the life;

Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the earth, than they are shed out of you."

On the questions of God and Immortality he has some sphinx-like utterances. He refuses to argue about God, and he says he needs no logic to prove his Immortality. The thought of the Infinite, the sense of an Eternal Presence giving progress and perfection to the world, this to him is God.

"Thought of the Infinite—the All!

Be thou my God.

Lover Divine, and Perfect Comrade!

Waiting, content, invisible yet, but certain,

Be thou my God."

He never complains. Though he has fathomed the depths of sin and borne a vicarious load of suffering, he yet declares that the world is perfect, that everything is in its place, that all events happen in due order. In passionate optimism he affirms that *All is Truth*; that if we could see far enough and deep enough, all would appear very good. For the future he is at peace. The world is so well now, faith tells him it always will be well.

“Whither I walk I cannot define, but I know it is good,
The whole universe indicates that it is good,
The past and present indicate that it is good.”

He has attained *Nirvāna*, the “Peace which passeth
all understanding:”—

“No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about
God and Death.”

In one of his finest poems, he declares that all things
are provided for:—

“I need no assurances—I am a man who is preoccupied of his
own Soul ;
I do not doubt that from under the feet, and beside the hands
and face I am cognisant of, are now looking faces I am not
cognisant of—calm and actual faces ;
I do not doubt but the majesty and beauty of the world are
latent in any iota of the world ;
I do not doubt I am limitless, and that the universes are
limitless—in vain I try to think how limitless ;
I do not doubt that the orbs, and the systems of orbs, play
their swift sports through the air on purpose—and that I
shall one day be eligible to do as much as they, and more
than they ;
I do not doubt that temporary affairs keep on and on,
millions of years ;
I do not doubt interiors have their interiors, and exteriors
have their exteriors—and that the eye-sight has another
eye-sight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice
another voice ;
I do not doubt that the passionately-wept deaths of young
men are provided for—and that the deaths of young
women, and the deaths of little children are provided for.
Did you think Life was so well provided for—and Death the
purport of all Life, is not well provided for ?
I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horrors
of them—no matter whose wife, child, husband, father,
lover, has gone down, are provided for, to the minutest
points ;

I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen, anywhere,
 at any time, is provided for, in the inherences of things ;
 I do not think Life provides for all, and for Time and Space—
 but I think Heavenly Death provides for all.”

Heavenly Death ! Never was the last great mystery
 so glorified as in these poems. He cries :—

“O vast and well-veiled Death !

O the beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumbing a
 few moments for reasons.

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
 Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
 For life and joy, for objects and knowledge curious ;
 And for love, sweet love—but praise ! praise ! praise !
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool enfoldng Death.
 Dark Mother always gliding near, with soft feet,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome ?
 Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all ;
 I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come
 unfalteringly.”

Life is perfect ; Death too is perfect ; and for all that
 lies beyond there is the boundless hope of Immortality.
 Here he puts aside all legends, traditions, arguments,
 and bases his firm faith on the immediate testimony
 of the Soul :—

“I know that I am deathless.

I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by the carpenter’s
 compass.

I know I am august.

I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood.

My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite :

I laugh at what men call dissolution,

And I know the amplitude of Time.”

We think we have said enough to prove that this American singer brings us a veritable Gospel,—a Gospel which transfigures Flesh into Spirit, changes mechanical duty into living impulse, and makes life rhythmic as the tides, pulsating as the heart, moving in its orbit like a star,—a Gospel which reveals Time's full atonement for all the sin and suffering of the world, which takes the darkness from mortality and shows Death as a beauteous white-robed angel,—a Gospel which baptises our changeful existence into one perfect and abiding Life, and points for every soul to the vast heritage of immortal progress.



MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS—
OLD AND NEW.

A NEW ASPECT OF THE SPELLING REFORM QUESTION.

FOR some time past suggestions have been brought forward as to the advisability of a reform in the spelling of the English language ; a reform which everyone must admit to be very much needed. Our present spelling is thoroughly out of harmony with our pronunciation. The inconvenience of this is sufficiently apparent to natives "to the manner born," but for the foreign student of our literature it must be a terrible barrier. Yet, as it appears to me, the question of Spelling Reform has not yet been treated from the proper standpoint. The reformers seem to have assumed that, as the spelling and pronunciation did not agree, the spelling must necessarily be adapted to the pronunciation. It should never be forgotten in any question connected with the language, that English is one of the Teutonic tongues, among which it occupies an important place. At all times, therefore, when a change of any kind is contemplated, the English language should be looked at in the light of one brother among many, and due heed should be given to the kindred members of the family, to German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Icelandic, Gothic, and especially Old English. The reform of our spelling, if attempted at all, should be entrusted to a philologist well skilled in the Teutonic tongues, and familiar with the laws which govern their orthography.

The Englishman who learns German can scarcely help noticing the great similarity between most of its

words and those of his own tongue. There is usually a slight difference in spelling, which has been investigated by philologists and proved to be no arbitrary change of sound, but a regular transition, governed by fixed laws. These laws do not apply to variations between English and German only, but also to variations between all the other Teutonic tongues. To them the older Teutonic languages hold most tenaciously, showing scarcely a single exception. But the modern tongues are, unfortunately, more lax. Especially is this so with our own English, where the simple and regular orthography of the old speech has been subjected to a variety of disturbing influences, and has succumbed to such an extent that we can never be certain whether or not the current spelling of any word is the organic representative of the original orthography, unless we refer to the old English equivalent.

It seems to me, then, that Spelling Reform should be so managed as to restore to the English language the grand simplicity and perfect regularity of the old speech, in such a manner as to bring our spelling once more into accordance with the laws which govern the interchange of vowels and consonants among all the languages of the Teutonic family. For the accomplishment of this end it will not always be necessary to alter the spelling of a word because it does not agree with the pronunciation; it will often suit our purpose better to alter the pronunciation and retain the spelling.

A few examples will illustrate my meaning. The English word *one* is pronounced quite differently from the last three letters in the words *stone* and *bone*. A

spelling reformer of the orthodox type would probably get over the difficulty by telling us to spell it *wun*, and thus bequeath to posterity the curse of a corrupt pronunciation. For it is the pronunciation that is here at fault. The Scotchman pronounces the three words alike, *ane*, *stane*, *bane*. That the three words *should* be spelled and pronounced alike will be seen clearly from the following table of the kindred forms. To these I have added the kinsmen of two other English words, *oath* and *dough*, which represent the reverse case to that of *one*, inasmuch as they are pronounced correctly like *stone* and *bone*, but spelled quite differently :—

Gothic	<i>Ains</i>	<i>Stains</i>	<i>Bain</i>	<i>Aiths</i>	<i>Daigs</i>
Old English	<i>An</i>	<i>Stan</i>	<i>Ban</i>	<i>Ath</i>	<i>Dag</i>
Old Saxon	<i>En</i>	<i>Sten</i>	<i>Ben</i>	<i>Eth</i>	—
Old Frisian	<i>En</i>	<i>Sten</i>	<i>Ben</i>	<i>Eth</i>	—
Icelandic	<i>Einn</i>	<i>Steinn</i>	<i>Bein</i>	<i>Eidhr</i>	<i>Deig</i>
Swedish	<i>En</i>	<i>Sten</i>	<i>Ben</i>	<i>Ed</i>	<i>Deg</i>
Danish	<i>Een</i>	<i>Steen</i>	<i>Been</i>	<i>Eed</i>	—
Dutch	<i>Een</i>	<i>Steen</i>	<i>Been</i>	<i>Eed</i>	—
Old German	<i>Ein</i>	<i>Stein</i>	<i>ʔein</i>	<i>Eid</i>	<i>Teig</i>
Modern German	<i>Ein</i>	<i>Stein</i>	<i>Rein</i>	<i>Eid</i>	<i>Teig</i>

The vowel combination *ea*, which occurs in so many English words, is pronounced in two utterly different ways, of which *leaf* and *deaf* are good examples. A third sound is found only in the word *great*. These three words, *leaf*, *deaf*, *great*, ought to be spelled and pronounced alike, just as the equivalents in the other Teutonic languages are spelled and pronounced alike. Instead of this, we have not only a variation in the pronunciation of the *ea* sound, but an incorrect spelling as well, similar to the case of *oath* and *dough*. For instance, *need*

should be spelled *nead*, as it belongs to the class pronounced like *leaf*, while *red* should be spelled *read*, as it belongs to the class pronounced like *deaf*, and, when we learn to pronounce *leaf*, *deaf*, *great*, in the same way, we must also learn to pronounce *nead* and *read* alike. The following table will show the relation between the five words :—

Gothic.....	<i>Laubs</i>	<i>Daubs</i>	<i>Nauds</i>	<i>Rauds</i>	—
Old English.....	<i>Leaf</i>	<i>Deaf</i>	<i>Nead</i>	<i>Read</i>	<i>Great</i>
Old Saxon	<i>Lof</i>	<i>Dof</i>	<i>Nod</i>	<i>Rod</i>	<i>Grot</i>
Old Frisian.....	<i>Laf</i>	<i>Daf</i>	—	<i>Rad</i>	<i>Grat</i>
Icelandic	<i>Lauf</i>	<i>Daufr</i>	<i>Naudh</i>	<i>Raudhr</i>	—
Swedish	<i>Löf</i>	<i>Döf</i>	<i>Nöd</i>	<i>Röd</i>	—
Danish	<i>Löv</i>	<i>Döv</i>	<i>Nöd</i>	<i>Röd</i>	—
Dutch.....	<i>Loof</i>	<i>Doof</i>	<i>Nood</i>	<i>Rood</i>	<i>Groot</i>
Old German	<i>Loup</i>	<i>Toup</i>	<i>Net</i>	<i>Rot</i>	<i>Groz</i>
Modern German..	<i>Laub</i>	<i>Taub</i>	<i>Noth</i>	<i>Roth</i>	<i>Gross</i>

It will be observed that the old and modern German words show two forms of the vowel sound ; but this is only an orthographical variation, the vowel *o* being regularly substituted for the more usual *ou* (modern *au*) whenever it occurs before the dental letters *t d s z*.

Words like *knot* and *know* are also protests against Spelling Reform as at present contemplated. It would be a great mistake to leave out the *k* in spelling such words. Our forefathers found no difficulty in pronouncing the *k*, neither do we, when we learn German, Dutch, or Danish, in which languages the noble old sound is always heard. It is one of the proudest boasts of our language that we have preserved in such words as *knot* and *know* the primitive *k* which had perished in the Latin *nodus* and *nosco* more than two thousand years ago. Shall we allow the spelling reformer to rob us of the few words in

which we are more primitive than the proud tongue of Rome ?

There would, of course, be much difficulty in the way of such a reform as I have suggested ; but then there is much difficulty in the way of any method of reform. I am told that what is called corruption of language is nothing but the general developmental change which occurs in every living thing, adapting it slowly to the conditions of its environment ; and that this corruption progresses according to definite laws, and is never arbitrary. I may admit that corruption is only another word for development ; but I do not see why we should not guide it into the best way, just as we should guide the development of a youth into manhood. And I certainly cannot see that the corruption or development of the English tongue is governed by any systematic law whatever. The three-fold sound of the *ea* in the words *leaf*, *deaf*, *great*, is a protest against that idea. I am also told that no change which has been once initiated in pronunciation can ever be forced back, and that no possible effort could ever restore the sound of the *k* in *knot* or *know*, inasmuch as the number of those willing to pronounce the *k* would never equal the number not so willing. If this were true, it would apply equally to both systems of reform. But it is not true that a language cannot return to a primitive form, after having been accustomed to a corruption. The old English words *bryd*, *dæd*, *cwen*, made their genitive singular *bryde*, *dæde*, *cwene*, and their plural *bryda*, *dæda*, *cwena*. In modern English the genitive is *bride's*, *deed's*, *queen's*, and the plural *brides*, *deeds*, *queens*. A comparison with the Gothic

genitives *bruthais*, *dedais*, *kwenais*, and the Gothic plurals *brutheis*, *dedeis*, *kweneis*, shows what may seem strange, but what is nevertheless true, that the English of to-day is in this respect more correct than the English of a thousand years ago.

I would also remark that a change in pronunciation would not be felt after the lapse of a few years ; whereas a change in spelling would leave a mark upon the English language for centuries ; as long, in fact, as books printed in the old spelling were read. Of course a reform in the pronunciation alone would neither be easy, nor much to be desired, but that which I here suggest—partly of pronunciation, and partly of spelling—would greatly ease the burden by dividing it, and would confer an inestimable benefit upon every lover of Teutonic word-lore by bringing the English language once more into conformity with the other branches of its own great family.

JAMES PLATT, JUN.

*WALT WHITMAN'S PRESENT
CIRCUMSTANCES.*

TO THE EDITOR OF "PAPERS FOR THE TIMES."

SIR,—My attention having been called to an article in the second volume of *Papers for the Times* on Walt Whitman, in which he is spoken of as "lying poor and paralysed at Camden, New Jersey," I should like (while thanking the writer, Mr. Bathgate, for his hearty vindication of the great poet) to say

that I think the above-quoted statement, and others of like nature in the article, though in some respects literally correct, are calculated to produce a wrong impression. Mr. Bathgate seems to have realized the tragic side of Whitman's career with an intensity almost painful, and, in his enthusiasm for him, to have overdrawn the picture of his sufferings. I am sure he will be the first to rejoice if by any means these should appear less than he supposed.

I saw Whitman and spent some little time with him two years and a-half ago, and have had constant accounts of him since, directly or through friends. At the time I saw him, he was suffering from paralysis, but was better—decidedly better—than he had been the previous year, when he wrote the letter to Mr. W. M. Rossetti (paraphrased by Mr. Bathgate). He was in the habit, then, of walking a little every day, would be better some days than others, spent a great part of his time out of doors, sitting out; and seemed, on the whole, to enjoy life—the walk through busy streets, the ferry across from Camden to Philadelphia, the warm summer evenings sitting on the doorstep—if with a somewhat quiet and subdued enjoyment. I am glad to say that since then, his health, though it has not notably improved, has been no worse. Of his comparative poverty Whitman himself has spoken in the above-mentioned letter. That this and his enjoyment of the luxury of giving, often cause him a difficulty in making the two ends meet, I have no doubt. Very grateful to him (and not least on account of the friendly interest and sympathy implied) are the remittances of friends who send to him (not to the publishers!) for his books; and it is in this form

alone, he has told us, that he desires such remittances. At the same time it is pleasant to feel sure, as I do, that he is in the hands of kind and good friends at Camden who will not leave him in extremity.

The purchasers and admirers of Whitman's works in America (I am not speaking of those individuals—thousands—many, perhaps most, of them unacquainted altogether with the literary side of him—who have, at one time or another, been personally attached to him) are few; but they exist. Let us hope they will grow in number. Not scorn—not “scorn for scorn”—but something far different has Whitman given to that land of his. If it, as a whole, has returned his love with apathy, therein lies doubtless a deep tragedy; but it is one before which we can only keep silence—the fate of the elder brother among children—the common reward of the greatest.

I see my letter is becoming longer than I anticipated, yet I cannot close without adding a few extracts from one which a friend of mine has just received from Walt Whitman, and which I have permission to quote. They will give the best idea of his present condition:—

“St. Louis, Missouri,
1000 miles west of Philadelphia,
Nov. 10, 1879.

“. . . . Two months ago I started off (make or break) on a long jaunt west—have been to the Rocky Mountains (2000 miles) and Denver City, and

Colorado generally—with Kansas and Missouri—wonders, revelations I would not have missed for my life—the great central area 2000 miles square, the Pacific States, the *real America* I find (and I find that I wasn't realizing it before)—but three weeks ago I was taken down sick and have come back and stopt here in St. Louis ever since—am quite comfortable in quarters and shall soon be well enough to return home to Camden. . . . Lived a couple of weeks on the Great Plains—(800 miles wide, flat—the greatest curiosity of all)—50 years from now this region will have a hundred million of people the most comfortable, advanced, and democratic on the globe—indeed, it is all this and here that America is for. . . .

“WALT WHITMAN.”

In conclusion, if I have tried to show that Whitman's condition in regard to health and the means of life is not immediately critical, let me as strongly as I can, urge on all readers of *Papers for the Times* not on that account to relax their practical sympathy, but to do their best to render smooth and free from anxiety the later years of one who, as a Pioneer, has with his single might hewn out such a splendid way for us and all who come after.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD CARPENTER.

Highfields,

Sheffield, Dec. 3, 1879.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "PAPERS FOR THE TIMES."

SIR,—I write this as a postscript to Mr. Carpenter's very interesting letter. I have just heard from Walt Whitman, who writes from St. Louis, Missouri, under date Nov. 20. He says :—"I have been detained far from home by illness, but will soon return to Camden, New Jersey." So that, a month ago, he had got two-thirds of the way home from the Far West.

Your obedient Servant,

J. W. THOMPSON.

Goldsmith Building,
 Temple, London,
December the 18th, 1879.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

The Delight of Literary Idleness—Dr. Abbott's "*Oxford Sermons*"—*Christian Liberalism*—*Political Speeches and Something more*—"Money"—"*The Bookworm*"—Mr. James Hinton on "*The Mystery of Pain*"—*An Inadequate Notion of God*—"Vaccination"—*A Question for Mr. Ruskin.*

LITERARY idleness is, I believe, the most charming idleness in the world. The necessary conditions are a chair—thoroughly comfortable, but not too

easy—a warm room, and a miscellaneous lot of books to the number of ten or fifteen. To open one after another, read a little, skim a little, make here and there a note, may suffice to wile away many an hour pleasantly. It adds something to this tranquil enjoyment if some steady work is waiting to be done : an article behind time ; a careful criticism of some new and troublesome book, which an editor is somewhere waiting for impatiently. But this added pleasure, in the consciousness of duties left undone, has to be paid for. There is a to-morrow which, in a few more hours will be “to-day,” upon whose already-burdened shoulders we are casting an extra load. Sin may be delightful, but repentance is its wage.

By foregoing just a little of the charm of idleness—reading rather more systematically, and noting rather more purpose-fully, perhaps we can save the sorrows to-morrow, and perhaps, too, we can be a little more correct and thorough in our judgments. We have a rule, fixed and unalterable, that we will *know* something about a book before we attempt to criticize it. If need be, we will sit on a stool, extinguish the fire, and make reading a toil, rather than fail. Happily it is *not* needful. We strenuously maintain our virtue, while not eschewing the luxuries.

The “miscellaneous lot” of books we certainly have. Here is Dr. Abbott’s *Oxford Sermons* shouldered by *Vaccination Tracts* from Mr. W. Young of London; Free-trade, Transcendentalism, Spiritualism, Evolution, and a host of others help to “make the pile complete.” They are not all new books ; some that we love the best are very old. But, because they are

old they shall not, therefore, be discarded. This generation knows more, perhaps, and needs, therefore, to be told less about the new books than the old.

(1.) However, I will begin with a new one—Dr. Abbott's *Oxford Sermons*. I am not very partial to printed sermons, and do not care to possess many, but these of Dr. Abbott's are certainly an exception. They must have been worth hearing; they are undoubtedly worth reading and, highest grade of all, they are even worth possessing. There are many books worth reading which, unless means are unlimited (perhaps not even then) one ought not to buy, and decidedly ought not to crowd one's limited shelves by keeping when read. It is one of the uses—not officially recognized—of free libraries, that you can there read, not only what you cannot, but also what you do not want, to buy. Then, at the other end, if you buy to read and not to keep, there is that divinely-appointed institution, the second-hand book-seller, prepared, without notice, to give you the smallest possible price for your book, and to demand from his next customer the largest. There is no excuse in the world for having books which you ought not to have.

Handling a volume of sermons must, I think, have led to that little bit of moralizing. It is time to say a word about the book itself. Dr. Abbott is a Broad Churchman, or, as he would term it, a Christian Liberal, and his introduction of fifty-two pages is a fine statement of his position. The Liberal Christian Party is the "Party of Growth," distinguished on the one side from the "Party of Destruction," who say that "everything is naught," and on the other from

the "Conservative Party" whose leading tenet is "that whatever is, is good." "The policy of the Party of Growth," Dr. Abbott tells us, "necessarily involving partial destruction and partial conservation, obliges them to give reasons for destroying some things and preserving others, and to justify their discrimination." Dr. Abbott himself rejects verbal inspiration, and is in no way concerned to defend miracles: "The Liberal Party having, on the one hand, no *a priori* prejudice against miracles, nor against facts of any kind, and, on the other hand, feeling no need of miracle to sustain their faith and justify their worship of Christ (whom they adore—not as a wonder-worker, but as a Healer of the Souls of men), is able to discuss the miraculous element in the Scriptures as an interesting but by no means vital question." Again: "When the astronomers, by their disputations about the spots of the sun, shall succeed in wiping out the sun itself from the heaven, then, and not till then, will the Liberal Party apprehend any danger that textual criticism of the Gospels may efface Jesus of Nazareth from the history of mankind." It should be noted that "Liberal" and "Conservative," as here used, have no political significance.

From this it is manifest that our author has a much deeper faith in the truth and strength of Christianity than those professing disciples of Christ—most of us know some of them—who seem afraid that any breeze of scepticism or inquiry will carry their religion away. Not on the records of nineteen centuries ago, and not on the voice of God to the people of that age, alone, does Dr. Abbott rely. To him, God is still living, still active, and still speaking to men. Upon

this broad, spiritual basis rest the eight discourses in the present volume. Through them all, the Doctor upholds "Jesus, as a necessary object of our reasonable worship." "The teacher or minister who is a sincere Christian has before him one paramount duty, that of leading others to the worship of Christ." I am not sure that, as yet, I appreciate the full significance of this teaching any more than I am able to fully sympathize with the hero-worship of Mr. Carlyle. But that the *spirit* of it is worthy of all acceptance, is manifest enough, and for those who desire to know "a tree by its fruits," it may be said that more thoroughly practical teaching can scarcely be desired. Trade and politics, every affair of personal and public life, Dr. Abbott would permeate with the spirit of the sweet and broad and loving Christianity which he teaches, and which is, in spite of all our controversies and sectarianism, the spirit of the teaching of Jesus and St. Paul.

(2.) I detest reading speeches, but Mr. Gladstone's in Scotland had to be gone through, and they well repaid the labour. They were, in fact, something so much more than political harangues, that it was an injustice to them to be put forth as electioneering speeches. I do not pretend to assent to every word Mr. Gladstone said against Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy; in some respects, quite the contrary. It is on other points that his ideas excel. Here, for example, is something to dwell upon, long after the political needs of the moment are satisfied:—

"We live in times when there is intercommunion, the nearest intercommunion of interests between country and country, such as were but comparatively little known to our forefathers. What-

ever we may say, amidst the clash of arms, amidst the din of preparations for warfare in times of peace--which really when they become habitual seem almost to be worse than war itself, such is the continual peril amidst all these--there is going on a most profound and mysterious movement which, whether we will or not, is bringing the nations of the civilized and the uncivilized world, morally as well as physically, nearer to one another, and making them more and more responsible before God for one another's welfare. Considerations of this kind, not limited to these shores but reaching far beyond them, enter profoundly into the daily action of states, and of all who are concerned with the direction of that action in Parliament, in office, or when they go to exercise political functions."

(3.) I have, as yet, had time only to partly read Mr. James Platt's new work on *Money*, but I have seen sufficient of it to know that it deserves to be classed with his two former essays on *Business* and *Morality*, and that is, I think, the highest recommendation that one can give. Mr. Platt is one of those rare men who, thoroughly capable from the business side, is still alive to all the calls of uprightness. He is not one who, with mock piety, denounces trading as evil, and money as the root of evil. But he sees, what so many miss seeing, that trading and virtue and a good life are all parts of *one* law, and work one with another, in perfect fitness. Money dishonestly gained is not worth gaining. Earning money for its own sake is poor and trivial, but in its true relations it is high and noble. He who dishonestly and meanly secures wealth is guilty, not simply as a trader, but as one who has prostituted some of the calls of humanity, out of a mistaken regard for other calls, and his sin is not against virtue only, but against the money-getting too, in thus dragging it out of its proper sphere, and degrading it to his own

unworthiness. This essay on *Money* is full of valuable business information, intermingled largely with wise thoughts and ideas, such as—"There is no more mischievous idolatry than that of social custom and observancy. Any training that stops man looking upwards and forwards must be false." "Better be a sinner and feel true repentance, than be narrow-souled, petty-minded, conventional machines." I do not see how any intelligent man or woman who reads this little book, can fail to obtain from it some valuable suggestions for waging the battle of life worthily and with success.

(4.) For pathos, I do not think I have often met with anything finer than Dr. Aveling's little sketch, *The Bookworm*, the first of a small collection bearing that title. There is none of that morbid sentimentality about it, over which a good many people like shedding tears; and, therefore, though it is infinitely sad, it is good to read.

(5.) *The Mystery of Pain*, by the late James Hinton, is an attempt to show that "things which we have inevitably called evil may yet be truly good," and it maintains the proposition that "all which we feel as painful is really *giving*—something that our fellows are really better for, even though we cannot trace it; and that giving is not an evil thing, but good—a natural delight and good of man, and that we feel it painful because our life is marred." Mr. Hinton's position seems to me, on the whole, a very true one. While pain, as such, is undoubtedly an evil, the presence of it is not necessarily on that account positive unhappiness. What we suffer from the external circumstances of our life, we suffer

because of the attitude we assume, not because of the nature of the outside circumstance itself. Pain is misery if we make it so, or it may be a contribution to Happiness if we choose. "There is one condition under which all know that pain is not truly an evil, but a good. This is when pain is willingly borne for another's sake."

Exception might be taken to some of the theories and conclusions which are incidental in this Essay, but it is not necessary. One point only need be mentioned. Mr. Hinton tells us that "God's highest joy is in others' good;" "His great heart is impatient of their misery, and springs forward with an eager haste to take it on Himself, finding therein alone the means to make us know Him." That would be very pretty if it were meant to apply to some generous fellow-man, but surely it is a description of human goodness, not of divine perfectness. To me, if God is to be anything at all, He must be absolute, not relative! He is not good, and true, and kind-hearted, but Goodness, Truth, and Infinite Perfection. Mr. Hinton's notion of a good-natured, enthusiastic Deity—"the blest, the happy Being"—seems unworthy of the keen Spiritual Insight which marks the other portions of his work.

(6.) Is vaccination good or evil? Medical testimony and statistics, as usual, answer both ways. Mr. William Young's *Vaccination Tracts* declare emphatically that it is an evil. Perhaps I am wrong, but I confess that I still believe in it. But I am at one with Mr. Young and his co-workers in regard to the serious evils of public vaccination. Here, as usual, what Government takes in hand is done badly.

If the law makes vaccination compulsory, and appoints officers to attend to it, it should at least guarantee that diseases worse than smallpox shall not be disseminated by its machinery. Unless some much more satisfactory arrangements can be made—which I do not believe—unless, for example, lymph from the calf direct can be used in *all* cases, it is clear that *compulsory* vaccination ought to be abolished, and in that part of their agitation, I wish the anti-vaccinators all success.

(7.) I would like to ask Mr. Ruskin a question. In his Letters to the Clergy (*Contemporary Review* Dec. 1879) this fine passage occurs: "The foulest oaths of the thief and the street walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses, in the Church Service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed, not their own souls only, but those of the outcast ones whom they have made their victims!" Does Mr. Ruskin really think that it is in the power of any human being to *destroy* another's *soul*?



WHAT HOMŒOPATHY IS,

BY

H. HASTINGS, M.D.

WHAT HOMŒOPATHY IS.

WHAT is it? It may be considered rather late in the day to propound such a question as this, for Homœopathy is now a recognized system of medicine the world over. But as there is still a large amount of prejudice existing against it, both in the medical profession and among the public, it may not be “love’s labour lost” to even now give a definition of Homœopathy. The word itself is a compound of two Greek words, and simply means a *similar disease*. The system of medicine designated Homœopathy consists of this—

Firstly, Proving drugs on the healthy person.

Secondly, Prescribing medicine in disease, whose properties have been thus tested.

Thirdly, Prescribing medicine upon the law of *similia similibus curantur*, or likes are cured by likes.

The above axioms may be concisely summarized as follows :—

1. A medicine given in certain doses, and during a certain period of time, can produce pathological lesions, or disease, similar to certain complaints.
2. This medicine is, therefore, a specific, when administered in similar diseases.
3. Specificity is not therefore an isolated fact, but “the law which should guide medical treatment.”

This is Homœopathy, and it is as much a law of Nature in medicine as gravitation, cohesion, attraction, chemical affinity, electricity, &c., &c., are in Natural Physics.

But, just as a knowledge of these laws in natural science lay hidden from man's ken for ages, though still in operation in creative energy and disintegrating action, in attraction and repulsion, guiding the planets in their spheres, and the earth in its orbit—building up and casting down—and, as it required a Galileo, a Laplace, a Newton, a Liebig, a Huxley, a Tyndall, an Edison, to wrest these hidden secrets from Nature by interrogating her occult operations and making her answer in an almost audible voice, so Dr. Hahnemann, by testing the properties of medicine upon himself, his family and hundreds of other persons, elicited from Nature, in her mineral, herbal, and floral kingdoms, the curative properties which lay hidden in calcaria, silica, aconite, belladonna, bryonia, and thousands of other minerals, plants and flowers—thus constituting a “Materia Medica” founded upon *established facts*, a medical armoury, filled with no uncertain weapons for combating all and every fierce or simple disease to which humanity is liable. Thus is the Homœopathic Physician doubly armed—“the bane and antidote are both before him.”

Proving medicine thus was a heroic enterprise, and occupied much of Dr. Hahnemann's time; indeed, up to the end of his long and useful life, he was ever busy in investigating the curative properties of drugs, and thus proved some *eighty* different drugs upon himself.

The application of this curative law of medicines *may be thus illustrated*—A person contracts a chill,

ushered in by creepings all over the body, sneezing, running of water from the nose, headache, pulse quick and mouth dry, and skin hot. Now to meet this condition, according to the law of *similars*, or as the Homœopathic axiom has it, *similia similibus curantur*, medicine must be prescribed whose effects upon a healthy person would be *similar* to those which have been stated. Now there are many medicines in the Homœopathic "Materia Medica" and Pharmacopœa, which produce symptoms similar to these, such as aconite, camphor, arsenicum, any one of which, if given in the early stages of a cold or chill, will invariably check if not entirely cure it.

This is a simple illustration of the law of Homœopathy by which medicines are prescribed in disease; and by comprehending this any one will be able to understand how this law is applicable in every other disease, whether simple or malignant.

A great stumbling block to the reception of Homœopathy is the fact that, as a rule, infinitesimal doses are prescribed; but infinitesimal doses are only a natural sequence, a corollary or outcome of the law of Homœopathy. When Dr. Hahnemann began to prescribe medicines in disease, upon the law *similia similibus curantur*, he administered the medicine in the ordinary doses; but he speedily experienced that in these doses and prescribed upon the principle of *likes are cured by likes*, the effects which they produced upon the system were far too powerful, hence he began to decrease the dose, and by so doing relieved the sufferings of his patients without aggravating the disease as powerful and large doses of medicine generally do under either the Allopathic or the Homœopathic system.

The sensitiveness of the human system to medicine, where the drug prescribed is *en rapport* with the disease, may be readily exemplified as follows: Hold to the fire the hand, and no pain is experienced from the heat of the fire, but let that same hand, after being *burnt* or *scalded*, be held to the fire, and an acute pain is felt. Why is this? Because the hand when first held to the fire was in its normal condition, hence the heat of the fire was rather pleasant than otherwise; but directly the hand became inflamed or *on fire* by being *burnt*, there was a certain *rapport* or *similarity* existing between the hand and the fire: hence its sensitiveness to the heat.

Thus it is with the organs, nerves, blood vessels, and tissues of the body. When they get inflamed or heated by disease, they directly become very sensitive to such medicine as is Homœopathic to the diseased condition of the parts affected, hence a *small* dose of medicine is more suitable than a large one.

This point of *similarity* or Homœopaticity may be also illustrated by the application of ice to remove the *frozen* condition of a limb. The application of *hot* water to a frost-bitten part would be, according to the principle of Allopathy or *contraria contrariis opporrienda*, but this would produce death in the part, or mortification, whereas ice or any other *cold* application removes the congestion in the frost-bitten part, and thus restores the retarded circulation in the limb.

Another outcome of Homœopathy is the law of *dynamization* of drugs, *i.e.*, by either the process of *trituration* or *succussion*, by which the latent medicinal properties of substances become active. For example, mercury in its crude state is inert as a medicine, but

when triturated or rubbed up with conserve of roses becomes the Blue Pill of the Allopaths, which is a truly Homœopathic trituration.

Large doses of the crude mercury may be taken with impunity, but when taken in the form of Blue Pill, its effects upon the system is exceedingly powerful, producing debility, salivation, and even penetrating the very bones.

Hundreds of other inert mineral substances are thus rendered into powerful medicine by this process of trituration, which was carried out by Dr. Hahnemann in the preparation of several substances in the mineral world. The process of *succussion* or *shaking* in the plant and floral kingdoms also develops a curative influence in herbs, plants and flowers. For example, take *aconitum napellus*, or wolfsbane ; this plant, when made into a tincture by maceration in alcohol, is a powerful poison, but if a certain portion of this tincture be *shaken* or succussed with a certain portion of alcohol, its poisonous properties give place to *curative* ones.

Dr. Hahnemann, referring to this subject, says—
“ The discovery by which this development of the medicinal power of drugs is effected is of inexpressible value, and so undeniable that those who, from a want of the knowledge of the resources of nature, consider Homœopathic attenuations as mere *mechanical divisions* of the original drug, must be struck dumb when they consult experience.” In physical science we find also convincing proofs of inert substances developing a tremendous power through succussion or friction. For instance, a piece of silk rubbed upon a glass rod directly sets in motion the hitherto *inert* atoms and molecules in the glass,

and the result is—electricity. Science produces thousands of such instances.

These latent dynamics being thus developed, and thus becoming powerful agents in nature, may we not therefore logically infer that *dynamics* in medicine is also a law in nature ?

Those medical men who have been magnanimous enough to cast off prejudice, and investigate medical subjects for themselves, can abundantly testify this fact, that medicine prepared by trituration and succussion, develops a dynamic-medicinal power in attenuations and infinitesimal doses. No one who considers the direful effects produced by the infinitesimal germs of typhoid fever, cholera, measles, scarlatina, smallpox, &c., can deny their occult and dynamic power ; and yet the living organisms, micrococci, bacteria, &c., which are believed to be the active agents in producing these diseases, are entirely microscopic or infinitesimal. Mr. F. Darwin has demonstrated that the glands of plants are so sensitive to infinitesimals, that $\frac{1}{78,740}$ of a grain will influence them, while they are insensible to drops of water falling upon them. There are certain diseases in babies which are best cured by giving the mother the medicine, which becomes *succussed* and *attenuated* by being digested by the mother, and the consequence is that the babies get the medicine through the mother's milk in infinitesimal doses.

We might fill volumes educing proof from the scientific field of investigation, all tendering convincing testimony to the operative influence of infinitesimals, in the animal, mineral, vegetable, and physical worlds : indeed, the planets, moon, earth, *stars*, *seas*, oceans, and man himself, are sustained

and kept in existence by gravitation, attraction, repulsion, &c., all imponderable infinitesimal agents like air and sunshine.

But there are persons so prejudiced and so wedded to old effete systems, by which, like Demetrius of old, they gain their living, that arguments and even facts fail to convince them of the truth ; nevertheless truth still progresses on the earth, whether bigots believe or no, and like Galileo we can exclaim, *e sui si mouve*, It still moves ; or like Goethe, still cry, *leicht mehr leicht*, Light more light. So long as men, women and children, from the Queen to the pauper, are under the rule of red tape, in bondage to systems whose principles are irrational and whose results are mischievous and injurious to health and longevity, so long, we presume, must they bow to Allopathic authority in high places, and when suffering from disease swallow the nauseous and too often useless for good, but potent for mischief, draft, pill or powder, with rueful faces, instead of the nearly tasteless, though curative Homœopathic medicine.

Homœopathy secures the following blessings :—

1. Rational treatment of disease by well-tested medicines.
2. Palatable medicines, no nauseous drugs.
3. Speedy relief or cure.
4. A short convalescence from the most formidable disease, as the system is not lowered by debilitating drugs, bleeding, blisters, leeches, &c.
5. The Homœopathic medicines, if taken judiciously, have a great power in conserving the health and strength, and of preventing disease.
6. Homœopaths live longer and enjoy life more than

Allopaths, because the Homœopathic medicines not only conserve health, but also do not irritate and weaken the system as Allopathic drugs. Several insurance offices charge a less premium upon the lives of Homœopaths, because they live longer.

Although we believe the law of Homœopathy to be correct, yet a long experience with disease and its treatment has shown how difficult it is to apply this law in every case of illness; as both the *objective* and *subjective* symptoms of many diseases are difficult to understand, and are much influenced by varieties in constitutions and temperament, so that it becomes a difficult task to prescribe in every case a medicine which will cover every symptom of the disease, in other words, be Homœopathic.

Homœopathy, therefore, cannot be considered, at least for the present, as an exact science like mathematics; nevertheless its vast superiority to that of the old drug, purgative, bleeding system, is so great in arresting, ameliorating and curing disease, and sustaining the due functions *and organs of the body*, assisting them by gentle means to perform their natural offices, in the animal economy, and even prolonging life, that were the public alive to their best interests—that of health and longevity—drugs as now prescribed upon entirely empirical principles, would ere long be consigned to oblivion, and in ages to come people would gaze at pills and mixtures as curiosities in museums, showing the nauseous drugs their forefathers used as medicines, just as we now read in old *Materia Medica*s and *Pharmacopœas* of the vile compounds, such as “toads’ brains, and many other disgusting things *used as medicines* only an age or two ago.”

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,

BY

M. M.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

IT has been said that if we determine to hunt out genius, there is no telling where we may be carried. "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he finds it stopping a bung hole?" asks Shakespeare, and, on the same principle, why may not imagination discover genius, not only among the classically educated and highborn, but among the humble sons of toil who work in coal pits, on the weaver's loom, among common "navvies" by the wayside, or amidst the clash and noise of machinery in a cotton mill? Genius has no regard for outward circumstances. It comes like the dew from the starry sky, and dreams not of the conventional distinctions of artificial society. Let us prize the gem, therefore, wherever it appears. The dew drop is beautiful, whether it falls on the humble grass or into the bosom of the full-blown rose. For the present we purpose employing ourselves in tracing genius where it has made its appearance among the low-born, where it has fallen and taken root in the most unlikely soil, and has grown and spread its branches under the most disadvantageous circumstances. But all know that genius is cultivated and brought out under many forms and names. "The Philosopher cultivates it by discovering and making known the sublime facts and wonders of

creation and of human nature ; the Moralist by extolling the loveliness of truth, and pointing out the efficacy of virtue in alleviating the ills of life ; the Patriot by fostering a love of country and kindred, and speaking with enthusiasm of the blessings of freedom in every land ; the Musician by awakening the spirit of the body, and giving an audible voice to every passion that sways the human breast ; the Sculptor by creating, from the cold and shapeless marble, forms of life-like vigour, majesty, and grace ; the Painter by transferring to his canvas the hues and features of external nature, the visions of imagination, and the strange and stirring events of the dreamy past ; the Poet by sending his soul abroad to revel in the universe, and clothing his inspired thoughts in language lovely as the earth, and lasting as the sun in heaven."

This beautiful quotation is taken from " Random Thoughts on Poetry," by John Critchley Prince, the first working-class poet whom we intend to introduce to the reader. In 1842 his " Hours with the Muses " made its appearance, published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London, and for a time caused quite a sensation in literary circles. The author was born in Wigan, Lancashire, in 1808. His father was a reed maker with a large family, and was so poor as to be unable to send any of his children to school, so the only learning our poet acquired when a boy was what he picked up at a Sunday School belonging to a Baptist Chapel, where he was taught to read and write. He had, however, a good and intelligent mother, from whom he imbibed correct principles wherewith to begin the world. At the age of nine

he commenced working at his father's business, toiling for 14 or 16 hours a day, and when his father caught him reading was severely beaten. But no punishment could prevent his craving desire for knowledge, and he relates that often, at the "witching hour of night," he would leave his bed, and with furtive steps and slow, creep down stairs, and by the dim light of the "slacked fire," revel in the charms of Robinson Crusoe, or the horrible and mysterious grandeur of Ann Radcliffe and Monk Lewis.

After dragging through a miserable boyhood, Prince married, at the early age of 19, a very pretty and interesting young woman of his own rank of life. Three years after, in 1830, trade being bad in England, he went to France in search of employment, leaving his wife to provide, by her labour, for herself and the three children, until he should return with sufficient means, as he hoped, to place them in good circumstances. Alas! for the hopes of the young poet. When he reached St. Quintin in Picardy, where he was to have earned these means, he found that, owing to the revolution that had broken out in Paris, and the flight of Charles X., trade was at a standstill and society paralysed. He proceeded to the great seat of manufactures, Mulhausen, on the Upper Rhine, but there he found matters no better. He had exhausted his means and could get no employment. "In a land of strangers, ignorant of the language with the exception of the few words he had picked up on the road, he was indeed forlorn. Without the means to return, and in the hope of a revival of trade, he remained here five months in a state of comparative

starvation, sometimes being two entire days without food." How he started from Mulhausen and made his way to Paris, with an ill-furnished knapsack on his back, and *ten sous* in his pocket, journeying through Strasburg, Nancy, Verdun, Rheims, Luneville, Chalons, and most of the principal cities in his route, till he reached Calais, and afterwards London and Hyde in Lancashire, begging on the roads, singing ballads in the streets, sleeping in hospitals, in low lodging houses, in workhouses, in barns, and even under haystacks in the open air during that terrible winter of 1831; and how, when he reached home at last, he found it broken up and his wife and children in the workhouse, whence he brought them to a garret, where, without food or clothes, or furniture of any description, and with nothing but a bundle of straw to sleep on, they managed to subsist for several months, until trade revived, and they once more got employment: all this is given in a graphic sketch of Prince's life, which is interesting and instructive to read, as showing what perseverance may do, and the difficulties it may overcome when the mind and body are healthy, and allied to a sanguine and cheerful disposition. "It is pleasing to observe," remarks Mr. Prince's biographer, "that his poetry is little touched with that spirit of repining, misanthrophy, or harsh hatred of those superior to him in circumstances, which has so frequently characterized the effusions of several other poets of the suffering poor. There is a gracefulness in the expression, and a musical flow in the language, which mark the suavity of the poet's temperament. Nor would a stranger to the man infer that his polished lines were the out-

pourings of a self-educated artizan, who had given them birth amid scenes of the most dire distress, or under the prostrating influence of fatigue, surrounded by the anti-poetical smells of oil and steam, and the rumbling clatter of wheels and machinery in a cotton mill. Yet, under these adverse circumstances have some of the most beautiful of his compositions been conceived, and noted down at meal times, and after the labour of the day."

It is now time to look through the book and give the reader some idea of the beauties it contains. The first poem, "The Poet's Sabbath," is full of gems, and ought to be read from beginning to end to be thoroughly appreciated. It begins :—

"Sabbath thou art my Ararat of life,
Smiling above the deluge of my cares,—
My only refuge from the storms of strife,
When constant Hope her noblest aspect wears,—
When my torn mind its broken strength repairs,
And volant Fancy breathes a sweeter strain,
Calm season! when my thirsting spirit shares
A draught of joy unmixed with aught of pain,
Spending the quiet hours 'mid Nature's green domain."

The "ponderous engines being at rest" the poet leaves his home before the lark is up on a Summer's Sabbath morn, and flies from the manufacturing town to the country, where

"Brushing from forest leaves the dewy spray,
I scale the toilsome steep, to watch the kindling day."

When he has reached the highest eminence, he is rewarded by a glorious sight, for

"Lo, the stars are waning, and the dawn
Blushes and burns athwart the east :—behold,

The early sun, behind the upland lawn,
 Looks o'er the summit with a front of gold ;
 Back from his beaming brow the mists are rolled,
 And as he climbs the crystal tower of morn,
 Rocks, woods, and glens their shadowy depths unfold ;
 The trembling dewes grow brighter on the thorn,
 And Nature smiles as fresh as if but newly born."

The sight enraptures him, and he exclaims :—

"God of the boundless universe ! I come
 To hold communion with myself and Thee !
 And though excess of beauty makes me dumb,
 My thoughts are eloquent with all I see ;
 My foot is on the mountains, I am free,
 And buoyant as the winds that round me blow !
 My dreams are sunny as yon pleasant lea,
 And tranquil as the pool that sleeps below ;
 While, circling round my heart, a poet's raptures glow."

After indulging in the beautiful scene before him
 and in memories of the past, from the time when
 "Christ, the Man of sorrows and of tears, came to
 redeem our great primeval fall," he leaves the spot
 where he has been so long rapt, and we have the
 following beautiful picture :—

"Down from the breezy summits of the hills
 I turn my lingering footsteps, and descend
 A rugged pathway, where a thousand rills
 All freshly, brightly, musically blend
 Their ever-twinkling waters : now I wend
 Along the streamlet's desultory wave,
 To reach yon gothic fane, where those attend
 Who feign, or feel, that they have souls to save,
 Looking for deathless life beyond the secret grave.

"I stand within the walls, whose roof is spread
 In the vain strength of architectural might ;
 Emblazed banners droop above my head—
 Rich windows glow with many coloured light ;

Altar and shrine are gorgeously bedight
With costly ornaments of dazzling sheen ;
Proud tombs and cenotaphs the gaze invite,
Recording virtues which have never been ;
(Thus, self-exalted, man forgets his God, I ween.)

“ The voice of psalms ascends the slumbering air,—
With sweet but stormy breath the organ blows ;
The pastor reads the well-remembered prayer,
While murmuring lips respond to every close :
Now comes the brief discourse,—perchance it flows
With less of fervent feeling than of art ;
Perchance it lulls some hearer to repose,
Perchance it trembles in some human heart :
Now, hymn and service done, shepherd and flock depart.

“ Through pleasant fields, green lanes, and forest glooms,
Back to their humble homes the rustics go ;
Save those who linger in the place of tombs,
Musing and mourning o'er the dead below :
There droops the widow in her weeds of woe,
Whose joys lie buried with the lifeless one ;
The orphan, too, is there, whose tears o'erflow
For some kind sire or tender mother gone ;—
There's comfort in their grief, oh, let their tears flow on. ”

How graphically is this country churchyard scene
brought before our imagination !

Further on he tells us—

“ My heart's religion is an earnest love
Of all that's good, and beautiful, and true !
My noblest temple is this sky above—
This vast pavilion of unclouded blue ;
These mountains are my altars, which subdue
My wildest passions in their wildest hours ;
My hymn is ever many-voiced and new,—
From bird and bee, from wind and wave it pours ;
My incense is the breath of herbs, leaves, fruits, and flowers.”

After this, many verses are taken up with deep
reflections of the world and its ways—what it is and

what it might be made to be were mankind wise;
when recovering himself he exclaims :—

“ Farewell my pleasant dream! The sinking sun
Is burning in the bosom of the west;
The joyous lark, whose vesper hymn is done,
Folds his light pinions to his weary breast;
The clamorous rook is hovering round his nest—
The thrush sits silent on the thorny spray—
The nectar-gathering bee is gone to rest—
The lonely cuckoo chants a lingering lay;
While I, with careless feet, go loitering on my way.

“ Sights, sounds, and odours, that surround me here,
Softens and sanctify the evening hour;
The rose-enamoured nightingale is near,
Breathing delicious music in her bower;
Herds low along the vales—young children pour
Their gladsome voices on the tranquil air;
A richer perfume creeps from every flower—
Skies, fields, and waters, beauty’s mantle wear;
Nature’s primeval face was not more calmly fair.”

We will conclude our extracts from this beautiful poem with the two following verses, which recall to the memory Burns’s “Cotter’s Saturday Night”—

“ I journey homeward; for the taper’s light
Gleams from the scattered dwellings of the poor,
Down the steep valleys, up the mountain’s height,
And o’er the barren surface of the moor;
Shadows are round me as I tread the floor
Of balmy, breathing fields; my weary feet
Bear me right onward to my cottage door;
I cross my threshold—take my accustomed seat,
And feel, as I have often felt, that home is sweet!

“ My wife receives me with a quiet smile,
Gentle and kind as wife should ever be;
My joyous little ones press round, the while,
And take their wonted places on my knee;

Now with my chosen friends, sincere and free,
I pass the remnant of the night away ;
Temper grave converse with becoming glee—
Wear in my face a heart serenely gay,
And wish that human life were one long Sabbath-day."

We are tempted to make many extracts from this book, which is full of gems, but must content ourselves with only a few more, taken from "The Captive's Dream," which poem is beautiful from beginning to end. The patriot captive is pining in a dying state in a deep damp dungeon, when, "faint with the nightly vigils he had kept," he "sank down supine upon his couch of straw, and, lapped in brief forgetfulness, he slept." While asleep—

"Enchanting visions through his memory swept,
Flushed his pale cheek, and heaved his weary breast ;
And voices such as these stole through his troubled rest."

The first voice is that of Spring, which contains exquisite lines such as—

"The lark sings loud in the silvery cloud,
And the thrush in the emerald bowers ;
The rainbow expands o'er the smiling lands,
And glows through the twinkling showers ;
The breeze like a thief, from the bud and the leaf,
Steals odours newly born,
And wantonly flings, from his viewless wings,
The breath of the blooming thorn :—
But Summer is near, and I may not stay,—
Come away, man of grief—come away, come away !"

The second voice is that of Summer, which is full of rich poetry, as is also the "Voice of Autumn," many verses of which we should like to lay before the reader, but must resist the temptation, and end our notice of Prince and his poems with the quotation of a few of the verses from the "Voice of Winter,"

which contains some of as fine lines for strength and beauty as can be found in the English language :—

“ With a spirit unwearied and warm,
 Thou hast sported with me from a child ;
 Thou hast watched my career on the wings of the storm,—
 Thou hast fearlessly followed my shadowy form
 Over mountain, and valley, and wild.

“ In the depth of some desolate vale
 Thou hast given thy breast to the blast,
 As I built up my snow-drift, and scattered my hail ;
 Thou hast heard my stern voice in the sweep of the gale,
 And shouted with joy as I passed.

“ Young Spring may be tender and bland,
 With her flowers like the stars of the sky ;
 Bright Summer may breath his warm soul o’er the land,
 And Autumn may open a bountiful hand ;—
 But none are so mighty as I.

“ Through the silent dominions of night
 I go to my wonderful play ;
 While the tremulous pole-star burns piercingly bright,
 I cover the earth with a mantle of light,
 To dazzle the dawning of day.

“ *There’s a silvery crisp on the grass,
 And a cluster of gems on the thorn ;
 The boughs of the forest grow still as I pass,—
 The reeds stand erect in the frozen morass,
 Unstirred by the breath of the morn.*

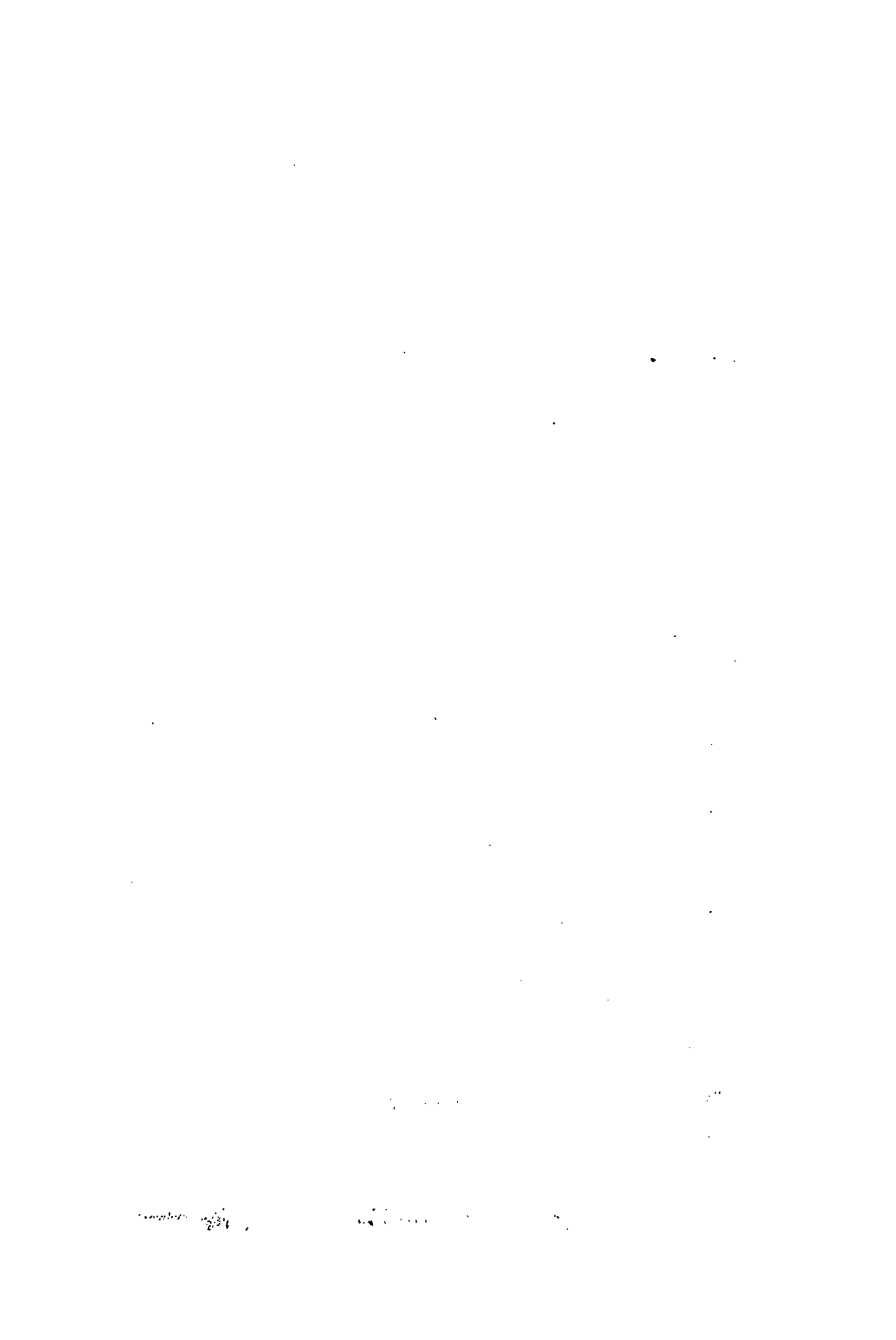
“ On the uttermost verge of the year,
 As I sit on my crystalline throne,
 I send out my frost spirit, cloudless and clear,
*And the rivers are stayed in their onward career—
 The cataracts stiffen to stone.*

“ But though I am savage and strong,
 And though I am sullen and cold,
 I have hearthstones encircled by many a throng,
 Who awaken the jest, and the dance, and the song,
 As if they would never grow old.”

HOME-LIFE AND POLITICS,

BY

WALTER LEWIN.



HOME-LIFE AND POLITICS.

I.

HOW do politics and political activity affect the domestic life, and how far, for good or for ill, would a woman's task of helping to make home comfortable be influenced by her participation in them ?

Taking society as we find it here in England rather than as we are told it is in Utopia, it may be said that the first obvious duty of the male citizen is to provide himself and his family with the means of subsistence, and the first obvious duty of the female citizen is to regulate the household ; the object, equally in both cases, being mutual harmony and satisfaction. This is a statement of the matter in its simplest form, and is to be taken, like all general rules, as having many exceptions, but it suffices for the present purpose.

All of us know pretty well what the ordinary home of the "middle" and "working" classes is like. The interests of the women of the household are centred on sweepings and scrubblings, varied by an occasional visit to or from a neighbour ; there is plenty of work, a little relaxation, little or no reading. The chief pleasurable event of life is to "go out to tea." On Sunday a heavy dinner has to be cooked because that is the only day when "pa" is at home ;

the afternoon is occupied with dressing or sleeping, and the evening in attending church. In some families Sunday is the visiting time, when as much mild enjoyment as seems compatible with the "sacredness" of the day, or—more important point—with the approval of the neighbours, is indulged in. The chat is purely secular, but if the piano is brought into use only hymn tunes are permitted, because the music can be heard outside. Meanwhile, during the week "pa" is mostly occupied with business; such spare time as he has he spends at home, reading his newspaper to himself or, more frequently, at the club or public-house (the workman's club) discussing politics with a few men of kindred spirit. If his bent be religious rather than political, his evenings are taken up with Teachers' Meetings, Band of Hope entertainments, Bible Classes, Missionary gatherings and other highly approved pursuits, which, while they take him away from home, are interesting to him and not injurious to the world at large.

When "pa" comes home from the meeting or club, the female members of his household have a few ignorant questions to put to him, "just to keep him in good humour, you know." They do not really care one jot about political matters, and have only the faintest notions as to who Gladstone and Beaconsfield are, beyond that one is called a liberal and the other a conservative (whatever those terms may signify), and that from time to time there is a great deal of excitement about "returning them to power." As to Peel and Cobden—they have *heard* their names mentioned, certainly; they are dead, they think, perhaps a century or two ago; and they

were famous men and had, it would appear, something to do with those everlasting politics. That all they ever did for mankind can compare in importance with the question of new bibs for baby, or Glenfield *versus* common starch, mamma and the girls do not for one moment suppose. But it amuses "pa" to discuss these things, and it is only wifely and daughterly to make some remark on the subject occasionally, when he comes home full of the merits of this or that candidate or measure. So they pretend to listen while he tries to teach them a little politics or history, and they smile, in kindly contempt, one to another, at the man's simple and rather childish enthusiasm, and congratulate themselves how easily they "manage" to keep him amiable. If "pa" being young or, forgetting past experience, attempts to enlighten them on any of the *principles* of society or government; or if, deceived for a moment into supposing that the questions put to him really do imply an interest in the subject inquired about, he tries, carefully and patiently to make clear to their untrained minds some simple truth of human life and conduct, it is ten to one that his conversation will be abruptly cut short with a frivolous remark on dress, or with some item of petty personal gossip: Matilda Jones has a new bonnet—Mrs. Tompkins passed the window to-day. While the man has been striving to enlighten their ignorance, they have not been even listening to what they would call his "prosing" or his "lecture." A few such experiences are sufficient for most men; very soon they learn to make their replies to such questions very brief and very vague, well knowing that even the shortest answers will

scarcely be heard and will certainly not be remembered.

The notion of this class of women about politics is that they are useful in giving men something to occupy and amuse them—a partial antidote to beer and billiards,—and convenient in taking them out of the way when they are busy. Of wars which involve the lives of thousands of their fellow creatures they know and care little or nothing. On the whole they prefer to know nothing, because, as they say, the accounts of bloodshed and slaughter are “disagreeable.” Of the principles or the morals of public life they are absolutely and hopelessly ignorant. Their thoughts and imagination are limited by the four walls of the house they live in, and as to the rest of the world it is to them as dead.

On the other hand, if the men of the household attempt to interest themselves in the work of the women, they are usually checked very decisively. Any such interest, unless directly invited, is dubbed “mollyish” and “old womanish.” It is well enough to praise the tarts or the neatness of the parlor when you are invited to do so; but dare to suggest a change in the arrangement of the work, or to name some improvements in cookery of which you have heard or read, and you will be quickly informed that it is not your place to criticize or correct, and that you had better leave such matters to “those who understand them.” “Men always think themselves so clever, and that they could do things so much better than other people, but just let them try!” In short, man must keep his place and woman will keep hers.

The responsibility for this distressing severance does not all lie on one side. Men themselves are often largely to blame for it. They, too, are guilty of a good deal of make-believe sympathy. "Pa" consents smilingly, and as if he really liked it, to be bored with an occasional mild dissipation in the shape of a tea-party. He endeavours to manifest some interest when "the girls" consult him—as occasionally they do—whether a blue or cardinal trimming is preferable, or whether their new dress should be brown or grey. He has, himself, only the vaguest notions about such things, and generally tries, in a diplomatic way, to declare for what they seem to desire. Or else he alienates all disposition to please him in such matters by constantly grumbling at the present fashions of women's dress and calling them ugly, extravagant, and masculine. Nor is he wholly without a show of interest which he does not feel when some of the tittle tattle of the day is retailed to him in the evening, and dark suspicions that Mrs. Jones is living beyond her husband's means, and that Mrs. Robinson "drinks," are gravely mooted. Questions such as these are of no deep and genuine interest to him. Politics and affairs or science or books occupy his serious thoughts. His sympathy here, like the sympathy of his wife in his concerns, is only skin deep. Neither knows much of what deeply occupies the other. Patience is the only virtue called into play, and against that must be set a certain taint of good-natured hypocrisy.

The men of the household are often prone to condemn, in their turn, a disposition on the part of their wives and daughters to be really interested in

something besides domestic drudgery. They have sarcastic words about any unusual ardour for matters outside the domestic circle. "Old woman" and "molly-cot" find their parallel in "blue-stockings" and "petticoat politician." There are women ready and anxious to widen their thoughts and sympathies who, by repeated discouragements, have been forced into the narrow rut of ignorance which some have considered their divinely appointed place.

Men too frequently underrate the importance of domestic labor, never fully knowing nor caring to know how much of their comfort in life depends on the way in which their wives and daughters perform the daily household tasks. They are themselves often selfish, careless and thoughtless, and they often fail signally to perform their part in making home happy; they engross themselves in business or in pleasure of their own. Only the other day the writer heard the pitiful complaint of a wife, a month or two married, that she saw so little of her husband: he did not come home till nine o'clock at night, and then he had his newspaper to read. She had married a most "estimable" and "worthy" young man who, one of these days, by his devotion to business, will be rich and influential. But what amount of gold will condone for these duties he is regarding so carelessly, is a problem yet to be solved. At the very outset such men as this are killing the best fruits of marriage; they make sympathy between wife and husband once for all impossible.

Such is the practical effect of that division of labor which has been highly lauded as the mainstay of English home-life. Man works for the bread;

woman orders and controls the household. A beautiful arrangement: in theory perfect; in practice having only this fault that, with the division of labor goes also a division of interest and sympathies, and the family is kept together for purposes of service rather than from love. Husband and wife may both do their duty constantly and faithfully: no neglect on the one hand, no excess or extravagance on the other. Yet there is something wanting. Human sympathy—quite as much a necessary of life as bread and butter—has to be sought for elsewhere. The women of the household visit their female friends for it; the men of the household adjourn to the club; the household itself becomes little more than a well-regulated boarding establishment.

II.

We have, so far, spoken much of politics as illustrating those interests of men which are not usually shared by women. We have done this, not from an assumption that politics are the sole or even the chief subject of such separateness, but merely because they are convenient for illustrating our subject. The same lack of sympathy might be shown in many other directions. It may be that Tom, the husband, is of a benevolent disposition; he gets some philanthropic design into his head, to carry out which would cost him a few shillings; or some distressed family or charitable institution appeals for his support. He knows from former experience that, if he consults his wife, cold water will be thrown on his kindly little project. He will be promptly reminded that,

if he has any cash to spare, he can very well do with a new coat for himself, and his wife will be all the better for a new dress. He will be asked why *he* should work for other people's families, as though he had not already to work hard enough for his own. What he earns might be better spent on himself and those nearest to him. The time-honored maxim that *charity begins at home* will be brought into service with an assumption, apparently, that it implies words it does not contain—and *should end there*. We all remember poor Mr. Snagsby's caution to Jo when he gave him the half-crown: "If ever you see me coming past your crossing with my little woman—I mean a lady—don't allude to it." But Tom's wife is not hard-hearted or a second Mrs. Snagsby. On the contrary, she often gives crusts and odd coppers to beggars at the door, a proceeding which she, in her turn, carefully conceals from Tom, for fear of a lecture which she cannot understand on the evils of indiscriminate alms-giving. Both husband and wife in their separate ways are benevolent, but they stand on different planes and cannot approach one another with sympathy and mutual encouragement.

When all the other interests of life are thus performed apart, how can Religion hope to fare better? There is just the same divergence here. The Religion of the bulk of women is ceremonial, their authority is their minister, and they have only dread and disapproval for any free spirit of inquiry which their husbands may possess. It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to hear some women praise with equal enthusiasm the discourses of different preachers who are really as widely asunder in opinion

as the poles are in space :—praising, for example, Stanley or Farrar to-day, and Denison or Ryle to-morrow, for no other reason, apparently, than that as they belong to one church they are assumed by persons who rarely understand what they hear and never think about it, to be alike “sound in the true faith.” The present writer has met with women who would denounce “orthodoxy” itself if uttered by Unitarian lips, while, when a teacher belonging to the evangelical churches spoke heresies worthy of the extremest Unitarian, they listened with reverence and exclaimed “how beautiful!” “how true!”

The Christianity of such as these is a matter of mere tradition and authority. The point of interest is not, *What is said?* but, *Who said it?* Women are supposed to have more faith than men, but in any deep sense of the word “faith” they have usually much less. They fail to believe that God can and does speak to their Conscience and Reason to-day, just as He spoke to the Conscience and Reason of the Hebrews of old, and they do not trust and obey His living voice unless its dictates are confirmed by the printed record of the experiences of David and St. Paul, Isaiah and the rest. They fear the destruction of their Religion if even the mere present form of it be altered, and do not comprehend that God depends neither on men nor on churches for His existence and for the triumph of His purposes. Theirs is not the “*reasonable service*” enjoined by St. Paul; it is the service of ignorance and fear, as though God were in danger if any inquiry concerning Him be made. So here, as elsewhere, while men stand aside, disgusted at the prevailing idolatry which

turns forms (at the best most imperfect symbols of the divine Reality) into objects of worship, women seek support and consolation in the company of others like-minded with themselves, and pray that their husbands, also, may one day be brought to look at Religion in a similar gross and narrow fashion. Husband and wife are "strangers yet."

Mrs. Stuart Mill truly says that "genuine friendship only exists between equals in privileges and faculties." In this relation of husband and wife where, if anywhere, a perfect friendship should subsist, how little of its essentials we usually find. The faculties of men and those of women are developed unequally in almost every particular. "A friend," writes the greatest Seer of modern times, "is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy and second thought which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another." In any relation of life such friendship must be rare; in that relation which should be nearest and truest of all the conditions are too often fulfilled in no degree. Instead of fearlessness, truthfulness and sincerity, more "tact," more care in mere forms of words, more courteous hypocrisy is necessary than anywhere else. When these break down it is generally to give place to brutal impatience and intolerance. Peace in the house is usually won only when husband and wife have disciplined them-

selves to *conceal* from one another their most cherished thoughts and feelings.

Women claim respect, but for the reasons stated they lack the power of enforcing it. Instead, they receive a certain ceremonial homage which may or may not be sincere. Men remove their hats in the presence of women, and they consider it highly indecorous to use before them profane oaths which may be familiar enough elsewhere. But any lasting or deeply-rooted reverence is, as a rule, wanting. That women themselves scarcely think they have a good title to it is suggested by their ready use of such a term as "old woman" to indicate a weak minded and foolish person. Respect cannot be enforced by any social code; it springs from the consciousness of the power of another. Women must possess in themselves the ability to create it before they can hope to win it. They must know more, think more, *be* more, before they shall be entitled to it. Men would, if they could, be guided to a very large extent by women, because, as a rule, cultivated women have keener mental perceptions than cultivated men; and because, too, the responsibilities of life are very heavy to bear alone. But when women's knowledge is so limited, and their range of thought so narrow, their judgment cannot be safely trusted. Too often in any decision which a man must come to, the question to be answered resolves itself into one of wife *versus* conscience. Must I, or must I not, do that which commends itself to me as right, and thereby offend my wife, who cannot see the principle involved in the matter? Too often the persuasive powers on which women so highly pride

themselves win the day for the devil. Not without force is that ancient legend which depicts the power of evil gaining its ends through the agency of the woman.

Women avow a deep reverence for intellect and usually affirm that, by nature, men are their superiors in this particular. Towards men as a class they profess to feel respect; they "look up to" them and pretend to defer to their judgment. There is, too, on the part of wives, a very common profession of obedience to their husbands. They talk of doing what their "masters" or husbands tell them and of consulting their wishes. In justifying their own conduct in any matter they are prone to quote them. "Mr. Jones likes me to be dressed handsomely," says Mrs. Jones, in explanation of her new satin gown. When she quarrels with Mrs. Brown she assures all her neighbours that Mr. Jones does not consider that unworthy woman a fit companion for his wife: "He will not let me speak to her."

These two theories, that men are intellectually superior to women and that women ought to render obedience to them, stand, as far as women are concerned, very much on the same footing, and the bases of both, in the minds of women, are of about equal strength. For if the truth were told, if women would dive down into their hearts and there uncover their most secret motives for their treatment of men, they would show that, so far from there being pure veneration or pure submissiveness of any sort, there is really, in the estimate, a very considerable measure of contempt. Not one woman in a hundred trusts her husband's judgment above her own, and not one

in a thousand is obedient to him, or means to be, excepting from fear. The women who talk most frequently about their husbands' opinions, who tell you that they "like a man to be master in his own house," are just the women who, whenever they care to have their own way, have it, and who, by cajolery and coaxing, or by temper and tears, themselves command the household. The value of a man—in the estimation of most women—is to take charge of disagreeable matters of business, to get his wife and daughters out of scrapes when they have got themselves into them, and, generally, to perform the useful but unheroic office of "buffer" between them and the world at large. Should he at any time fail in this he may expect to learn from the lips of his wife what "I would do if I were only a man." This good-natured, clumsy, irritable animal whom, by judicious "management" they can "twist round their little fingers," women do not really believe to be their superiors in intellect, or in any real sense their masters. Perhaps women half deceive themselves in the matter as they certainly half deceive others. But let them honestly and thoroughly probe their motives, and the truth will reveal itself that they feel themselves more capable than men, and that there are few things which men do, that they do not think they could have done much better. The authors of that clever story "Ready Money Mortiboy" tell us that "women have this very odd and inexplicable feeling about men, that their first thought of how to please them takes the form of something to eat, and their first thoughts of uneasiness flies back to something eaten." Knowing as women do that they

could not themselves be governed through the appetite, it is certain that they would not attempt to influence those whom they regarded as intellectually superior, by ministering to their stomachs.

This contempt for men covers, also, a contempt for their pursuits. It is possible—perhaps probable—that mental *capacity* is really greater in women than in men, but it is not nearly so much cultivated. Lacking this cultivation themselves, women fail to appreciate it in others. They do not care for politics and rather dislike books because they divert attention from themselves. They do not appreciate the pleasure there is in mixing in the world's affairs and diving into literature, and it is an annoyance to them, and seems something like a waste of time on the part of others, to attend to such things. Seeing no use in them, they think them suitable for men, only because men are incapable of higher concerns.

We need hardly say that here and elsewhere in this paper, we are discussing the feeling and conduct—not of the best class of women, for these, by nature and culture, see things very differently. But we are dealing with the average English woman of the “middle” and “working” classes who represents the vast majority of the women of this country. Among them are many educated and refined persons who, nevertheless, share to the full the prejudices and narrowness of their more ignorant sisters. The number of English women of the classes named to whom these remarks are not in great part applicable is, we believe, exceedingly small and, with due allowance for differences of circumstances, what we say of them is not less true of other classes.

We now see that the severance of sympathies of men and of women—so frequent in domestic life—is due, in a very great degree, to the separateness of their spheres of interest. The minds of both need widening, but the unhappy narrowness is particularly in the minds of women. Confining their thoughts and attention to the little circle of home life and duties ; disregarding, almost utterly, the concerns of the great world outside, this narrowness is inevitable. Their ignorance breeds indifference, so they have no aspirations to be otherwise than they are. They even, in some cases, claim their ignorance as a positive merit, actually boasting, like the unprofitable servant, that their one talent has been buried away in the earth.

III.

While admitting the narrowness and ignorance of women to be an evil, it may still be objected that politics are not the most suitable sphere in which to enlighten them. The becoming retirement of a modest woman's life—it may be said—would be much better suited in other ways. Books, for example, which they can read at home, would meet the case.

Books undoubtedly are needed, and to most women a proper use of books would be an infinite blessing. This means of enlightenment and source of mental peace is sadly too much neglected. It is shocking to see the use to which books are put in perhaps the majority of English households. They are used as ornaments for drawing-room tables, and

the more gaudy the binding the better they are liked ; or they are "skimmed" in order to keep well up with the literary small-talk of the day. We do not at all under estimate the advantages which would accrue if women would but *read*. But books cannot do everything. These crystallized thoughts of men and women cannot stand in lieu of men and women themselves. There is a sense of human kinship, a warmth of flesh and blood, which is to be had only by contact with the world of flesh and blood. It is not the same thing to weep over the woes of the heroine of the last novel from the library, as it is to feel a living sympathy with the little beggar-boy in the street, whose foot has been crushed by a passing hand-cart. It is not the same thing to burn with enthusiasm for the heroes and martyrs of history, as it is to possess a holy zeal on behalf of suffering humanity to-day. Books and reading lose half their value unless the plain duties and lessons lying before us in the world are regarded also. They are the cold electric light, clear, beautiful, and full of illuminating power, but at whose flame we cannot warm our hands. Therefore, politics which belong so exclusively to the activity of man, have a special value of their own for widening the sympathies.

Another objection is still more likely to be urged, that women, in the midst of pressing daily cares, have not the time to devote to politics which would be necessary to a proper understanding of them. The couplet will be quoted :—

" Man's work 's from sun to sun,
Woman's work is never done."

To this the answer is that the business occupations of men take up quite as many hours in the day as the household duties of women need do. It must be an exceptionally troublesome house, or a very badly managed one, if eight or nine fully occupied hours will not suffice to complete the day's work in it. Many men are engaged at least as long in their workshops and offices, and yet find time for other matters as well. If it be said that though in quantity women have not more to do than men, their duties cannot be concentrated in the same way into so many consecutive hours, but require attention on and off at all hours ; then we answer that, so far as this is true, it only prevents women from attending to other than household matters at the same times as men attend to them, and does not preclude them from giving the same attention to them at seasons more convenient. This, if anything, is to the advantage of women, for their politics and reading can be partly done before the heavy labors of the day have exhausted their energies. There is the further answer to this objection that some women, against whom no charge of inattention to household duties can possibly be brought, have succeeded and do succeed in devoting sufficient attention to the affairs and literature of the day. The amount of time required for these things, if well employed, is really very small. Many women spare more in brooding over some fancied slight or grievance, in thinking how hardly worked and badly treated they are, and in retailing to their neighbours the latest bit of scandal. Here, as elsewhere, it is entirely true that *where there is a will there is a way*. Women, not less than men, can find the time and

means of achieving what their hearts are set upon. The obstacle in this matter of politics and books is not the lack of time but the lack of desire.

IV.

We think we have said enough to show that there are good and sufficient reasons why even women who eschew questions of suffrage and "rights" should recognize the importance of culture. Our aim has been to prove that this is really a domestic question, which the most homely women in the world would do well to take to heart. Many of these homely women are doing their little best with scrubblings, and cleanings, tidying, and cooking, to make home happy, and are hourly disappointed at their non-success. We want them to understand why they fail, so that they may be in a position to remove the cause and so that, if they have daughters to train, they may bring them to a proper appreciation of their duties and responsibilities. Many of these women hold that the highest purpose of a woman's life is to become a wife and mother. All the more, then, should they so train their girls that, when the time comes, they will be able to perform the duties of their calling well. Surely this profession needs preparation not less careful than do the professions of men. To enable them to become good wives and mothers, girls must be taught not only to read cookery books, and to be tidy and cleanly, but also how to maintain *order and comfort* in the household, an accomplishment which includes these things undoubtedly, and something besides.

It would thus appear that, apart from questions of suffrage and "rights," around which a sharp controversy rages, a very serious *personal* reform in the education and conduct of women is demanded, because as wives, as mothers, as daughters, and as sisters they cannot fulfil those functions which all are agreed belong to them, of maintaining order and comfort in the household, unless they pay due regard to affairs of the mind as well as to affairs of the body.



KANT AS A POSITIVE THINKER,

BY

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KANT AS A POSITIVE THINKER.

I.

THE resurrection of Kant at some of what are called our seats of learning—a distinctly retrograde step—affords us an opportunity for inquiring what are Kant's merits as a Positive Thinker. That the man himself as a Philosopher had qualities of a high order no one can doubt. Kant was not only a strong and deep thinker, he was also a noble and good man. We premise thus much, as what we intend to say might carry the impression that we do not rate Kant highly. It is desirable and indeed necessary to guard against such a misconception of our aim and intention, especially as we shall speak of him with some frankness and freedom.

In a brief paper like this we cannot adequately discuss Kant's general claims as a thinker. These have been shown, or attempted to be shown, by his numerous disciples and admirers who, although they differ widely amongst themselves as to their master's meaning (no easy thing to ascertain on account of his repulsive style and barbarous terminology), and fully as often as to their own meaning, yet unite to agree that these claims are neither few nor small. Kant was truly an encyclopædic thinker, and had he

devoted his genius more to science and philosophy and less to metaphysics, he would doubtless have left works of greater utility to genuine thinkers, and mankind at large. Kant's minor works, those on Logic and Geography, show what he could do in this way. Comte remarks, in one of his early works, that "Kant, in a small work written in 1784, of which even the title is remarkable ('Introduction to a General History of the Human Race'), expressly laid down that social phenomena, like all others, should be regarded as reducible to natural laws." Kant treated of many other subjects requiring great knowledge and profound reflection, in a way that makes us keenly regret his applying his great powers to metaphysics. Of these works the world hears little or nothing, while it does hear much, not to say too much of what are called his greater works, viz., those on Metaphysics. Of Kant's Metaphysics we shall say little, almost nothing, here. His logomachy is to us as void of interest as the contentions about words—mere words—of previous metaphysicians. Of systems built on mere words we feel with Goethe in Mephistopheles' advice to the student who came to consult Faust as to his future studies—

"Where ideas fail

A word comes opportunely into play.
Most admirable weapons words are found,
On words a system we securely ground,
In words we can conveniently believe,
Nor can we of one jot a word bereave."

* * * *

"To words hold fast

Then the safe gate securely pass'd
You'll reach the fane of certainty at last."

We will not discuss whether Space and Time are forms of sense-receptivity only and as such *à priori* truths; we as Positivists, with scientific thinkers generally, regard both of them as generalizations of experience—abstractions from concretes—having no value whatever other than as such. Extension and Succession are human concepts, and outside Humanity have no objective existence. Space and Time are not things but appearances, that is phenomena. Whether the phenomena have any underlying noumena we do not and cannot know. It is idle to speculate upon the subject. Kant's *noumena* are as profitless to think upon as Spinoza's *Natura Naturans*.

Of Kant's threefold division of the mind into Sense, Understanding and Reason, we have not much to say. The Student of the "Critique of the Pure Reason" will miss the clearness and intelligibility of Locke. Those who believe with this great English thinker that all our knowledge is founded upon and derived from Sense *and* Reflection, and is purely relative, that is to both subject (the perceiver and thinker) and object (the thing perceived or thought about), will gain nothing by the study of Kant. Indeed it is more than possible he may, like many Kantists, be fogged by him. The distinction between *Verstand* (understanding) and *Vernunft* seems to many minds a distinction of words merely. Coleridge constantly used the German words *Verstand* and *Vernunft*, despairing, we suppose, of conveying any meaning by translating them into English. Now, it cannot be too often insisted upon that distinctions of words are not distinctions of things. Descartes, in

whose steps Kant follows closely, said all clear ideas are true. True, of what? Words or Things? Poets and Sculptors have given us clear ideas of a Sphinx and a Chimera. But have sphinx and chimera objective existence? Are they not purely subjective, that is "creatures of imagination" only? When Kant speaks of man having an Understanding, we, by the aid of Locke and the experience of mankind which Locke has generalized, comprehend what he means by the term; but when he adds that he has a Reason also, and attributes to this Reason the power of forming ideas of objects *out of nature*, such as of the *Soul*, of a *First Cause*, of *God*, of *Moral Laws*, of *Infinite* and *Absolute Substance*, of *Infinite* or *Absolute Cause*, *Absolute Totality*, *Absolute Limitation*, and *Absolute Necessity*, we are completely non-plussed. And if of Kant's twelve Categories of the Understanding Lewes observes, "They are little better than those of Aristotle, which we before declared to be useless," what is to be said of the six ideas of the Reason, ideas out of Space and Time, namely, Absolute Totality, Absolute Limitation, Absolute Substance, Absolute Cause, Absolute Concurrence, and Absolute Necessity? These said ideas are derived from Plato; their clearness and distinctness gain nothing by being translated into Kant's German from the beautiful Greek tongue, and they had no positive value in the original. Now, with the Absolute, except as a mere word, symbolising something opposed to the Relative, we have nothing to do. It is unmeaning taken by itself, and a Positive thinker will not only not come under the dominion of mere words, he will also abjure them.

These words, without the prefixed "absolute," have some sort of significance in human thought and speech. With the "absolute" prefixed, they are simply what Bentham aptly called "question-begging-epithets." Users of such epithets should be warned as to what it is they do, and then, if they still persist in their ill-conduct, they should be stigmatized and avoided. Some foolish persons are cheated with words, *e.g.*, the "Unconditioned;" and some with flash notes on the "Bank of Engraving" in the "Confidence Trick" of low life. Truth is at all times sufficiently hard to arrive at, and harder still to formulate clearly so that man's mind may apprehend it. There is no necessity to muddle it with unmeaning words or metaphors. "Words," said Hobbes, "are wise men's counters; they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools."

Such then being our estimate of the ontology of Kant, what has he done to warrant our regarding him as in any way a Positive Thinker and a contributor to that method and those results which systematise and form Positive or Scientific Knowledge—Knowledge in the only sense in which the term can be rightly used. Kant, while insisting upon the fact that we necessarily have the six ideas of Reason just named, insisted equally upon the fact that the Understanding could only take cognizance of things presented to it by the Senses. He was led to this result by his study of Hume's Essays. Cousin, in his luminous exposition of Kant, says—"Hume is a perpetual phantom to Kant. The moment the German philosopher is tempted to take one step in the old route Hume stands in the way; so that all

Kant's efforts are directed to the task of placing philosophy between the old dogmatism and the sensationalism of Locke and Condillac, beyond the reach of the sceptical attacks of Hume." Had he accepted Hume's conclusions, he would not have "wandered with a method" into the bogs and fogs of metaphysics, which have been called by persons, having a latent sense of humour we suppose, a science. Dr. Johnson told a young man who once consulted him, that he must have laboured much to render himself so stupid. Kant, too, insisted that the Understanding could know things Relatively only, not Absolutely. He declared that—

"The *form* of every object in nature, therefore, as produced by the understanding and experience, is a collection of phenomena in Time and Space to which the understanding has given determinate forms. Hence, he added, the Laws of Nature originate in mind alone."—*Wirgmann's Principles of Kant's Philosophy*.

Unfortunately, as we have seen, he omitted to include "Time and Space" as equally originated in the mind like the Laws of Nature. Mathematics are as much truths of experience as moral truths, deductions of sensible phenomena manifested singly and collectively. Logically enough Kant regarded them as *à priori* truths—truths, that is, independent of experience. Well might Newton exclaim, "O Physics beware of Metaphysics." Had Kant shaken himself free from the ontology of his time he would have left the human race a greater debtor to him. How very seldom deep and original thinkers tower above their age and times. Kant's environment was too strong for him, or we might have been saved from another metaphysical account of the

human mind written when Biological Science was in its infancy, when a Sociological Science was the ardent dream and aspiration of here and there a solitary thinker. It is, as we know now, utterly irrational to hope for a Psychological *Science* which does not base itself upon Biological and Sociological facts and researches.

How altogether laughable are all Psychological theories based on internal observation, Broussais has shown in his "*L'irritation et la folie.*" What Comte thought of Kant's contribution to the eighteenth century philosophy we have in his own words—

"Towards this change [the substitution of the Relative for the Absolute point of view], which amounted to nothing short of a radical transformation of the human understanding, a direct step was accomplished by two spontaneously convergent dissertations of capital importance; first, that of Hume against Causality; and then Diderot's discourse on the two principal cases of Intellect deprived of one of the senses [speech or hearing]. Kant's treatise was really no more than a methodical summary, appearing somewhat late in the day, of the results of these two works; for it consisted in the enunciation of certain formulæ, characterising aptly enough the fundamental dualism between the spectacle and the spectator which had already been seized partially by Hume and completely by Diderot. If Philosophy had not been an unfortunate necessity isolated from Science, the powerful thinker who, pursuing his speculations freely under the worthy protection of the great Frederick, sought for a complete synthesis, would have felt that the preparation thus made must continue to be merely negative until Laws should be everywhere substituted for Causes. But that substitution could not be decisively effected until the true laws of mental progress should be discovered; in other words, until the foundation of Sociology. But Sociology required for its basis Biology, which was still wanting, although everything indicated that it would soon be supplied. This explains how it was that, after having longed

for the objective basis indispensable to the subjective synthesis that had been vainly sought for since the time of Descartes and Leibnitz, the German Philosopher was impelled by his systematic instinct to create an illusory fabric such as Hume and Diderot had alike disdained."

Let the reader compare Kant's conception of the Relativity of human knowledge with that of Diderot's. Take for instance Diderot's "Interpretation of Nature," a book as notable for its clear as Kant's is for its "repulsive" style (to use Lewes' designation). The "Interpretation" is, as a treatise, coherent, logical, profound and comprehensive; it is withal dominated by a Social purpose of the highest utility. It grasps the problem of "Relativity" and does not shrink from its application to all human theory and practice. It does not merely recognize the limits of our intelligence (a theory not fully recognized by Kant or we should have been spared his Reason and its Ideas), but it recognizes also a Relativity in Relativity, the need, that is, of the employing of our minds and activities *under a Social impulse* to studies and pursuits which shall directly benefit our fellows. As for the doctrine itself, it has yet to be generally accepted in its full sense. Minds under the dominion of Theological and Metaphysical fictions have not accepted it,—Savans partially, and Specialists hardly if at all. So long as Physicists and others seek for an unattainable objective unity they come more or less under the domination of the absolute synthesis, a synthesis they ostensibly labour to damage and destroy. "They feed all the Metaphysical schools of thought." The objective must be changed for the subjective point of view. As "the Laws of Nature

originate in the mind alone, so the synthesis of these laws must originate in and centre in the mind alone." Man and the world can only be understood and interpreted through Humanity alone. Novalis said, "The true Shekinah is man." He is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, guiding Humanity on to her true destiny. The late Professor Clifford said, and said truly, "That before Jehovah was, Man was." He is the true I am. Man is to himself his own God : *Homo, homini Deus*. And, if all Gods and Laws of Nature are man-made, it follows as a corollary, that when Scientists treat the Evolution hypothesis as an objective reality, they are simply doing what they deride in Theologists who make of a figment of the imagination a real objective God. It is but due to the Theologists' hypothesis to state that it serves moral uses the Evolution hypothesis does not yet serve, and is not likely to serve.

When the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge is not only completely grasped but thoroughly applied, we shall be rid of the *fons errorum* which now fill scientific books and class-rooms, and men will see not only that knowledge is and must be relative to the length of their lives and capacities, but also to their activities, since they can no more do or accomplish everything than they could intellectually comprehend everything. Had Kant seized this truth and expanded it with the force, entireness and clearness with which Diderot did, our debt would be greater to him. As it is, we gladly accept and use what was wise and sound in his thought and practice.

Mr. Frederick Harrison observes, in his eloquent and thoughtful Essay, "The Subjective Synthesis"—

"The truly relative conception of knowledge should make us habitually feel that our physical science, our laws and discoveries in Nature, are all imaginative creations—poems, in fact—which strictly correspond within the limited range of phenomena we have before us, therein differing from true poems, but which we never can know to be the real modes of any external being. We have really no ground whatever for believing that these our theories are the ultimate and real scheme on which an external world (if there be one) works, nor that the external world objectively possesses that organized order which we call science. For all that we know to the contrary, man is the creator of the order and harmony of the universe, for he has imagined it. . . . There may be no sort of real order at all outside the mind, and our notion of order may be a dream, just as a musician standing beneath Niagara might hear some symphony in the Babel of waters ; though the music would be in the musician, and not in the roar of the cataract."

One great service Kant did unquestionably render the Human Mind (one of his claims to be considered a Positive thinker), and that was to proclaim aloud, and in unmistakeable terms, the dual character of all our knowledge. He declared, in his "Critique of Pure Reason," that we can never know things in themselves (*Dinge und sich*), but only as they affect us. Things can be alone known as subject-objects. The distinction between *me* and *not me* is not merely a verbal one, and yet it is not a well-marked, well-defined distinction of things. Our senses in regarding the same object, and agreeing with the senses of others in recognizing a common character in that object, yet differ in reporting what they see to the Mind, and the Mind differs in its inferences from the reports of the Senses.

Comte recognized Kant's contribution to Positive thinking. He says—

“Every one of our beliefs, as Kant saw clearly, is at the same time subjective and objective, involving both an active and passive condition of the mind.” . . .

The first condition of mental Harmony is that Thought depends on Sensation—

“For it consists in the necessary and continual subordination of our Subjective Conceptions to the Objective materials from which they are constructed; a truth substantially established by Aristotle in the aphorism: *There is nothing in the Understanding that did not originally spring from Sensation*; elucidated by the addition of Leibnitz, *except the Understanding itself*; and completed by Kant's distinction between *Objective and Subjective Reality*. But, from the Biological point of view, this dependence of Intellect on Sensation is perfectly analogous to that of the bodily Functions upon the Environment which controls the whole vital Existence.”

Again—

“The mere conception of such relations presupposes, as Kant so clearly saw, an object governed by them, a subject conscious of their existence. Even the relations between two organic bodies cannot be perceived except by the connexion of both with an intelligent being, intelligence presupposing life. . . . Life and thought must exist here, if nowhere else, to render the conception of the simplest object anything but self-contradictory. In a word, every phenomenon supposes a spectator: since the word phenomenon implies a definite relation between an object and a subject.”

Kant felt when he had completed his “Pure Reason” and formulated the Mind's Sense Receptivities, the Categories of the Understanding and the Ideas of the Reason with the Antinomies of his Transcendental Logic (!), that man was not purely an intellectual, he was also a moral being—a truly philo-

sophical conception—and that his wants as such being more urgent than the other wants, must be provided for. Hence the “Critique of Practical Reason,” to which the God, Soul, Future Life, &c. excluded from the “Pure Reason” as subjects of which the Understanding could have no cognizance are restored, or find a place. When Max Müller stated in his Hibbert Lectures that man had a faculty for apprehending the Infinite—a surprising assertion, what it means passes all understanding—he was simply following Kant. We duly honour Kant’s endeavour to meet man’s moral wants, although we reject his means. His deism has no attraction for us, and his barren contemplation of the starry heavens and the moral law within man is no respectable substitute for Catholicism, or Christianity; and believers in theology will not relinquish their long and deeply-cherished belief for such contemplation. The starry heavens above gain immensely in the minds of the devout by being the work of a Father’s hand, and the Moral law within acquires tenfold force and beauty when regarded as having been implanted by that same Father, for the perfecting of the individual, to fit him for one of “the many mansions” the mystic Jesus spoke of. No one who has “tasted, handled, and felt that the Lord is precious” to him—that Christ is to his soul “full of grace and truth” will give up such inestimable comforts and consolations for Kant’s barren contemplations. Catholicism has yet ten thousand things to offer dearer to the hearts of its believers; things with which all their hearts’ best hopes, fondest affections, and most cherished aspirations are entwined—“the

promise (too) of the life that now is with that which is to come."

How Theologico-Metaphysico thinkers regard Kant's "Practical Reason" may be gathered from what V. Cousin says of it. He writes—

"Nihilism should be the final word of the 'Critique of Pure Reason.' We have a right to fasten this on the Kantian Metaphysic. But this is not the only inconsistency.

"While in theory Kant denies all objective value to the *à priori* ideas, in practice he has no difficulty whatever in according objectivity to the idea of duty; while in one he thinks he has no right to affirm the existence of liberty and God, in the other he thinks he has the right to do so with the most perfect confidence. But, can there be any real distinction between moral principles and metaphysical principles? What are the characteristics of a moral law? Necessity and universality. But are not these the characteristics of all the principles which Kant has recognized in the metaphysic, of the principle of causality, for example? Why then are these metaphysical principles purely subjective, simple forms of the mind, whilst the law of duty is, in his eyes, an objective law, independent of the subject which conceives it, and possessing an absolute value? Metaphysical principles and moral principles are derived from one and the same source, the reason. Kant recognizes this; since he uses the words speculative *reason* and practical *reason*. He does not assume them to be two different faculties, but two different applications; or, as he himself says, two different uses of the reason. If therefore Kant should persist in denying the legitimate value of the speculative reason he must also deny it to the practical; he must deny that the moral law has any absolute value; that it also depends upon our own special and individual nature, and that, out of ourselves, it can have no legitimate bearing. What then becomes of the new foundations for Kant's moral dogmatism? What becomes of the superstructure raised on this base? Scepticism attacks the reason in all its applications. All the consequences drawn from this law of duty can, like this law itself, have but an ideal and subjective character. Kant would have been forced to admit this, if, in his desire of saving his moral system from the

wreck of his metaphysical, he did not look for aid from logic. But logic is inexorable. Either Kant must give up his dogmatism in morals, and accept all the consequences of his metaphysical scepticism; or, if he would retain his certainty in morals, he must accept the dogmatism in metaphysic, and recognize the legitimacy of the speculative reason, as well as of the practical; for there is between them no essential difference. It follows from the foregoing that Scepticism should be the final conclusion of Kant's philosophy; not only in its speculative, but in its moral part."

This reasoning, from Cousin's standpoint, is to us irrefragable. Kant could only avoid the Sylla of Dogmatism by wrecking himself upon the Charybdis of Scepticism. He chose neither. His disciples, Fichte and Schelling, avoided the one by becoming pure Idealists—the rest became Sceptics. Those of them who would not accept the irony of the situation hang midway between Heaven and Earth, like Mahomet's Coffin—not a satisfactory position. Kant-eans generally when pursued with relentless logic cover their retreat with clouds of words. We shall have something to say about the *eidola* of Kant's Practical Reason, *i.e.* God, the Soul, and a Future Life, later on. We shall defer until then what we have to say upon these figments of the imagination and their supposed necessity to man. What Comte thought of Kant's moral system we give herein—

" . . . There was a general recognition of the constant need of a religion of some sort, and metaphysicians found it to their interest to make their deism more reactionary, though it remained as anarchical as ever. Moral culture remained as neglected as before, but nobody ventured, as in the eighteenth century, to dispute its importance. There even appeared an affected sentimentality which spread everywhere. The result on honest minds was to produce a hypocrisy not unlike that of Kant, who, after having decisively demonstrated the unreality of super-

natural belief, had made an attempt to re-establish them on the plea of their necessity to Society. In him this was sincere ; but in the case of others—especially vulgar natures, whether of the revolutionary or reactionary type—the same disposition was full of danger to the intellect and to the morals.”

It may be thought that our strictures on Kant are severe. We will make a quotation, in concluding this paper, from Tennemann, who has written a history of philosophy from the Kantian point of view, in which his judgment of Kant coincides, in the main, with ours—

“In general, it may be observed that the theory of Kant *constructed* little, it rather tended to destroy the structures of an empty Dogmatism of the Understanding, and prepare, by means of self-knowledge, the way for a better philosophical science ; seeking in Reason itself the principles on which to distinguish the several parts of Philosophy.”

The fact is, Kant thought, wrote, and spoke, as a Metaphysician, and Metaphysics are by their nature powerless to construct. His method was a wrong one, and with a worthless method the ablest man often goes further astray than a less able man would.

Are we not justified in stating that the resurrection of Kant is a retrograde study ?





HEALTH IN OLD AGE :

A NOTE ON FOOD.

DR. SALGUES, in his *Rules for Preserving the Health of the Aged*, already referred to in these pages, makes some valuable observations on Food. He bids us remember that man, of necessity, in the decline of life, loses, by degrees, his most noble and precious faculties. But, even at this period, he possesses a few, which afford him many enjoyments, if he does not abuse them. One is appetite, a precious incentive to the old, though the stomach, its principal seat, has lost much of its former strength. This weakness of the organ of digestion in old age is a truth that cannot be concealed. If the aged, for a moment, forget it, and yield blindly to the temptations of the appetite, a sensation frequently deceitful, and whose activity is not, in all cases, equal to its cravings, they seldom fail to experience severe pain, if the danger does not even extend farther. The stomach, "father of the family," as has been learnedly observed, is the original source of the derangements of all the other members that follow. This important viscus holds such influence over the animal functions and organization, that every part suffers when it is out of order. This disorder is always the result of want of temperance. The frightful and destructive vice, intemperance, leads to all these evils. Its victims are innumerable, and Hippocrates has justly stigmatized it as more murderous than the sword.

But if the stomach is the first to experience its attacks, and to suffer from them, the mind, likewise, is not slow in following its example ; the reason is shaken, the intellects lose their strength, the memory becomes impaired, the ideas obscured, and imbecility, the last stage of this physical and moral degradation, soon makes its appearance.

One of the first rules of wisdom is sobriety, that sublime virtue, which preserves to man his full faculties, and insures to him strength, health and long life. It should preside over and regulate his every action ; a thousand advantages proceed from it. The body it animates is lighter, more agile and free in its movements ; it causes a sweeter and more refreshing slumber ; represses vicious inclinations ; imparts increased vigour to the senses, gives depth to the memory, expanse and clearness to the mind ; lulls the passions, banishes anger and sorrow, and imparts good humour. How many wise men have, throughout a long life, preserved health and strength by a strict observance of the rules of temperance alone. But, observes the doctor, if temperance possesses these advantages, on the other hand too severe abstinence would be very inconvenient to the old. They may bear it better, certainly, than children could, but it is generally injurious to them. It must increase the weakness natural to that period of life ; it causes a sort of stupor in the principal instruments of vitality, especially in the stomach, which, ceasing to be the stimulant and regulator of all the parts, yields them a prey to unnumbered attacks, which disturb its government. How often, indeed, do we see old persons attacked by apoplexy, when the

stomach, being too much weakened, no longer supports the brain by its sympathetic action !

The doctor lays down the following rules which he strongly recommends should be followed :—

1stly, It is not what we eat, but what we digest that nourishes and repairs the daily losses of the body.

2ndly, In order to preserve to both mind and body full activity, to taste the pleasure and reap the advantages of food, it should be taken with prudence. Juvenal has immortalized this truth in these words : “ *Voluptates commendat rarior usus.*” If we appeal to experience it tells us that almost all the Nestors of the human race kept their digestion well regulated, in a greater or less degree, and never loaded the stomach beyond its powers ! Such a preceptor deserves a more constant attention. How many have perished in the meridian of life from yielding to the inordinancy of their appetites, or to luxurious aliments ! “ How many,” says Cornaro, “ have I seen fall in the flower of life from a bad habit of eating too much ! Of how many noble friends who might have adorned society, and done honour to their country, has it not deprived me.”

When a man reasons with himself and becomes convinced that the habit of overloading the stomach is injurious to his health he should not fly to the opposite extreme and by a too scrupulous attention to a severe regimen injure himself. The best rules do not suit all. He must find out for himself the happy medium which agrees with him, then abide by it.

But, it may be asked, what kind of food is best

adapted to the old ; how are they to judge as to what is proper or improper for them ; and what should be the hours of their meals ? Nothing has greater effect on life and its duration than proper choice of food, in which we must be guided by the climate in which we live, the air we breathe, the seasons, the habit, the age, the employment, and the degree of nourishment contained in the particular article of food. Experience will convince us that the plainest food is invariably the best. An examination of the different animals affords us striking proofs of the truth of this position. Some subsist on herbs, some on fish, flesh and roots. Man alone tries all ; nothing escapes him ; the smallest fruit, the least product of the earth, the berry, the mushroom, all are subservient to his nourishment or his gluttony. Nothing, however, is worse for the old than this variety of foods, and those destructive high-seasoned dishes, which stimulate the vital strength at the expense of its duration.

Man will find constant health and comfort by confining himself to one, or, at most, two different dishes at each meal. Many, but for the adoption of this course, would never have recovered the strength they had abused, nor lived to a green old age. How many have to attribute to this alone the cure of diseases which nothing else could conquer. All must have heard of sages living merely on bread, boiled fish, and fruits, and who yet attained the utmost limit of human existence. But this simplicity and strict uniformity of food is not suited to every stomach. With some it would cause great debility, and disgust and satiety would take place of appetite.

With them, necessarily, the food might be slightly varied. The meals of most old persons should consist of two or three dishes; one only, if daily varied, might be preferable.

The preparation of our food demands an equally scrupulous attention. The simplest will be the best. On the craving of the stomach will depend the best regulation as to the quantity and measure of food. The person who after meals complains of giddiness, heaviness, lassitude, uneasiness, distention of the belly or great inclination to sleep, has exceeded the rules of prudence. If, on the other hand, he has been moderate, he finds himself light and easy, and unconstrained in his movements.

Eating slowly is strongly recommended, so as the better to amalgamate the saliva and food. As to the number of meals to be taken a day, if we refer to the ancients we find that almost all nations have run into almost equally blameable extremes. Whilst many nations took but one meal a day, the Romans, under the Emperors, indulged in five. The doctor finds fault with both. He considers one single meal per day must overload, fatigue, and exhaust the stomach, and cannot fail to excite indisposition, which is always serious to old age. Too many are equally bad, as they allow the stomach no rest. He considers we cannot do better than take three light meals a day; two would not suffice for many aged persons inasmuch as the interval would be too great, and must be attended with craving and pain. He gives it as his opinion that dinner should be eaten about two o'clock, and should be the heartiest meal, and that supper, on the contrary, should be the lightest.

All examples of longevity took very light suppers ; many old people in fact never took suppers at all. In conclusion he assures us, with Bacon, that whilst the nations of Europe slight these precautions dictated by experience, they will be constantly liable to indigestion, and their organization always deranged.

M. M.

CICERO'S DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

IN Cicero's "Cato Major" and the "Somnium Scipionis" we find the vexed question of the Immortality of the Soul treated from the standpoint of Panætius, the teacher from whom the renowned orator derived his philosophy and his ethics. The name of the teacher has almost been lost in the fame of his disciple, the "divine Tully" being for all time identified with treatises whose authorship in strict justice he was but partially entitled to claim. It has been seriously questioned whether Cicero himself really believed in the doctrines of Providence and Immortality, despite the fact that we often find him making use of them to give point to his eloquence and fire to his declamation. Those who take this view point out that these passages are purely rhetorical, and they urge that their writer was accustomed to exercise this oratorical license with great freedom. According to this theory *oratoriè dictum* would be somewhat equivalent to *poeticè dictum*, and thus the fine and exceedingly religious declarations

of Marcus Tullius would have to be subjected to a very large discount indeed.

The sentiments put into the mouth of Cato are as distinctly Animistic as any to be found in the Pauline Epistles. The "last dying speech and confession," as it may be called, of Cyrus to his sons, as given in Xenophon's "Cyropædia," is quoted by the reverend elder with approbation. Cyrus tells his children that they must not suppose that he was going from life into total annihilation, and he clearly enunciates a doctrine which is precisely that of modern Animists—namely, that death is the escape to "worlds unknown" of a vital essence, the soul or spirit, of a something which is really the life, although when conjoined to the material body it is not perceptible to the eye. Whether or not Cyrus ever held this doctrine is sufficiently doubtful: the "Cyropædia" is, properly speaking, nothing more than the greatest historical romance ever written. Like other such romances it, of course, had its foundation on fact; but we really have no means of testing where, in the discourses put into the mouths of the characters, it is Xenophon who speaks or how much ought to be attributed to the narrator or speaker himself.

There are those who would object to our statement that the Animistic doctrine of Cyrus is precisely that of the Christian world. They urge that Cyrus also believed that the spirit of man becomes godlike after its separation from the body, because the king exhorted his sons to worship him after his decease. The passage they rely on for this assertion has been most absurdly perverted— "*kai tèn emèn psuchen kataidóumenoi.*" The verb *kataidéomai* means "to

reverence" or "to respect;" and Cyrus only asks his children to venerate him after death as one who was still in existence in a higher, nobler, purer state of being.

Cato's argument—as given in the *De Senectute*—for immortality is very nearly that of Cyrus. He cannot imagine that such men as Paulus and Scipio Africanus would have done deeds which would go down to posterity except they thought that they themselves would have an interest in posterity—"*posteritatem ad se pertinere.*" There are no words in the text which insinuate that these "heroes" would, after death, be able to know how highly posterity valued their memories, but this is evidently the sense which the first sentence of the twenty-third section of this treatise is intended to convey. Moreover the imaginary Consul distinctly claims himself to have been actuated by such a motive, and he rapturously hails the advent of the glorious day when he shall repair to the region where he shall enjoy, not only the society of the "divine souls" whom he revered in the flesh, but that of his son Cato—"*Catonem meum, quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior*"*—and for whom he had sorrowfully performed those funeral rites which it would have been more natural for the son to have done for the sire. The whole passage is most affecting, and is perhaps unrivalled by any other that can be found

* This sentence merits translation for the benefit of the general reader: "O glorious day when I shall depart to that divine council and meeting of spirits, when I shall leave the turmoil and pollution (of the world)! Then I shall go not only to the society of those whom I have mentioned, but also to my Cato, than whom no man was better, no one more distinguished for piety."

in classic literature. That this outburst of hope and joy and affection springs necessarily and naturally from what precedes it, no critic will question ; but it is evident enough that the doctrine of a future life is worked into the end of the treatise by one who well knew how admirably it was adapted to serve as the basis for an oratorical peroration.

The Animism of the " *Somnium Scipionis* " is partly Platonic, partly Pythagorean. The spirit or "ghost" of the elder Scipio is made to declare that we ought not to regard ourselves as mortal except so far as the body is concerned. The true life or existence lies not in the body which can be touched by the finger, but in the soul. To this Platonic assumption is added another, namely, that every man has within himself a certain divine nature which watches, thinks, remembers, and which provides for, governs, moderates, and moves the body. This essence is itself controlled by the ruling spirit of the universe—in other words, by God. The position upon which the whole theory is based is taken directly from Plato, and has been reduced by Macrobius into the following syllogism :—The human soul is self-moving (or a self-motive) : self-motion contains the principle of motion : this principle is not created ; therefore, the human soul is not created, but eternal.

Here we have a thesis which is evidently widely differentiated from the Christian doctrine of the soul's immortality. It can only be termed that of the soul's eternity, because it asserts that the spirit of man never had a beginning, but that prior to its junction with the body it formed an integral portion

of the supreme divine spirit or *archæus* which never could have had a beginning, inasmuch as it is a self-motive power absolutely independent of any other. If we are justified in regarding these principles as being really those believed in by Cicero, we must also accept the assertion which he puts into the mouth of Cato, that they alone made life tolerable to him, and that—as Sokrates was wont to maintain—if they were a delusion they were none the less pleasing; and if it should finally prove that the “minute philosophers” who held that consciousness terminated with life were right, why, then, no one need apprehend the ridicule of the dead.

The above rapid survey of this Ciceronian doctrine shows that it was based upon the most unwarrantable assumption that sensibility and voluntary motion are results of an immaterial vital, or senso-motor principle. Modern physiology has altogether discarded this hypothesis, and is content with affirming that sensation and thought are merely the expression of the material mechanism of the organism. So also modern physics has eliminated the notion that matter was moved by influx from without itself, in favor of the doctrine that matter is actuated by its own *vis insita*. It is easy enough to understand why the ancients should have believed in the existence of both spirit and matter. Thousands of years were required to confirm the truth of that which many among the ancients, unaided by physical science, were firm believers in, the all-sufficiency of matter to carry on its own work unaided. Demokritos and his disciples could only conjecture in this direction, because, unlike ourselves, they had no scientific data upon which they

could reason. The belief in the impotence and deadness of "brute matter" prevailed until the time of Newton, whose discovery, however, entirely changed the whole field of philosophy by demonstrating, what none can doubt, that matter is active, not passive, that every atom not only moves itself but gives motion to other atoms. Before such a generalisation the whole fabric of Immaterialism fell crumbling away, and since the time of Newton every generation has furnished its modicum of evidence that the acceptance of Materialism is rapidly becoming obligatory upon the whole civilized world.

With the renunciation of the theory that man is animated by an immaterial essence there must also go the supposed necessity of the belief that the universe is similarly actuated. In this respect man is the microcosm of the great macrocosm of the kosmos. Every attribute with which man has credited his deities has been created by man's own cerebration, because we cannot think higher than ourselves. "Man," wrote an eminent German thinker, "originally does not distinguish himself from Nature, nor consequently Nature from himself, therefore the sensations which any object in Nature excites in him appear to him immediately as qualities of the object. The beneficial, good sensations and effects are caused by good and benevolent Nature; the bad, painful sensations by an evil being, or at least by Nature in a state of evil disposition, of malevolence, of wrath. Thus man involuntarily and unconsciously—necessarily—transforms the essence of Nature into a feeling, a subjective, a human being." To this we must add that man cannot dissociate himself from

Nature. The latter is precisely that which our cerebration, our brains, declare it to be; we can by no possibility behold it from any other than the human point of view, nor know it objectively as though we were standing without ourselves and gifted with the potentiality of beholding all things *per se* and with brains which were also the central *cerebra* of the kosmos. That Cato, or Scipio, or Cicero may each and all have had ideas of eternity and immortality we do not question. Every mind capable of abstract thought has these ideas, because every mind is to itself the mirror and interpreter of Nature, which is limitless and everlasting. "Time and space," writes Dr. Lewins in his "Life and Mind," "are, in reality, not natural verities at all; but merely artificial, brain-created segments and analyses of eternity and immensity. Nature herself ignores all such limitations. Her only realities and syntheses are eternity as regards time, and immensity as regards space." Both Pythagoras and Plato, to whom Panætius, and, after him, Cicero, were so largely indebted for their philosophy, believed that the spirit of man was really eternal in the sense that it was from everlasting and would continue to exist for ever. Chimerical and transcendental as was this doctrine it was yet, we think, infinitely higher than the idea of a bodily resurrection which has obtained a footing in certain of the Christian sects. The latter is a more gross conception than Cicero ever dreamed of. The heaven of Cicero's Cato is not a place where, as Bolingbroke has it, resurrected bodies sit on clouds singing psalms for ever, nor a Walhalla where huge sirloins of beeves are eaten, beakers emptied, and

the *certamina gaudia* enjoyed without loss of life. On the contrary, it is only a place where spirit holds communion with spirit, and where those whose earthly lives were good, pure and virtuous, live together in a mutual beatitude of spiritual association.

If modern science compel us to discard the notions of Cicero, if it relegate these to the Limbo to which the less idealistic Animism of some modern teaching is rapidly hastening, if it prove to us that man at death returns to nothingness, so far as consciousness is concerned, it must not therefore be assumed that we are deprived of heaven. So long as a state of beatitude is necessary or desirable for us, that is, so long as consciousness is ours and we exist, it is possible for us to make earth a paradise. The happiness of mankind is to be obtained by the removal of all that stands in the way of the further healthy development of the race. When the one indivisible book of Nature and Life is made the only source to which men apply for enlightenment and wisdom, then will the individual man and the whole of society be enabled to progress towards virtue and happiness more rapidly and surely than has hitherto seemed possible.

M. C. O'BYRNE.

THOUGHT.

MEN grope for God and His Eternal Truth
Among the dark traditions of the Past ;
They have no faith in their own Souls, in sooth,
To Doxies, not to Duty, holding fast.

The Eternal to their dogmas they would bind,
Gauging the Infinite by finite rules ;
The Universal they would keep confined
Within the narrow compass of the Schools.

But, holding to fix'd creeds doth pre-suppose
That just so much and no more men should know ;
Their forms of faith are cut out like their clothes ;
No bigger than the suit their Souls will grow.

To teach a man that what the Past has taught
Is all God's, which he never must deny,
Shackles the pinions of the living Thought,
And dooms it in dark Dogma's cage to die.

Thought, like each thing in Nature, still must grow,
Open to all the currents of to-day ;
The mental tree, shut out from light, will show
A stunted growth, and pine and die away.

If knowledge from another's head is brought,
It must be well ground in thy own mind's mill,
And melted in the fire of thy own thought,
Else no poor hungry sinner will it fill.

Why spurn the food which your own Souls supply,
And seek for moral strength in mouldering creeds ?
Doth not the fire of Inspiration die,
When on the dry bones of the Past it feeds ?

For other nutriment the Soul doth need ;
Her ceaseless longings crave the Infinite ;
On suns and stars and systems she would feed,
Exhaust all truth, and still cry, Light ! more light !

The Giant Thought assailed the ancient gods,
And bearded Jove himself on his own throne,
Nor feared their sceptres nor their awful nods,
But down from high Olympus hurl'd them prone :

Flinging the fables of the Past away,
He takes the Universe in his full sweep,
There, far above all mythologic sway,
He worships Beauty in the starry deep :

Monarch he is of Nature's vast estate ;
The very elements he holds in thrall ;
Ten thousand servants on his pleasure wait ;
Even the lightning's self obeys his call.

His path traverses earth and sea and sky,
When on his wingèd steed he takes his flight ;
He cleaves the regions of immensity,
Passing the Constellations swift as light,
Till other suns and systems meet his sight.

Through all those awful regions he doth pass,
Where worlds in *embryo* are being formed,
Nothing as yet but sea of flaming gas,
Which has for many a million ages burned.

There he beholds the Eternal Ancestors
Of Nature—Anarchy and Ancient Night,
Who nurse the elements of suns and stars,
And cradle Beauty, Order, Law and Light.

Among the primal atoms he can see
The latent seeds and germs of Life and Thought,
And knows that these by the Great Soul will be
To living and to thinking beings wrought.

By long sojourning in those higher spheres,
He has outgrown the idols of to-day ;
The Ghosts and Goblins Superstition fears
Under his eye dissolve like mist away.

Truth, his Daughter, hated in all climes,
And doom'd to breathe the dangerous noisome gases,
Still, Phoenix-like, though burned ten thousand times,
Rises with purer life from her own ashes.

*Ayris Quay,
Sunderland.*

JAMES BROWN.

NOTES FOR THOUGHT.

Woman at Home.—It is with no mere gross and selfish feeling that all men commend the good house-keeper, the good nurse. Neither is it slight praise to say of a woman that she does well the honors of her house in the way of hospitality. . . . The only danger in all this is the same that besets us in every walk of life ; to wit, that of preferring the outward sign to the inward spirit whenever there is cause to hesitate between the two. . . . The lady who values her porcelain so highly, should take the hint and remember that, unless the fragrant herb of wit, sweetened by kindness and softened by the cream of affability also crown her board, the prettiest tea-cups in the world might as well be in fragments in the gutter as adorn her social show. The show loses its beauty when it ceases to represent a substance. . . . Here, as elsewhere, it is only vanity, narrowness and self-seeking that spoil a good thing. Women would never be too good house-keepers for their own peace and that of others, if they considered housekeeping only as a means to an end. If their object were really the peace and joy of all concerned, they would bear to have their cups and saucers broken more easily than their tempers, and to have curtains and carpets soiled, rather than their hearts by mean and small feelings. But they are brought up to think it a disgrace to be a bad housekeeper, not because they must, by such a defect, be a cause of suffering and loss of time to all within their sphere, but because all women will laugh at

them if they are so. Here is the vice—for want of a high motive there can be no timely good action.
Margaret Fuller.

Sayings of Thoreau.—When we cease to sympathize with and to be personally related to men, and begin to be universally related, then we are capable of inspiring others with the sentiment of love for us.

Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is unfit to be the companion even of himself.

You must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which ruminates when it walks.

What does Education often do? It makes a straight-cut ditch of a free meandering brook.

Cheap persons will stand upon ceremony, because there is no other ground; but to the great of the earth we need no introduction, nor do they need any to us.

There is no remedy for love but to love more.

Nothing is more saddening than an ineffectual and proud intercourse with those of whom we expect sympathy and encouragement. I repeatedly find myself drawn toward certain persons but to be disappointed. No concessions which are not radical are the least satisfaction. By myself I can live and thrive; but in the society of incompatible friends I starve. To cultivate their society is to cherish a sore which can only be healed by abandoning them.

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle, in which you have to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or in a tented field, it is ever the same fair flag, and admits of no distinction. Despair and postponement

are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

There is nowhere any apology for despondency. Always there is life while life lasts, which, rightly lived, implies a divine satisfaction.

G O D.

“O where is the sea?” the fishes cried,
 As they swam the crystal clearness through,
 “We’ve heard from of old of the ocean’s tide,
 And we long to look on the waters blue.
 The wise ones speak of the infinite sea :
 Oh, who can tell us if such there be ?”

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
 And sung and balanced on sunny wings ;
 And this was its song :—“I see the light,
 I look o’er a world of beautiful things ;
 But flying and singing everywhere,
 In vain I have searched to find the air !”

Minot J. Savage.

Elsewhere in *Papers for the Times* an appreciative account is given of that remarkable man of genius—John Critchley Prince. Many of the particulars concerning Prince’s life mentioned therein are taken from *Hours with the Muses*, which book contains a brief account of the life of the unfortunate poet. It is pleasant to know that—not too soon—a fuller Life of Prince is about to be published, as well as a complete and uniform edition of his poems. The Life has been written by Dr. R. A. Douglas Lithgow, an ardent admirer, and the Poems are edited by the same hand. The Life and Poems will occupy three volumes.

KANT AS A POSITIVE THINKER.

II.

IN the Preface to the "Prolegomena to every Future System of Metaphysics," Kant asks—"Whether there is any prospect of establishing everywhere such a science as Metaphysics?"

"If it is a science already, how does it happen that it has not, like other sciences, obtained general and lasting reputation? If it is none, how is it permitted continually to boast of the illusory name of a science, and to uphold the human understanding with hopes equally permanent and unaccomplished? Let us therefore demonstrate either our knowledge or our ignorance; the nature of this pretended science ought to be thoroughly investigated; for it is impossible to leave things any longer upon the old footing. It appears almost ridiculous, while every other science is making incessant progress, that in this one, which aspires to the character of being the oracle of wisdom itself, man continually turns round and round upon the same spot, without advancing a single step. It is even observed that the number of its votaries is much decreasing, *and that those who feel themselves sufficiently able to gain credit in other sciences do not choose to venture their reputation in this.* On the other hand, it is equally certain that every tyro who is ignorant in all other branches of knowledge here claims the right of pronouncing a decisive opinion; because in this territory there exists in fact no settled measure and weight, by which the rational inquirer can be discerned from the shallow prattler.

"To make plans is frequently a luxuriant and ostentatious employment of the mind, by which some people acquire the appearance of inventive genius; while they demand what they

cannot furnish themselves, censure what they cannot improve, and propose what they themselves do not know where to discover it : though it may be easily conjectured, that a little more than a declamation of pious wishes will be requisite, to form a just plan of 'a general Critique of Pure Reason.'

Could the nullity of Metaphysics be more happily characterized ? De Gerando, Diderot, Comte, and Lewes could not do it better. Well might Huxley say that " Kant is at his greatest when he discusses questions which are not Metaphysical." Upon studying the " Critique " the reader, though he finds his patience somewhat tried by a " repulsive style " and barbarous terminology, lights upon such statements as the following :—

" And as our *Understanding* can neither form a notion of supersensible objects, nor judge of them, as little can our *Reason* discover by inference any supersensible object ; consequently, no Syllogism can lead us to new objects which lie without the sphere of possible experience. All notions which our reason can form of something that is absolutely *unconditionate* are therefore mere *Ideas*, whose objective validity can be proved through no species of Syllogism.

" Hence the axiom, ' If the conditionate thing be given the absolutely unconditionate thing is also given,' is nothing but a subjective logical maxim of Reason, *i.e.*, a maxim which regulates the train of reasoning in the mind itself.

" As now the whole of speculative Cosmology, Psychology and Theology entirely rests on this Axiom ; these three sciences, as far as concerns their speculative parts, are nothing but Systems of Fallacies. Ontology, also, completely fails and must be changed into a bare analysis of the notions of our understanding. The whole body of Metaphysics, then, must be confined to the Metaphysics of Nature."—*Schulze Synopsis of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, 5, 6, 7 & 8 Paragraphs on Problem 4.

Mr. John S. Mill warns thinkers against the " Metaphysical mode of thought " which sets up

“acquired necessities of thought in the minds of one or two generations as evidence of real necessities in the universe.” Those persons not completely emancipated from Theology and Metaphysics, are very prone indeed to adopt this mode of thinking.

“The whole of speculative Cosmology, Psychology and Theology are nothing but systems of Fallacies.” This the Understanding declares. The problems are “supersensible” and we have no “supersensible” faculties for solving them. Let us leave them as we have already left many other unsolvable problems, such as the Origin of Evil, the direct influence on human life of Planets or Stars, the search for the Philosopher’s Stone, the Absolute *et hoc genus omnes*.

The human mind is no longer agitated with such childish subjects, once deemed of prime necessity, once regarded as urgent of solution. No good can come of resurrecting such idle problems.

We thank Kant for so clearly and incisively stating the case. But, alas! as the student reads he finds that what is denied to the Understanding is granted to the Reason—Pure Reason. This pure reason has three ideas in it, namely, God, Liberty (or Free Will) and Immortality. These ideas, Kant grants with wondrous frankness, have no objective validity, but they are strictly “distinguished by necessity and strict universality.” How the ideas (borrowed from Plato by one who pretends to construct Metaphysics as a science *de novo*) can be necessary and universal when but a small fraction of the entire human race has ever had them, and a fraction of that fraction have rid themselves of them altogether, as burdens too heavy to be borne, Kant does not stop to explain.

Of the twelve hundreds of millions of human beings who now live, at least six hundred millions—Confucians and Buddhists—are without these necessary and universal ideas, not to name the hundreds of millions of polytheists and fetich worshippers, besides others of a low grade of civilisation. That the Buddhist creed has no god, or anything resembling a god, is now proved beyond question. That it has no Immortality is also proved beyond question. The Jews, in the time of Moses, were as ignorant of a Soul and Future State. Gautama Buddha, who regarded existence as a misery from which man should escape, laid down rules by which life is rendered less miserable by man's acquiring entire dominion over his passions and propensities, so as, at last, to come little, if at all under their dominion. This death of all desires is *Nirvana*—the extinction of all the heart's longings which are blown out (*Nirvana*), even as fires or lights are. Metempsychosis is thus prevented and annihilation looked upon as the greatest of blessings and rewards. (*Vide* Mr. Rhys David's "Buddhism," and his beautiful account of Buddha's first Sermon, in the "Fortnightly Review.")

The Confucian is equally without a God or a Future State—these "necessary and universal ideas." He worships the visible sky and the earth, because from both he derives not only sustenance, but all that which gives grace and dignity to life. He follows the precepts of Confucius, whose one endeavour it was to bring men back to the old ways of thinking and acting, which ways contributed so much to the internal prosperity of the Chinese family, and through that

family, of the State. No candid student of Chinese History, Literature, and Religion, will pretend that the Chinese care a whit for such problems, as to whether there be a God and Immortality, or Free Will in man.

The Taoouists—a Metaphysical Religious sect—pretend that their devotees *may* taste of the Waters of Immortality—but this is the quackery of such sects. Little do such *niaiseries* trouble the sensible matter-of-fact Chinese generally.

Of the Monotheists, less in number, if we remember rightly, than two hundred millions, how many are there who are gradually disembarassing themselves of the three ideas named herein—increasing knowledge, morality and humanity—not allowing them any longer to harbour within themselves what is worse than barren, namely, immoral and inhuman. Of the enormous number of persons who are entirely indifferent to all “ideas,” we will say nothing beyond mentioning them. We now know how the ideas of God, Free-Will, and Immortality, grew up. Comte’s “Law of the Three Stages” explain their genesis and development.* Man was at first a Fetichist (a fetich worshipper), then a Polytheist, and, lastly, a Monotheist. The word God comes from Deus, Dyaus, Zeus—Devas in the Sanscrit meaning “bright.” The Devas were the Sun and Dawn, and their worship dates from Astrolatric-Fetichist times—a worship very human in its origin and expression, and not an idea of the Pure Reason at all in early

* See Article on “Positivism : its Intellectual Character,” in *Papers for the Times*, vol. ii., pages 21, 28.

times, although it may have grown to be such now. Immortality is unmortal, and the germ of its meaning may be found in the worship of ancestors. Primitive man, unable to understand the abstraction *Death*, looked upon his dead as still living in some altered way. Hence it was that provisions were laid for them at their resting-places and cemeteries—sleeping places. A change had come over the dead, of which man then knew little or nothing, and mortal had, in some mysterious way, become *unmortal* or *immortal*. In some such way as this is the genesis of the idea explained. It is not to be explained metaphysically or by means of the Pure Reason—whatever that may be. Theology gave an explanation of it a thousand-fold more satisfactory, as the moral sense and common sense of believers testify. The idea, or problem, of “Free-will” arose from man’s observing the action upon himself of the External Order—Laws of Nature—and his reactions upon it. The pressure of that order is at once so great and general as to generate the idea that he could in no way modify it for his well-being and that of others. Experience corrected such an inference. Now, that Comte has shown that the more complex the phenomena the more modifiable they are, and that, in the Human Order, the modifications are greatest in number and intensity, discussions of man’s Free-will, or Liberty, are idle, or at least, of little theoretical, or of no practical use. Man is conscious that he is, in a large measure, free to do much that is good, bad, and indifferent; his free-will, like his knowledge that is, is Relative. The limitations to his knowing and acting can be defined with tolerable

morals. Herein he was somewhat behind his age, clearness. They are fixed, the bounds whereof he cannot pass.

We have intended in the foregoing remarks to show that the ideas of the Pure Reason, as Kant calls them, are abstractions from the concretes furnished by collective human experience. The God of Monotheism has been aptly called by Matthew Arnold a magnified non-natural man, and Immortality belongs to Humanity, and not to any member of it, though here and there, throughout the ages, there tower above the heads and shoulders of their fellows, men whose fame seems destined to last for ever. As Kant's Understanding is designed to comprehend all knowledge derived from the Senses and Reflection, these ideas of his must be reclaimed from their lofty heights in Pure Reason, and placed with the other factors of Humanity. They have for us, as generalizations of experience, subjective uses, and an objective validity, which cannot be claimed for them as mere ideas. No wonder "*that those who feel themselves sufficiently able to gain credit in other sciences do not choose to venture their reputation in this (Metaphysics).*"

Such men are wise—wise in a wisdom which Kant never dreamt of when he formulated his "Prolegomena to *all* future systems of Metaphysics," in which his Pure Reason was ever to be the first and sole tribunal of appeal. The Philosopher's Stone was at last discovered which was to turn all things to gold, and, *Credat Judæus Apella!* Metaphysics to use. How little, if at all, Kant rose above the *Zeitgeist* (Time—Spirit) of his age and nation may be gathered by what he says about the bases of

which the speculations of advanced French thinkers and philosophers were leavening. Diderot, whom Comte called the greatest thinker of the Eighteenth Century—Diderot, of whose works Goethe thought so highly, and to whom he owed so much—Diderot, we say, saw that Morals, to be a science, must be constructed as other sciences were constructed, from wide and deep generalizations of human experience, individual and collective, duly organized into a whole. In him the Historic Spirit was strong; it was not so in Kant, with all his reach and depth. Kant not only thought Religions owed their existence to Revelation, but that the doctrines of Morality were solely derived *à priori*. Such are the extremities to which his "Pure Reason" theory drove him. That we may not be thought to be doing him an injustice we make the following quotations from his *Metaphysical Elements of Ethics* :—

"Moral laws can only be so far valid as rules if they can be established *à priori*, so that the necessity of them becomes evident. For the conceptions and judgments relative to our actions and omissions have no moral application at all, if they contain nothing further than what is learned from experience. And if we should even be misled to assume any data from the latter source, as moral principles, we cannot avoid falling into the grossest and most destructive errors.

"The doctrines of morality, however, have a very different origin. They are imperative to every individual, without regarding his inclinations; for this reason merely, because he is a free subject, and is capable of reasoning practically. Instruction, in the laws of morality, is not derived from reflection upon ourselves and our animal nature, nor from the observation of the course of the world—namely, from events and actions; but Reason itself commands us how to act, though we should find no analogy or example in experience corresponding with the present case."

Now, if there is a work barren of all useful results, it is that of endeavouring to found morality upon *à priori* ideas : such ideas have often been shown to be abstractions of *à posteriori* experience. The utter inutility of this has been proved over and over again for thousands of years. Morals had, in modern times, no dogmatic basis apart from Theology until Bentham, Mill and Grote, found one in utility, and, better still, Comte established one on the Religion of Humanity. Ethics in ancient times were regarded from the standpoint of the individual, as students of philosophy and morals are aware. Aristotle's "Ethics" show this. And, if there be a pursuit rich in fruitful results, it is that of endeavouring to ascertain how morality grew up in primitive times—what helped and what hindered it ; why it differs in different nations and peoples at different times ; what are its sanctions ; in what ways rewards and penalties have furthered it ; how far it was egoistic and legal in its early stages, how far altruistic ; at what time and where did it first shake itself free of bonds, and become an internal guide, though always having reference to external standards more or less explicit and varying ; what Religions did for it, and it for Religions—(for action and reaction are to be found as much in the Human Order as the External Order) ; in fine, to build up the fair Humanity, whose image and superscription we all bear, "whose we are, and whom we serve." If there be, we say, a pursuit, rich in fruitful results, it has been this ; and we feel grateful to the great thinkers of the Eighteenth Century for initiating such studies, and to the great thinkers, *savans*, scientists, aye, and even Specialists,

of the Nineteenth Century for prosecuting them as they have done, and do. We can never know enough of Humanity, and all who help us to delineate her beautiful, pathetic, strenuous and eventful history, deserve hearty recognition and sympathy. The reader sees of how little use, as a science, are morals derived by the *à priori* method, or want of method. Kant judged of morals as he appeared to judge of everything—from the metaphysical point of view. He has written upon the—

Metaphysics of Morals.

Metaphysical Principles of Natural Philosophy.

Metaphysical Elements of Jurisprudence ; and the
Metaphysical Elements of Morals.

Metaphysics! whether the subjects be Morals, Physics, Jurisprudence, or Religion!

Now the modern method—that of Historic Filiation seeks to trace the evolution of all human products, moral and religious, and to compare and contrast all. It shows their points of agreement and departure, and seeks to know their *raison d'être*. It cares nothing for Metaphysical Theories accounting for their origin ; it goes to Humanity herself to ascertain this, and rightly. It regards such theories as air-built, having “no local habitation or a name.” It is saying little of Kant’s theory of Ethics that it is distinctly more retrograde than that of Aristotle’s, elaborated two thousand years ago. As much can be said of some modern systems of Ethics partly built up on the *à posteriori* plan. Let anyone compare the two systems and he will readily see what we mean. We do not of course say that Kant’s theory has not many beautiful thoughts and noble injunctions ; it would

not be his if it had not. We do not say that readers will not discover in Kant traces of the *zeitgeist* which he will not find in the "incomparable Aristotle." This we admit. But compare the two works, and it will be perceived that Aristotle's is the more scientific in form, aye, and even in method. The wealth of thought in Aristotle's treatise is, of course, the greater, but that we allow for. Comte is the only thinker in morals worthy to be classed with Aristotle, whom he equals, if he does not surpass, on such and cognate subjects. Instead of the *Metaphysics of Ethics*, *Pure Reason*, *Judgment*, *Esthetics*, *Natural Philosophy* and *Jurisprudence*, our positive thinkers elaborate sciences—knowledges, to use Bacon's phrase—of these subjects. Against Kant's *Metaphysics of Ethics*, we set August Comte's *Religion of Humanity*, Mill's *Logic* and *Utilitarianism*, Grote's *Fragments on Ethical Subjects*, C. S. Wake's *Evolution of Morality* (to name a few works only). Against Kant's *Metaphysics of Jurisprudence* we set Bentham's *Theory of Morals and Legislation*, and Austin's *Jurisprudence*. Against Kant's *Metaphysical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, we set Poinso't's *Statics* and *Memoirs on Mechanics*, Navier's *Course of Analysis*, Carnot on *Equilibrium and Motion*, Lagrange's *Theory of Functions*, and Fisher's *Mechanical Physics* with Biot's *Notes*.

Kant has been much praised, and doubtless deservedly, for his ethical precepts, for the following, amongst others—Kant's Fundamental Law of Pure Practical Reason :—

"Let such be your conduct that the maxim of your will may, in every instance, be admitted as the principle of a general law—or, in other words :—

“Act in such a manner as to consider and to employ humanity in your own as well as in every other person, always as the *purpose*, but never as the *means* of obtaining your object.”—*Willich's Elements of the Critical Philosophy*.

Mr. J. Scott Henderson translates the above thus—“I ought to act in such a manner that the maxim of my will might become a *universal* law (not a law applicable to a certain number of cases).”

We think the following precepts less vague and of richer moral quality.

In the *Bhagavad Gita* (an episode from the Mahabharata) we read :—

“Let the motive be in the deed not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward. Let not thy life be spent in inaction. Depend upon application, perform thy duty, abandon all thought of the consequence, and make the event equal, whether it terminate in good or ill.”—*C. Wilkin's Translation*, 1785.

The *Mahabharata* was written in the third or fourth century, A.D., and is the work of authors destitute of “the necessary and universal ideas” on which Kant would found (or derive) all doctrines of morality.

Kant would seem to have had a glimpse of the great truth we apprehend so fully, that their usefulness to Man or Humanity (utility in the highest and best sense) is the ultimate test of all religions or revelations—that is, a purely subjective test. No objective tests, claims, or pretensions, can override such a test. That is, if we rightly grasp his meaning in the following remarks, to be found in his “Religion Considered within the Bounds of mere Reason.” “For no man will deny that all Revelation rests upon

the inward state of our mind ; that all positive Religions are more or less perfect expressions of Revelation ; and that, therefore, the true interpretation of it can be discovered only by our own subjective operations. Hence it is, that those only who are well acquainted with the nature of the human mind can find the true sense of Revelations."

Another and a last quotation from the same work of Kant :—

"That Christianity is throughout a *Moral Religion* such as Reason requires of every religious establishment whatever. It is, amongst the numerous religions in the world, the only one which derives its principles from pure morals, and which represents to man his destination as attainable only by moral means."

These words were written when Catholicism, or Christianity, was being condemned in France as a huge organized hypocrisy—a system crushing out the social, political, and moral life, defiling what was pure and holy, and blighting what was young, promising, and calculated to endure. Christianity in Germany, during Kant's lifetime, was the lifeless creed of officialism and *junkerdom*. Its pretensions were met by the great Frederick with a smile and a jest. *Bon ton* believed it not ; and "the common people did *not* hear it gladly." Kant's estimate of it is remarkable ! To say "that it is the only religion which derives its principles from pure morals" is a truly surprising statement. Kant could have known nothing whatever of the great Eastern Religions. Knowledge of those religions was not great in his time, but it was sufficient, if he had acquired it, to make him write differently. We at least know as pure if not a purer moral religion than Christianity

i.e., Buddhism. Kant's judgment on this point must be derived from the Pure Reason, or founded on facts evolved out of his internal consciousness.

We have done. We have examined in these two papers the claims of Kant as a Positive Thinker, and endeavoured to show what these claims are. Kant had, unquestionably, constructive tendencies despite the fact that his Philosophy has been called, and well called, the Critical Philosophy.

Of Kant himself we have spoken with all possible respect. We should be wanting in due recognition of true moral and intellectual worth if we had not. Kant was, as we have said, a noble and good man. He had an ideal, and he lived up to it. He "scorned delights and lived laborious days." He showed that "plain living and high thinking" were as compatible as ever, and as inseparable. "What," asked Alfred de Vigny, "is a great life? A thought of youth realized in a ripe age!" This "great life" Kant lived, as did a greater thinker after him, Auguste Comte. Let us, in passing, bow the head in reverence to men of such noble lives and grand ideals—men never wanted more than now, when lives and ideals are so frequently poor, low, and mean, that the question is even put, "Is life worth living?"



BETWEEN YES AND NO,

BY

JAMES HOOPER.

BETWEEN YES AND NO.

IN healthy communities it has been ever regarded a just and beautiful trait for a man to speak his thought out boldly and clearly, free from ambiguity and in honest words. So it was well said that our communications should be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay ; for whatsoever is *more* than these cometh of evil, meaning, of course, that a truthful man needs not to buttress his affirmations with oaths and excrescent verbiage. But what an interspace of true thought and feeling lies in the middle land of uncertainties, probabilities, and hopes without clear vision. What a multitude of topics there are on which the rash and ignorant pronounce positive judgments, but over which saner spirits must per force pause, and acknowledge that no final judgment is yet possible.

It is a pleasant gift for a man to esteem himself a seer, or favoured by some superlunary genius with revelations of the ultimate tendencies of the world, and the secrets of the souls of men. Such a man, loving the beaten way, never doubts ; since he has never rationally believed, all idea of suspended judgment is alien to him. That which he terms his knowledge, his assurance, comes to him from no balancing of evidence, from no anxious study or examination of records, but from some mystical afflatus which has settled upon him and charmed his soul into the bliss of certitude.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy,” and yet, when we are tired of the tinkle of the rattle and the warm tints of nursery tale-books, we carry our infantine heaven, and our *parler enfantin*, into our graver years. Simplicity of character, and a love for the graces and purity of childhood, are not seldom parodied by the credulity of folly, and a simpering admiration of emptiness.

It is an everyday maxim that there are two sides to every question, and it is a maxim of profound truth, though, as with all such sayings, short of the whole truth. For to every question which interests men and stirs their feelings there are far more than two sides, and half the bitterness of wordy wars, and all the foolish vapouring of hot partizans would vanish, if the combatants could be brought to see clearly that every phase of thought (as the expression itself implies) may be viewed in different lights and from varying standpoints, each of which would contribute something towards a complete and honest judgment. What more absurd than to pronounce decisions which only recognize black and white, and deny stars to the night and clouds to the day : yet what more frequent ? To be brought to understand and *feel* that those from whom we differ have yet natural and strong reasons for their beliefs—reasons grounded, perhaps, on defects of education, or limitations of circumstance—is to have our sympathies deepened and our moral sphere enlarged.

John Stuart Mill said truly, “He who knows only his own side knows little of that,” and an old writer with equal justice, pointed out the weakness of partizan judgments—

“Men love to take party instantly. They can't bear being kept in suspense. The examination torments 'em. They want to be rid of it, upon the easiest terms. 'Tis as if men fancy'd themselves drowning whenever they dare trust to the current of reason. They seem hurrying away they know not whither ; and are ready to catch at the first twig. There they chuse afterwards to hang, tho' ever so insecurely, rather than trust their strength to bear 'em above water.”

And this again reminds us of a very noteworthy passage in the *Areopagitica*, where Milton says—

“Truth is compar'd in Scripture to a streaming fountain ; if her waters flow not in a perpetuall progression, they sick'n into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretick in the truth ; and if he beleieve things only because his Pastor sayes so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresie. . . . There be, who knows not that there be, of Protestants and professors who live and dye in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto.”

Dryden too has tersely put the matter in the *Hind and the Panther*—

“By education most have been misled,
So they believe, because they so were bred ;
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.”

The civilities of everyday life which we practice towards men of most divergent opinions and sentiments, weaken the antagonisms of intolerance and break down the savage hatred of bigotry. In his address to the Roman Catholics of Birmingham, on the 20th January, 1880, Cardinal Newman spoke of the “unnatural position of thinking ill of a religion and thinking well of believers in it.” Truly a strange remark for a man of the venerable Cardinal's sagacity, for what more natural and matter of experience than

to find that in proportion as culture and enlightenment advance, men give and take in matters of faith? There are few families in England, probably, which have not in them members of different creeds, often enough Romanists and Protestants, yet, knowing each other so well, they cannot fail to see that the creed does not of necessity cloud the conscience or dull the moral standard, and so that the healthy energies of daily life and work are not impaired by the variation in theologic views.

Thus by the social sympathies and a near knowledge of those holding distasteful opinions, it comes to be understood that though some of us theoretically believe our Romanist or Unitarian brother will *without doubt perish everlastingly*, yet we also believe and know that in his daily walk and conversation he is of the salt of the earth, and a noble human being. To savages or to mediæval mystics it was impossible that a man holding hated opinions should not be hated. This is well illustrated in the history of Moslem fanaticism, and an example very much to the purpose, and affording a striking answer to Cardinal Newman, is to be found in the recently published travels of Edoardo Amicis in Morocco. It is therein recorded that—

“What was most disagreeably impressed on him was the malignant fanaticism of the natives which [it is very unphilosophically said] is perhaps the more extraordinary since they are seldom brought in contact with the Christians they despise and detest. Half-naked Santons turned out to curse the strangers; men scowled at them or shook their fists surreptitiously; and the women, boys and children, who seem to have less apprehension of penal consequences, actually mobbed them in the streets of the capital and pelted them over the heads of the guards in attendance.”

Similar testimony abounds that the less a people know of others of a different faith the more virulent is their animosity, and the greater that zeal which is

“The blind conductor of the will.”

Remembering all that has recently been written for and against the principle of authority in matters of religion by Mr. Gladstone and others, and knowing well how specious are the arguments put forward for probabilism, which is fast becoming the orthodox substitute for the old-fashioned unquestioning faith, we hold it to be distinctly desirable to advocate the duty of doubt. The duty, that is, of accepting no vital or fundamental tenet on the ipse dixit of another, be he Pope or Positivist. The accident of birth must to a large extent determine the belief of the mass of mankind, but let no earnest man ever think he is absolved from the duty of exercising his private judgment because he has been placed in a strait-waistcoat by teachers, however venerated and venerable. In the common routine of each day's duties we pause and examine before we make a purchase or engage a servant, yet how often where the innermost convictions and powers of our souls are concerned we make mean renunciations, and give the reins to another !

The answer to reasoning of this kind is ever ready—that the daily cares of life are too engrossing to admit of any adequate examination of the grounds of belief. But, if that is indeed so, is any man justified, as Professor Clifford has said, in adopting any belief which he has not time to examine ? Ought not such

a man with suspended judgment to be content to live in the land between Yes and No ?

It really would seem quite obvious that when we take pains to ascertain the truth about comparatively trifling matters, we should be most earnest, most persevering, in our endeavours to prove all things of greater import. For, as an eloquent French writer says—

“ Croire sans évidence, sans démonstration, est un acte d'ignorance et de sottise ; le crédule se perd dans un dédale d'inconséquences ; l'homme sensé examine, discute, afin d'être d'accord dans ses opinions ; et l'homme de bonne foi supporte la contradiction, parce qu'elle seule fait naître l'évidence. La violence est l'argument du mensonge ; et imposer d'autorité une croyance est l'acte et l'indice d'un tyran.”

There are doubtless persons to be found who would argue that if men's judgments were suspended as to the merits of current forms of belief, their conduct would be warped, and their lives degraded. But how far does conduct depend on creed ? Who supposes that belief in the Trinity, or the infallibility of the Pope, or the Westminster Catechism, or the Thirty-nine Articles, affects a man's daily life ? Not many men will be found to urge that it does when thus plainly stated ; and to the masses the dictum that “ honesty is the best policy,” has nearly as much weight as the decalogue. Men know that it is not only better, but pleasanter in the longrun, to do well than to do ill, and in their hearts care very little for the theologic nostrums which, through long ages, have been forced upon them.

Religion is from the heart, and depends in no high degree upon creeds and catechisms. Theology

is from the head, is technical and metaphysical, and deals in jargons which muddle and excite plain people who only want to do the duty that lies nearest to them.

The highest Religion rejoices over the good and the beautiful in all religions from China to Peru, and refuses to shut its eyes to the dark spots in any, near or far. The very consciousness of not having formed a fixed opinion impels every honest man to search and try, and in the searching and trying, in the best exercise of his best powers, he will arrive not far from the sanctuary of truth at his journey's end.





WHAT ALLOPATHY IS,

BY

DANIEL HOOPER, B.A., M.B.

WHAT ALLOPATHY IS.

ALLOPATHY, like heterodoxy, is a term very difficult to define. Bishop Warburton, I believe, once defined orthodoxy to be one's own doxy and heterodoxy every other man's doxy. In like manner, allopathy and homœopathy may be defined as orthodox and heterodox medicine, respectively, or conversely, according to the creed of the definer. As the term, homœopathy (ὁμόιον πάθος) was chosen by homœopaths to signify a system of therapeutics based on the supposed law of *similia similibus curantur*, so the term allopathy (ἄλλο πάθος) was invented by them to express the opposite principle, or law, of *contraria contrariis*, assumed to be held by that large number of the medical profession who are opposed to homœopathy. But, as so-called "allopaths" deny that there is any such universal law in medicine as that of *similia* or *contraria*, the term is both inappropriate and misleading, and they decline to be so ticketed. If by allopathy be meant the method of treatment adopted by the non-homœopathic members of the medical profession, including all our leading hospital physicians and surgeons, I have no objection whatever to the term, so understood; and if I am asked what this method or system is, I reply, it is one based upon common sense,

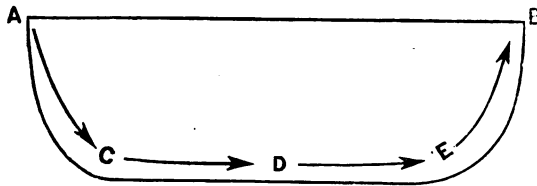
scientific knowledge, and sound logic ; it is physiological medicine, characterized by a strong belief in the sanative powers of Nature,—the *vis medicatrix Naturæ* and very great scepticism as regards the utility of drugs of all kinds ; it takes care of, supports and amuses the patient, while Nature cures the disease ; it makes much of diagnosis, recognizing the fact that to find out is often to cure a disease, and it never wearies of searching for causes of symptoms, because in a vast number of cases *causâ sublatâ cessant effectus* ; lastly, it admits the existence of a few specifics, such as quinine for ague, which are administered quite empirically, *i.e.*, without any notion or theory of their *modus operandi*—of how or why they produce their effects. If the so-called law of *similia similibus* WERE a law in the strict sense of that term, strychnine, which produces symptoms undistinguishable from those of tetanus, ought to be the best and not, as it is, the worst possible medicine for that disease ; and quinine, which is the infallible remedy for ague, ought to produce, in the healthy subject, rigors and other symptoms of ague, whereas it does nothing of the kind. Again, if the law were a universal one, as it is said to be, *contraria contrariis* could never be true ; and yet that cold will contract relaxed fibre and so arrest bleeding, and will lower the temperature of the body in hyperpyrexial states, that acids will rectify an alkaline and alkalis an acid state of the secretions, that alcohol will revive a failing and flagging heart, and strychnine will give tone and tension to flabby atonic muscles, are facts in therapeutics beyond all question ; moreover, when I read that 1090 symptoms were recorded by

Hahnemann as the effects of chalk, or calcined oyster-shells, and about the same number as the effects of common salt, I may well set but little value on his experiments and disbelieve in any necessary and logical nexus between most of those symptoms and their alleged causes. As I said before, there is no universal law to guide us in the employment of remedies ; but I believe that Hahnemann, when he wrote *similia similibus curantur*, was not so near the truth as Pope St. Gregory, when, in the year 590, he wrote, in one of his homilies : “ Sed cœlestis medicus singulis quibusque vitiis obviantia adhibet medicamenta. Nam sicut arte medicinæ calida frigidis, frigida calidis curantur, ita Dominus noster contraria opposuit medicamenta peccatis, ut lubricis continentiam, tenacibus largitatem, iracundis mansuetudinem, elatis præciperet humilitatem.”

It is often hastily assumed that what is true of a large dose of any drug, is true, in a proportionate degree, of a small one ; that the effects of a large are a mere multiple of those of a small dose ; there are, no doubt, cases in which what is true of the whole is true of the part, in which what is true of a large dose is true, proportionally, of a small one ; but there are many more cases in which no such gradation exists, in which difference in quantity produces difference in quality ; in which, as logicians say, the *quale* varies with the *quantum* ; we are apt to forget how often questions of degree involve questions of kind ; a certain temperature produces ice, another steam ; a certain force bends the bow, a little more breaks it ; $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a grain of tartar emetic causes sweating, 2 grains cause vomiting ; 2 drams

of salt will aid the digestion of food, 2 ounces will throw it off the stomach ; a certain dose of alcohol is a stimulant, a larger one a sedative, and a still larger one a narcotic, and the same is true of opium ; in short, if the effect of a be x , it does not follow that the effect of $a \times 10$ will be $x \times 10$, or that the effect of $\frac{a}{10}$ will be $\frac{x}{10}$, for the result may not be x at all, but y in the one case and z in the other ; consequently, when I give to a patient whose heart is flagging from loss of blood, a small or stimulating dose of alcohol, I am not giving him a little of a sedative, or of a narcotic, I am giving him a stimulant ; when to another I give a dram or two of salt, to aid digestion, I am not giving a small dose of an emetic, although salt in large doses *is* an emetic. If 20 grains of ipecacuan powder are an emetic, it does not follow that $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a grain is an emetic of $\frac{1}{80}$ th the strength, or that if I give this dose to cure a vomiting of food, I am granting the truth of the "law of similars." If I saw tetanus cured by doses of strychnine large enough to cause tetanic spasms, or if an emetic dose of ipecacuan cured a sick stomach, or a purgative dose of jalap, or senna, arrested the diarrhoea of phthisis, or typhoid fever, I might possibly be disposed to admit the truth of the so-called law. The fact is we, allopaths, know of no laws and systems of universal application in medicine ; we believe that, as regards the zymotic diseases, such as typhoid fever, for example, a poison, a leaven (*ζύμη*) enters the body, which thereupon undergoes a series of changes and tends to recovery, after a definite period, with or without the help or

interference of the doctor ; no system of drugging shortens this process ; the doctor takes care of his patient while Nature cures the disease ; hence Dr. Addison, of Guy's, when asked which was the best remedy for fever, replied, " from three to four weeks ;" and that diseases of this class run a definite course is shown by the fact, that, in spite of all drugs and systems, they run much the same course and kill about as many per cent. now as they did a century ago ; if any really short cut to recovery had been discovered, the profession and the public would not have been slow to find it out, and men would not have been content to go on dying at the same rate as ever from cholera, small-pox, typhoid and the other zymotics. In typhoid the whole body (solids and fluids) undergoes a change ; as Sir W. Gull used to say, " The patient has not *got* the fever, he *is* the fever ;" on a certain day he quits the straight line of health, A B, and begins to describe a fearful



curve ; he descends to C and D, gradually ascends to E, and in three or four weeks regains the health line at B. During this perilous voyage, the doctor is at the helm, on the look-out for rocks and quicksands, whilst steering his ship into port ; a bad diarrhœa may occur at C, a hæmorrhage at D, a bed-sore at E, requiring a starch enema, an ice-bag and a spirit-wash respectively ; the patient is kept clean, in pure

air, sustained by milk, &c., and recovers, without drugs of any kind ; the leaven (ζύμη) has, like the yeast in a mass of dough, done its work ; the fermentation is over, the material is changed and all is quiet. It is impossible to say how many diseases are curable without medicines, until we have so treated them, until we have observed carefully their natural history, *i.e.*, the course they take when left to themselves and simply nursed to their termination ; but I have seen many cases of measles, rheumatism and typhoid fever so treated, and have so treated them myself, with the most satisfactory results ; and there is no doubt that Dr. A. or B. often gets the credit of curing diseases which Nature has cured in spite of his interference ! Our best physicians take infinite pains to get at the fundamental lesion, the *vera causa* of symptoms ; to this they direct all their efforts, not to the symptoms or effects ; to the fire, not to the smoke ; to the defective ball-tap in the cistern, not to the overflow of water (any old woman can mop up *that* !) Instead of treating a dropsy, a vomiting, a cough, or a headache, with this and that drug, they find out its cause and either remove it, or take the patient out of its reach ; if alcohol be, as it often is, the cause of vomiting, they take away the alcoholic liquor ; if home worries and anxieties be the cause, they remove the patient from their influence ; if fine particles of stone, or steel, or flour, produce a chronic bronchitis, or a damp cold air be the cause of a consumption, change of occupation in the one case and of climate in the other is the only rational treatment ; if a loaded colon causes sciatica, enemata, sweeping away the mass that presses on

the nerve, will cure the disease ; if a spicula of bone press on the brain and cause epileptic attacks, take away the irritant and the convulsions cease. In the case of internal or external parasites (*entozoa* or *epizoa*) we kill them by the direct application of a parasiticide, such as sulphurous or acetic acid in the case of a ring-worm, or the oil of the male fern in the case of a tape-worm—a not uncommon cause of giddiness, faintness, debility and loss of flesh.

I am quite certain that, in a very large proportion of cases, more good can be done by mental and moral management than by all the medicines in the British Pharmacopœia. A young man comes before me who has fallen into the hands of some quack, upon whom he has spent all his money and by whom he has been deluded ; he is convinced that he has heart or brain disease, or softening of his spinal cord, and that he shall end his days in a lunatic asylum ; after some conversation with him, I succeed in showing him that he is laboring under a delusion, and he departs a healthy and a happy man. A young lady cannot retain her food ; all she takes is rejected ; her father consults allopathic and homœopathic physicians, but all their medicines have no effect ; at last, a medical friend, who visits at the house, ascertains that the young lady has been thwarted by her father and not allowed to attend the chapel and hear the sermons of a popular preacher whom she much admires ; the father removes the embargo and his daughter is well. Another young lady vomited everything she took, for many weeks ; all doctors and drugs failed to relieve her ; one physician treated her for ulceration of the stomach !

At last I discovered that she had a strong desire to enter a convent, in which she was encouraged by her bishop and opposed by her father ; some friends sympathized with, others upbraided her ; all these influences disturbed her mind and brain, and caused the vomiting ; change of air, scene and society quickly restored her to health. I hope I have shown that cures are effected, not by laws, systems and *pathies*, but by the application of scientific knowledge, common sense, experience and sound reasoning, to the treatment of mental and bodily disorders.



THE ENGLISH STAGE,

BY

J. W. THOMPSON.

THE ENGLISH STAGE.

ON the 3rd of October, 1879, Mrs. Pfeiffer wrote to the *Times* a letter in which she treated at length several subjects of interest connected with public acting, and offered a thousand pounds towards the endowment of a theatre under suitable conditions. Three months later Professor Morley delivered a lecture at the London Institution, the subject of which was, practically, a scheme of his own for founding a Dramatic Institute on the model of the Royal Academy. It is said that this letter and this lecture were at once manifestations and further causes of a growing interest in the subject; but although the columns of the *Times* were affected by the one, and those of *Punch* continue to be by the other, I am afraid that the state of public feeling remains just the same as it was before. Both plans took it for granted that there exists within the "profession" (as some are pleased to call it) of the stage enough real art, or at any rate enough love for real art, to raise the theatre to the high position which it is desired that it should hold. The question is naturally asked: "Why then has the theatre not been so raised?" And, when there is no explanation forthcoming, there arises a doubt as to whether Mrs. Pfeiffer and Professor Morley have not taken for granted too much.

I believe the fact to be, that, with the present school of actors and actresses, art on the stage is not difficult of attainment only, it is impossible. Our stage is choked with evil traditions which have become an essential part of its being, and these are incompatible with art. The worst of them are, I think :— (1) The making of points. (2) Gaggling. (3) "Runs." (4) The monopolization of attention by the chief persons of the play. (5) The (consequent) impertinent attempts of the lesser persons to thrust themselves forward. (6) The publication of the name (assumed or not) of the actor or actress who plays each part—these last three practices being simply the outward evidence of the malady which eats like a canker at any possible heart that English acted Drama may have left, namely, desire of actors and actresses for their own individual success (in contradistinction to desire for the success of the play as one work of art complete in itself). "Making points" I should define as the suggestion, either by the way in which words are spoken or by means of bye play, of ideas which do not appear on the face of the written play. No doubt there are points which the writer intends to be made, but in the case of old plays, round which traditions have grown, the "points" are often entirely foreign to the spirit of the work. What, for instance, can be more unnatural than the idea that Shylock, when he tells Tubal to meet him at their synagogue, should be intending to strike a blow at himself by appointing the place sacred to his religion, as that where his murderous plans should be matured? Yet many actors interpret these words in no other manner, speaking them as if Shylock

were conscious of uttering a grim joke at his own expense, a thing impossible under the circumstances. Again, how ridiculous it is to find Lady Teazle breaking off for a moment in the midst of her conversation with Joseph Surface, to rise and ask with dignity—a dignity abandoned as quickly as it is assumed—"Don't you think we had better leave *honour* out of the question?" a device—like so many of these "points"—which gains applause from the gaping gallery at the expense of destroying the possibility of the scene for every intelligent spectator. An actor who was to the smallest extent an artist would see the inappropriateness of the greater number of these traditions, and if he cared at all for art would abandon them. There are some actors on our stage who have the courage to do this, but they are so very few that by contrast with those who follow on the line—good or bad—set down for them, they bring out the fact that the proportion of actors and actresses who will do only what will *pay* is overwhelming. What ordinary "gagging" is, is too well known for it to be necessary that I should say anything either to describe it or to condemn it. But there is an insidious form of gagging which is probably not recognized so easily as that mere speaking of "more than is set down to him" of the clown which Shakespeare characterizes as "vile," and this is the turning of the sharp, polished, witty language of the 18th century plays into slipshod 19th century slang. The finest work of Goldsmith's pen, and one of the best comedies written by Farquhar have quite lately been murdered on the stage of a London theatre, the dresses alone reminding the audience during

some of the scenes that the action was not supposed to be passing in the year 1880 between persons of the sort immortalised by a play called, I believe, "Our Boys," which lately ran for about a thousand nights.

This brings me to the subject of "running," the acting of the same play night after night for weeks, months, even years. For the actors this must be deadening to the imagination and utterly destructive of all originality, and we see its result on them in the very general absence of improvement. Those who act in the same play for more than a hundred nights or so in succession might be expected, far from improving, to become worse actors, and I believe we find this to be the case. But how vastly different it would be, from the point of view of the actor's education, if the plays were changed very frequently; if, as soon as he had got all the good out of one part that he was capable of getting from it or putting into it, he were to study another and then another, not to return to act the first again until there was some hope that his experience and knowledge, now greater than before, would allow of his interpreting it more sympathetically and more artistically than before. To me the idea of a man's going on for three years playing every night the same part is unutterably melancholy.

It is convenient that the abuses of the stage have each, so to speak, a trade name. What I have spoken of as the monopolization of attention by the chief persons of the play, is of course the immediate and inevitable result of the "Star" system, which has been a good deal denounced but still flourishes greatly.

Some ten years ago Mark Lemon wished to act the part of Falstaff—to present in the life that one character. He advertised “Readings in Costume” of Shakespeare’s Falstaff, and those who went to hear him expected nothing but Mark Lemon’s rendering of Falstaff. This was honestly given to them, the accessories, including the people who said the parts of the other characters, being of the simplest. Now this was, no doubt, rather a lame kind of performance, but it was thoroughly honest—there was no pretence of properly acting a play or scenes.

If the chief existing “Stars” could act as well as Mark Lemon acted, they would perhaps see the wisdom of some similar device to protect them from the indignity of being forced to snuff out the other actors under danger of seeing the play transformed into a free fight by these others, some of whom, especially the women, would, I feel convinced, follow in the steps of that renowned supernumerary who appeared in the part of a servant, and, having spoken his words, turned round to the audience with the :—
“and allow me to add that the man who raises his hand against a woman,” &c. The performance of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum is very interesting—but how can the acting in it of those who can act be enjoyable when we are every moment forced to think of Bassanio as an ill-made bandy-legged fellow whom Portia by her own showing could not have loved ; of an Antonio without dignity and without the mere dregs of pathos ; of Lorenzo as a creature utterly incapable of the words he speaks in the fifth act ; of a Gratiano who “plays the fool” like the clown at the circus ? I think it makes matters no better, but

rather worse, that in this particular performance ~~dust~~ is thrown into the eyes of the audience and they are asked occasionally to forget the acting and to consider that the entertainment is simply the most splendid panorama that ever held children entranced or brought back sweet memories of Venice to children of a larger growth.

Most popular lecturers have lectured lately on this particular play. I heard one of them a short time ago who stated it as his opinion that Antonio might "in good hands be made to eclipse Shylock." Think of the "good hands" which should so over-act the part entrusted to them—so thoroughly tear a passion to tatters, bear themselves with a dignity so over-poweringly attractive—that the other parts in the play should be "eclipsed."

It is from just such "good hands" as these that the English stage groans to be delivered ; but it will not gain its freedom whilst there are in existence no motives for reform other than those now existing.

It is difficult to measure the extent to which the publishing on the programme of the names of the performers fosters that desire for personal fame which seems to me the great obstacle in the way of the progress of the drama. There is a tradition which I have not already mentioned, but which may almost take rank with those most damaging to the interests of the drama, and that is the rule, seldom broken through, that the parts in a play shall be distributed amongst those who are to act in it so that the man who has the largest salary shall have the first man's part, and so on. This, and the publication of names, effectively prevents an elastic and common-sense

system of appointing the parts as may seem best, taking everything (the education of the actor included) into account, for the *amour propre* of any actor, still more of any actress, who is put too low in the programme is seriously hurt, and the result may be serious, as dramatic authors, I believe, know to their cost. If the names of actors were not ostentatiously published, they might make an effort to produce that complete rendering of a play in which each character seems naturally linked with the others by the story; the whole making one work of art simple and sufficient in itself. That would be the goal of the legitimate ambition of the actor. But as things are now, it can hardly be hoped that the illegitimate ambition for personal triumph should not be stronger, and, as this gains the ascendancy, the desire to act well is overcome by the desire to act effectively.*

If the English stage is in a bad way, how can it be bettered? Actors and the public necessarily act and react on each other. As far as we can see at present, the result of this will not be the regeneration of the stage. Some think that the difficulty can be met by establishing at one particular theatre an artificial audience or an artificial set of actors. Mrs. Pfeiffer, Professor Morley, and scores of advocates of a state-supported theatre, are ready with plans which will cure the evil, but none seem to go to the

* In *Macmillan's Magazine* for February, 1880, it is stated that the custom of distributing programmes dates from the time of Dryden, and that in France the custom of naming the artists in the bills of the performance is not yet a hundred years old. In 1779 the actors of Paris held a meeting at which they adopted a petition begging the Mayor not to force them to print their names on the programmes.

bottom of the whole matter. Anyone who does so will see, I think, that we must have a new sort of actor as well as a new sort of audience before a regeneration is possible. I have already mentioned some bad influences which surround the actor, but they are not the only ones which are at work to make it hard for an actor long to retain the soul of an artist. Canon Woodhouse has well said that "theatrical management is mere shopkeeping, and shopkeeping of the meanest and most sordid sort." I am afraid that there is little doubt as to the truth of this opinion; indeed it seems to me that language even stronger might be used with justice. What must be the effect on those who earn their bread by acting, of having to keep in favor with persons who trade on the name of the Drama, deform it with vulgarities, and prune its beauties to suit the taste of the hour, bribe the public by pandering to its least artistic tastes, and, at the same time, try to hoodwink it by lying advertisements and other devices to which no honest tradesman would stoop, and, saddest of all—do all this without a blush, because they lack the native taste and the culture and the literary education, any one of which would make them conscious that they are dragging through the mud what should be to them the most sacred of the Arts.

It is time, I think, to realize that any scheme for acting as an Art, followed as are music and painting and architecture, involves an entirely fresh departure. It is of no use to shut our eyes to the facts that are before us. When it is proposed in all seriousness that a dramatic academy should be forthwith established, at which there should be permanent teachers, and

that great actors should occasionally come and overlook the work done, just as Royal Academicians give up occasional evenings to lecturing, and when it is urged that this would give to young men and women intending to go on the stage as much teaching as students get at the Royal Academy, and would sufficiently prepare them for their profession, then—thinking on the difference between the art of a Royal Academician and the art of the great majority of the “Stars” at our theatres—we are somewhat relieved when *Punch* takes the matter out of the range of serious consideration and pretty nearly drowns the scheme by pouring on it for some three months a soft rain of ridicule.

As Mr. Hare said in a letter to the *Times* (Oct. 16 1879)—“It is not to be expected that an English actor would sacrifice his pecuniary prospects solely for the good of his art, however much he might be devoted to it.” Of course no one has any right to expect sacrifice. Only, if pecuniary prospects are to stand first, let actors no longer assume the name of artists, let them frankly call themselves tradesmen and their shops amusement shops.

Is it possible that any better day will dawn for histrionic art? The idea of organizing a company from the ranks of our present actors and actresses under a manager who should be an outsider, is, I am afraid, unpractical. If actors of a new school are mixed with actors of the present school, then, either there will be no true working together at all, or else one body will convert the other. It would be ridiculously Utopian to suppose that any lump of English actors would be leavened by the

infusion of a few enthusiastic artists. The new element would be looked on with the amused wonder and contempt which the initiated of a trade reserve for those who enter on it without the intention of gaining any personal benefit.

I do not wish to speak ill of actors, I respect them greatly, and I respect dancers and trapezeists greatly, too. All I say is that we must not look to them for Art. Where, then, must we look? Most likely there would be plenty to come forward with money if any scheme which promised well were to be proposed—I may almost say discovered—for using the money to bring about a better sort of acting. The hundred subscriptions of a thousand pounds which were asked for the other day would of course furnish requisites without which nothing could be done, but there is a want much more important than that of money. Money can buy art where it exists, but it cannot bring it into existence. No one would be so foolish as to think that he could cause the creation of a great poem by promising an immense prize to any one who should write another “Prometheus Unbound,” and if Mrs. Pfeiffer were to offer a million pounds to those English men and women who should, at the end of a month, perform “As you like It” as Shakespeare meant it to be performed, the reward would not be earned. The hundred thousand pounds would, I suppose, be plenty for building and endowing a theatre of the sort that would be wanted—a theatre planned with the object of letting the audience see and hear with the least possible discomfort, not too large for every one to see and hear well, with no elaborate scenery and no band. But

when this is done, where is to be found the one thing necessary—twelve men and twelve women, all young enough to learn, all well educated, all of good physique and good voice, all naturally gifted with histrionic talent, all industrious, all devoted to Art with the passionate earnestness which will make them willing—the women to scorn delights and live laborious days—the men to cheerfully throw to the winds all thought of the profession which they would otherwise enter—and finally, all in such a position that they need to take no care about matters of money, but can give up a preliminary two or three or five years to study, to learning to walk and to speak on the stage, and to acquiring those hundred little bits of knowledge about the use of material, without which true artists fail to act satisfactorily, and of which (as is pointed out in “Daniel Deronda”) the greatest genius can learn a good deal from the commonplace actor; without any prospect of earning at the end of the time of probation as much as clever men may reasonably hope to win as painters, or in medicine, or even at the bar. Where shall we find them?

I have sometimes thought that in the distant future there might arise at one of our universities an artist of such transcendent abilities, and of such personal fascination that he would necessarily become the centre of a group of devoted followers, or rather apostles, of the sort that I have just described, amongst whom jealousy would be rendered impossible by their faithfulness to their leader. Such a set of men and women, casting aside all help from the existing trade-acting, and beginning for themselves *de novo*, might perform plays in a manner as different

from that in which we now see them performed as a sketch by Turner is different from a landscape on a saucer. And if in this way a new school of acting were to be founded, I believe those who saw the performances would be inclined to think that they had had suddenly given to them a new sense.



A CHAPTER ON FORM,

BY

DANIEL C. ANGUS.



A CHAPTER ON FORM.

AS a matter of faith, we believe that life *is* or may where we fail to see it, but it is made known to us usually, and almost invariably by or as Form.

There may be forms of being which, from their immensity, escape our observation, like the world-organism which Coleridge imagined, perfect in individual life, yet perhaps a branch of a yet wider life, whose leaves and twigs are stars and galaxies. And there are many forms of life that we miss for their "infinite" littleness. We stand between two visible infinities, the one above, the other below our measured ken; each therefore seemingly formless and chaotic, and, consequently, lifeless. Thus earth is seen as mostly dead matter, and heaven as a vault sparsely sprinkled with life-points. Each physical discovery is a vision of hitherto unobserved *Form*. The new fact is of importance as a new organism, or as vitally related to some larger life or law. The same phenomenon, which known as an isolated fact is dead to us, becomes living and organic when its cause is traced. Smoke means nothing till it has been traced to fire, the seeds of flowers are classed as dust till their form-producing power is ascertained. To the intellectual apprehension almost nothing *is* without a manifestation in form. "Without form," and "void" are the natural synonyms of the intellect. It is not intended to assert that there is no being where there is no form, but that being cannot be

apprehended by the thought of man where form is not perceived. There may indeed be other ways of revelation to the spirit of man. The vague and inarticulate to the intellect is its own interpreter to the heart. Sunsets, whose law of form is as yet untraced by science, thrill the soul ; bird songs, whose rules of art are as yet unknown, are sweet and full of meaning for the deeper understanding. The life that is hidden from the intellect of man breathes upon his spirit, the south wind blows, and rocks him into harmonious beauty, the north wind teaches him fortitude and freedom, and in the night season, when deep sleep falleth upon man, there come to the spirit visions of the uncreated. The soul is 'ware of things that eye nor ear hath seen or heard ; it only knows, and loves, and lives.

But when man begins to work, he must do so after the divine pattern set before him in the universe. He must speak the thought that is in him through Form. No vague inarticulate sounds will avail to express a man. The human spirit may touch its brethren across such obstacles, but till it can somehow express itself it is not said to live. An idiot is dead to the world we live in. He is a spirit in prison, his only worthy expression a cry for deliverance. In the deepest sense, he too, may know and love ; but his life is a hidden and an awful thing ; and we esteem as very death the physical or intellectual want that cuts him off from the living root of humanity. Absence of form or manifestation here determines absence of life.

The rule still applies when carried to the works, especially the intellectual works, of genius. The

work of a mere storer of facts, a compiler, a mental brickmaker, is regarded as dead. Its use is not detracted from by such a conception; how much storing of apparently dead material does man absolutely require for physical growth and life! The facts of other years lived once (like the peat deposits of the bog); and when genius sets fire to the fuel which industry has piled together, they sparkle and glow with a changed and intenser life. Or, to use the truer analogy, genius is life, and, like life, is manifested in definite and law-respecting forms: the soil and the flower may contain the same elements; the flower draws essential conditions of existence from the soil; without its mother-earth it could not be, yet it springs into an intensified and individual life, it is order out of chaos, being out of nothingness. And by this mark, perhaps the work of genius may be known, when it rises like a lily of the field, a fair organic creation from the bed of human experience. When definite orderly form is wanting, genius *may* be present, but with insufficient power to subdue and assimilate; but more usually undiscerning industry has been striving vainly to compensate by profusion for disorder.

The forms which genius takes have their analogies rather with the easy spontaneous forms of Nature than with the intentional formal symmetries of human design. Nature may at first sight seem less orderly than the methodism of man, since her framework is the result of the living growth, while with man the skeleton is outside and uppermost, and in the gay luxuriance of abundant life, the forms of genius may show at first a less orderly front than those of talent in which

design is everything. It is necessary to compare the work of genius with that of Nature, because it, only, is unconscious in its working. While industry collects materials, and talent plans, contrives, designs, genius has ends and means in itself; it gathers life because it lives, as the living body does. "To that which hath shall be given." It works instinctively, guided unconsciously by the accidents of circumstance in the direction of least resistance to its power, forming by an inward impulse, it might be unable to explain, and thus originating an end or life, when talent can make only the means or machinery. It may be that in the individual, talent and genius co-exist, but they cannot work simultaneously on one object. In illustration of the unconscious order of genius, it may be observed how often, in literary work, the readers perceive evidences of design that cannot have been intended by the author. See the example of the discussion between Goldsmith and his friends as to what he intended to convey by the last word of the famous line in "The Traveller."

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, *slow*."

Goldsmith himself could not tell, and was indebted to his friends for an explanation of all the simple word conveyed. He must *have felt*, as he wrote, the slowness both of thought and action, that belong to one with no eager desires or hopes. Why need an "unfriended" man hasten on, when no welcome awaits him anywhere? What should hurry the steps of one, whose "melancholy" thoughts linger and pause over the past, whose eyes by unconscious sympathy seek earth, a perpetual emblem of decay and burial,

while his feet obey his Soul and half forget to move. But if Goldsmith had consciously *intended*, he could have expressed this meaning in other words. It seems that while he had the formative faculty that implies design, he had less than almost anyone the secondary quality that itself designs. He could do the thing, but he could not tell how, nor even why, he did it.

It is, in fact, as difficult to imagine a great work with no ascertainable skeleton, as to suppose a living body with no structure. There are, indeed, many great works in which design seems everything, but perhaps they are works rather of talent than of genius. For talent no doubt is as indispensable in the intellectual world inhabited by man as machinery in the outer. In both, man combats force with force ; is consciously resisted and consciously victorious. He demands, invites and compels obedience to his ends by his will, artifice and strength. In so far as he is lapsed from "life" in its true and necessary action, he is conscious of dead forces without, a want of power within. He is obliged to strive and toil, to oppose exertion to inertia.

We are told by physiologists that the bodily skeleton, like the sea beach, is deposited by the wave of life, and marks where it ceases to flow ; and if this be true, a body all bony skeleton tells of absence of creative power and assimilation to the earth it sprang from. And so the works in which design holds so prominent a place appear to me to be pre-eminently those where the true organic power is wanting. They are built up from unassimilated dead material, rather than developed from the living. For in creation, design is always latent in inspired

necessity, genius is obliged to write so, and no other way; it does not choose its course, but follows the right track by a subtle instinct, which has nothing to do with reason, though it may afterwards be justified by it. For we must remember that Nature is single in her work, and that, by analogy, where there is true genius, the same singleness is supposed. How would the world go on, if Nature had to stop to consider and choose her best course of proceeding as we do? Intuition supersedes logic in the creative work of man, as in Nature, and not until inspiration has passed can logic be required; then we search with candles for evidences of truths that shone but a moment ago in the sunlight.

The insight of genius is sight of a whole thing, while the imperfect vision of most shows us but one side of it, or both sides as *separate* things, for want of a common focus; hence the easy successes of genius, and the necessarily frequent failure and mistake of talent. Most of us must proceed by induction and hypothesis, gathering from the existence of two seen things, evidence of a possible unseen; but genius, beholding the invisible, accounts for the phenomena without effort. As creator, it forms, else chaos would be always chaos—it lives, else a machine would be all it could make.

Thus may chance seem to guide the fingers of an inspired musician in the opening bars of a piece yet to be; but the formative instinct compels all that follow to bear a living relation to the central harmony whence they flow. It may be repeated, varied, denied; but it is always, when least apparent, present to thought. The gay shepherd's dance is as

much demanded by the secret instincts of the musical nature as the gravely passionate andante, or the clashing triumph of the close, for the organic perfection of a work which began its march with the stately steps of Jupiter. Pre-eminently is the formative instinct to be seen in music. In it alone, perhaps, of all human experiences, are liberty and law habitually and perfectly united. The most ethereal, the most mysterious of the arts is that which has the most developed organism. The laws of its growth, the conditions of its harmony are, it is said, better ascertained and more stringent than those of other arts. Music out of law is impossible. It alone realizes on earth the perfection we seek for in Heaven. Music either *is* or is not ; when it *is*, perfection of form and framework is implied ; when it is denied, order and symmetry are likewise denied. An incorrect harmony, a melody true to a fine instinct but false to the rules of art, is an impossibility.

The profoundest musical science is latent, till analysed by criticism, in harmonies poured forth by blind passion, or called into pathetic life by the unspeakable needs of an imprisoned soul.* But in a less degree all genius acting freely is found, by a subsequent analysis, to have acted rightly also. Its overflowing life refuses to be measured by design ; yet, like the framework of the living body, design is present in a perfect adaptation of means to ends that we vainly seek to reproduce in our uninspired imitations.

* See, for examples, the child Mozart exciting the wonder of old professors by the intricate science of his Sonatas, and the nearly idiot boy, Blind Tom, whose musical power at one time attracted attention.

The forms which genius assumes are endless—ever new and varying, like the life of nature, by which its working may be aptly illustrated, each growing and yielding fruit after his kind. There is the many-branched tree of visible art; there is music, an instrument of many strings; and literature, with forms seemingly infinite as the life it seeks to represent. Most of these forms have been defined over and over again, at least in their great orders, but one present perhaps in all ages, but fully developed only in this, waits for comprehension and definition. What are we to call “novels?” Is it sufficient to class them under one denomination as the lightest reading possible, the “drawing-room of literature?” Are they so? If the novel means essentially that which has less unity, less design, less inspiration, and requires less attention, reverence and understanding than any other book, what a mistake our best novels have been! What is to be done with “Alton Locke,” “Consuelo,” “Spiridion,” “Undine,” “Uncle Tom,” “Hertha,” “Transformation,” and a host of others that announce themselves on the title-page as weighted with a moral, and treat of free-will and fate, and all the problems of life? Has it been considered that, as in the geologic periods flora answered in abundance and kind to the fauna that were to be nourished by them, so there may be as nice an adaptation of our mental food to our constitution? May it not be said that each age has had its own special form of literary expression—the most easy and natural to that age, but not, therefore, necessarily the lightest to another? Else, why do the very ballads of our ancestors require

from us a certain painstaking attention, and why are their habits of thought, however simple, not an easy *fit* to us ?

With regard to the dignity of novels, it may be remembered that poetry was once the light literature of the world, and much that is now banished from rhythmical expression was then held not only worthy of it, but indeed formed its staple. When the *trouvères* sang for society, which had then no "drawing-room," their improvisations must have included much that would now be at best transferred to the pages of a magazine as indifferent prose. And evidence may be gathered from the sermons of the Puritans and others, that poetry was long regarded in precisely the same light as novels are by many good people now. "Light and vain ballads" were inveighed against as a popular and dangerously fascinating form of amusement, engrossing time that might be better spent, and filling the mind with idle thoughts. On the other hand, the eighteenth century seems to have found in Essay writing its most easy and natural expression for the deepest as well as for the lightest thoughts. The "Citizen of the World" and the "Spectator" contain more pathos and earnestness, in a playful dress, than the sermons, unexceptionable for seriousness of form, under which the people slept so decorously. Men and women were moved by those sparkling little essays and unmoved by the sermons. And it is always found so ; when wisdom talks as we talk, we stop to listen ; when it goes above our heads, we are respectfully inattentive. And, perhaps, when the history of the nineteenth century is written, it will be seen to have been a

right and true instinct that has led so many of the most thoughtful and earnest to adopt novel-writing as their expression, and that they have not lost but gained, by using fiction, the impassioned yet familiar idiom of the common people, in preference to the stately dulness of disquisition. All forms of expression are of course needed for a life so complex. The prophets will still speak, if they use the common words, an unknown tongue, but their interpreters will make use of the most popular idioms. He who sees what his brethren are blind to, reforms and creates the moral sense of his age, but his actual influence is limited and intense; it is the task of his followers to embody the spirit of his teaching, and so obtain reception for it; they write with hearts filled with divine philosophy; they do not sermonize, they only write a story and insensibly lead men into truth by the ways of parable.

Whether fiction be accepted as our chief form of expression or not, it is clear that prose, not verse, suits us best. Poetry is, on the whole, our difficult exercise, and if it is desirable that our time should be fitly represented, it cannot be in poetry. Fragments poetry may give, but the great, swarming, many-colored whole it cannot give. It is our severe delight, our rare enjoyment; prize it as we may, it is not our adequate expression. Practically, is not this seen in the works of our poets? Have we not sometimes felt a strange sense of unreality when the minor poets have tried to express what life has seemed to them? Have we not wished they would speak prose? In other centuries we feel it was right to sing in ballads the thought within; in this, prose

is nearer and truer ; our true poets even while they chiefly speak the instincts of their time frequently fail in expression. Tennyson's archaic beauty is not of us, though we claim his thoughts as our own underneath their antique garb ; he has clad tumult in the garments of repose. Browning, so utterly modern, makes to himself ingenious fetters of his rhymes, and some of the works that most approach the old epic strain are most unepical in structure. Good plays, with scarcely an exception, are read at home, being found impossible on the stage. Neither Browning's plays, so wonderful, so intensely dramatic in essence, nor Sir Henry Taylor's, have gained a true acceptance on the stage. It is certain, however we may account for it, that there are very few of us to whom poetry is daily food. Somehow there seems to be no time for so good a thing ; it is respected and loved distantly, with a sort of feeling that familiarity would be impertinence.

But, while poetry lies on the shelf, or is the rare consolation of sick and lonely souls, novels are our safety-valve ; we talk with them, and they with us. They say all we want to say. Not like a pitying angel, but like a friend, they hold us with strong and tender clasp, help and soothe us when we are quite tired out. They are of and from us, and they move us as no alien, though angelic, beauty can. Yet there is not less poetry in the world than there was. Poetry or rather the spirit without a name, the life that breathes alike in verse, in music, in art, and in daily life, when touched to passionate issues—can no more die than nature's life itself. It may be manifested variously—at one time specially apparent

in one form, at another quitting that form—which then becomes dead like any body from which the spirit has fled—for another. It is revealed to us more universally and less specifically than of old; oftener and under less disguise. The veil between the seen and unseen is thinner; and with the invisible pressing upon us everywhere, we need not to shut ourselves up in a closet only lighted by the stars, to know what poetry is. It comes not from starry influences only, but is rained in splendour upon every heart that is open to receive it, at every time and place. The form of both prose and verse bears witness to such a change. Prose becomes rhythmical in the best writing of Carlyle and Ruskin and a host of others, while our truest poetry approaches the “homely passion of prose.” See for example Christina Rossetti’s “Better Resurrection” and “A Bruised Reed,” Mrs. Browning’s “Nightingales,” “My heart and I,” and Robert Browning’s “Prospice” and “Rabbi Ben Ezra.” One comes upon passages in prose and verse that refuse to be strictly defined as either; essential beauty, on the one hand, clothing itself in the beautiful garments of rhythm, essential sincerity on the other denying artistic clippings of speech for a rough-hewn earnestness of expression. The limits of both are melted away in the white heat of emotion, prose has the beauty of a poem, poetry, the sincerity of prose; they touch and meet, and flow into one, till we can no longer discern between

“Most passionate earth and intense heaven.”

Thus our age wants not for great poets; but the greatest fail in the poetic art, and approach the rug-

gedness of prose. It has no popular poetry, since its spirit finds more fluent expression in popular fiction. For the same reason there is less bad verse, nonsense having full outlet through other channels, and poetry receiving half-prophetic honours becomes a thing sacred and apart. Yet the new form in which the poetic spirit is embodied, more human is "not less divine." It is not likely that the art which draws to itself minds of every order should be one unworthy of their exercise. The novel is the popular drama, the idyll, the epic. As painting comprises many styles, so romance may be anything and everything, ideal or realistic, high or low art, a reflection, a caricature, or an apotheosis of nature. Fiction appears to me as a many-chambered house with halls for works of consummate art, playrooms for the children, sombre galleries, sunlit terraces, haunted rooms and curious cabinets. But to many, I know it would seem absurd to ascribe such importance to novels. At first sight they appear so much less dignified than the drama or poem, just because they are so much easier for us to do; this is some proof presumptive of their value. When a thing is done rightly without effort, no one is more apt than the doer to depreciate its value; *he* prides himself on what he accomplishes with difficulty. Yet, no doubt, the lookers-on are right who praise and wonder at the genius in the one case, and think little of the talent displayed in the other. If novel writing is our specialty, it is quite natural that we should be ashamed of boasting of so slight a thing. The structure of novels seems so loose, perhaps they even seem to have none; yet I believe that our fictions will

be found as structural and anatomically correct as the poetry of our fathers; laws will be deduced from their perfect form and rules from their framework for future imitators.

Regarded thus, the phrase "the drawing-room of literature" ceases to be more than partially applicable. If fiction really is the channel for the creative spirit of the age, it will include all phases and moods of thought and feeling. Actually it does. Speculation is poured into it, philosophy weighs it down; to expose a grievance and denounce a wrong, a novel is written, and proves as effectual as the Jacobite ballads in the days when Fletcher of Saltoun said of them—"Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I care not who makes their laws." Still more, if it were asked of us what epic we had produced, I know not to what we could point as more worthily fulfilling the conditions of an epic than the stately "Romola;" and if what tragedy—simple, severe, and regardful of unity—as the Greek fate-dramas—the "Mill on the Floss" seems a true embodiment of their spirit, with the river, the visible fate, mingling, ominous yet enchanting, with Maggie's childish dreams, drifting her into deadly peril, and at last rescuing her by death from the greater dangers of life—emblem of the destiny that controlled and moulded her life—making and made by it. For idylls there are "Aleck Forbes" and "David Elginbrod" among the pine trees, and many others. Our century, not less than its predecessors, produces its poetry, but *then* the form was that of verse, and *now* it constitutes what we term the novel. The Poetry remains—the Forms are altered.

EDUCATION,

BY

EDWARD F. ELLIOTT.

EDUCATION.

THERE is scarcely any difference of opinion in these days as to the value of education to all classes ; yet if some could have their way it would be confined to what are called the respectable orders of society. There is much variety of view, too, as to what constitutes a good education and the mode of imparting it. How often is the word misused ! Let it be understood we speak not of physical education, although nothing can be more important than to develop and strengthen and train all the bodily functions. *But our subject is intellectual education—mental and moral development and training.* Of course the elementary branches should be carefully taught at starting. No pains should be spared here, and if you take into consideration the large numbers taught in our elementary schools, the work on the whole is there perhaps well done. But in middle-class schools, especially in girls' schools, more attention is paid to the teaching of showy accomplishments than to reading, writing, and arithmetic. This practice is absurd and mischievous, but the teachers are not solely to blame. As the milliner and dressmaker have to consult the depraved tastes and prejudices of their customers, although in their hearts they may despise these frivolous vagaries of fashion, so the

schoolmaster or mistress must or will give most attention to subjects that will pay best and do most credit to the seminary. The great fault of all early and even more advanced education is parrot teaching—the acquiring the mere use of words, without knowing or taking in fully their meaning, or in learning lessons as it is called, without comprehending with interest the subject of the lesson. Hence the attention is not engaged, there is no delight in the task, and what is acquired is soon forgotten.

These seem truisms, yet what need there is for repeating them until the evil methods are abandoned. The most valuable habit a man can possess in life, intellectually speaking, is mental discipline, to know how to regard things and persons as they are, and not as they seem, and this habit should be acquired young. Bishop Butler has a few pregnant remarks which are well worth committing to memory by a young person, who will better understand their meaning at thirty than he will at eighteen. “Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we deceive ourselves?” Therefore at the outset let everything that is taught, that can be explained to a child, be thoroughly examined, illustrated, and mastered, and that which cannot be explained then, reserved for some future occasion.

Grammar, geography, history and arithmetic may all be taught with great interest to young people when they are able to know the meaning of what they learn, and are not teased by committing to memory a long list of dry names. Another habit which is mischievous, although having the sanction

of high authorities, is the practice of going into minute details of some particular study, instead of taking a comprehensive view of all the most useful studies, and filling up with the details in after life when opportunity is afforded. A little thought and illustration will make the subject clear. Suppose the same plan was adopted in other matters ; suppose a sailor was taught, with the most minute accuracy, how to splice a rope, reef a topsail, holystone the decks, and then was left in charge to navigate the vessel—or a carpenter taught to plane and saw and handle his axe and chisel in the most skilful manner, and then left to build a house. And yet we hear of boys in middle-class schools who are taught history and the languages in this manner, when the time they have at school is only sufficient to gain a general insight into the most important branches of knowledge. And in higher-class schools they are sometimes examined with Hebrew points, Greek particles and the most minute intricacies of Latin grammar. By all means let professional men go into these subjects ; that is their business. But to teach them to boys or youths who in after-life have to be professional men or tradesmen, seems a folly of a most outrageous kind. Look at the great stores of knowledge that are to be gained without wasting the time in indulging the pedantic prejudices of learned men. A traveller who has to explore distant countries prepares himself for his journey by becoming previously acquainted with those branches of knowledge which will be most useful to him—and ought not a youth, who has shortly to commence on his own account the special work of life he has to

adopt as his profession or trade, to be instructed on the same principles? I do not say men should not study Greek or Hebrew, Sanscrit or Chinese, if they have the time for it. But how much easier and better it would be to gain all the information the classical authors contain by aid of the able translations supplied us by scholarly men. I know I am writing heresy, and learned pedants will smile pitifully at any presumptuous ignorance. But what if I have some of their own order on my side. The folly of the method is beginning to be seen; it is like the universal bleeding adopted by the medical profession a few years since, or their treatment of fever. All is now different amongst them, and they have taken up now a more natural method of treatment. So by-and-bye our boys and youth will not be tortured with methods and crammed with knowledge of no earthly use to them; but, like the poor girls in seminaries of the selectest kind, who are bored with music or French or German, or what not, for which they have no inclination and no ability to learn, will no longer have to endure these miseries. It is said that a knowledge of classic studies will give taste in composition and strengthen the mind. But the price is too much to pay, because the same or better results can be obtained with less cost. Have we not, in English literature, all the treasures of Greece and Rome, purged of their errors and adapted for our use, and if these are not sufficient, we may supplement them by the literary stores of German and French authors.

Would not some of our leading men have come sooner to their present mature culture if they had

been less burdened with prejudices, or had time to study more modern modes of thought in their early youth. Men of great ability and learning, yet they have not led men, but followed. Cobden and Bright did not learn their lessons at the schools of classic Greece or Rome, and we are much more indebted to the Germans than to other nations for modern culture. Let us, however, value knowledge wherever it can be obtained. All the best Greek and Roman authors have been translated, so have the Fathers of the Church. The literature of India, of China, and of Persia, are accessible in the same way. We have in our tongue all the finest works of Italy, of Germany, of France, Portugal, and other European countries. No man is able to master all the learning that is within our reach. The time at the disposal of our boys and youth, after they have left school, is very limited, and many of them have little disposition to use the time they possess. Therefore, they have misspent their powers in acquiring classic lore, and cease to value it when they have left school; and what is worse, they have not gained the information, and broad and liberal views they ought to start in life with, and are thus far unfitted for the duties of their responsible position. Take some of the great noblemen we have near some of our small towns and villages. They ought to be the foremost men in every good work. Leaders in moral and intellectual efforts. Patrons of learning, and willing helpers of needy men who labour to promote intelligence and goodness. Are they recognized as doing this work, or are they more readily known as bent principally upon promoting their own material interests? The

huckstering habits of petty tradesmen ought not to be characteristics by which great noblemen are known. And, after all, there often is at bottom a true nobility about these men which comes out every now and then, and which makes us regret they were not schooled in modes of thought and trained to habits of public usefulness in their boyhood and youth. And the clergy, what must be said about them, estimable men as many of them are? They would do more amongst the labouring classes than they do if they knew how to conciliate and win them. And many self-denying men do this. We could almost forgive them for their narrowness of view and intolerance of opinion, for the sake of their large charity and sympathy for the poor. But there ought to be more symmetry of character about them. Here and there you find men of lofty mental stature, of highly cultivated minds; but, unhappily, the general body of the clergy, both Churchmen and Dissenters, are bound lightly to custom and precedents. They are still in the swaddling-bands of creed and custom and authority, and are contented to be so. 'Tis only the vigour or thoughtful restlessness of minds without the churches that will make the dogmas of popular Theology bow before a true Religion, and harmonize with the scientific thought of the age. If the leaders of religious thought and moral action are thus blinded, how can their followers be in better case? Thus it comes to pass that both clergy and people are in eager pursuit of the "one thing needful"—material enjoyment flavoured with a slight infusion of intellectual taste.

The education of the working-classes is happily

advancing at a rapid rate ; they are fast becoming as well educated as the class above them, and have more correct notions of the actual relations of persons and things. The time is coming when the man at the plough, the working blacksmith at the forge, or the mechanic of the workshop will be rated simply by his qualities as a man ; when the frivolous distinctions between menial and mental work will be lost sight of, and the maid and milliner, the shop girl and the housemaid will stand only on their qualities and virtues and educational worth. The subject will not be complete unless we say a word respecting the religious education of the young. The essence of Religion—love to God, piety and love to man, goodness—ought assuredly to be taught even in the elementary schools and elsewhere ; the various theories respecting the Bible and the truths it contains may be explained, but no pressure used to influence their minds either in one direction or another, so that, in later life, with more full information, they may adopt such views and doctrines as their consciences may approve.

Education sweetens the hours of toil, smoothes the pillow of sorrow, and brightens the home of the peasant, the tradesman and the prince. It strengthens the mind, purifies the heart and enlightens the conscience. It shines in the countenance, improves the manners and dignifies the person. 'Tis a trusted friend, a good counsellor and a sweet companion. It preserves from the violences of passion, the promptings of pride and the gnawings of envy. 'Tis a guide in youth, a stay in manhood, and the staff of age. 'Tis an angel in the time of trouble, and

a teacher of prudent moderation in the joys of prosperity. When friends fail, and business prospects become dark, and trouble and afflictions rain heavily upon the soul, it points, as a sure guide and resting-place, to the source of all goodness and joy—the Father and Friend of all.



JOSEPH SKIPSEY,

BY

M. M.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

THIS poet has been called by one of his critics a "Literary Phenomenon," and his Lyrics have received high encomiums wherever they have been reviewed. These we pass over, as we do the particulars of his life. Enough that his father and grandfather before him were miners, that he also is a miner, and has been so ever since he was eight years of age. He is now 47. How he taught himself to read, and what are now his literary attainments, are given in his Book of Lyrics, and also in a sketch of his life in the "Biograph" of Sept., 1879. Our task at present is to lay what we consider the beauties or tit-bits of his poetry before the reader, so that he may be able to judge for himself as to their merits. Mr. Skipsey asks for no favour because of his circumstances, or want of University education. His own rule is—"No book ought to be read that has not sufficient intrinsic merit to cause it to be read." If, therefore, the reader does not think, after perusing the quotations we are about to give, that they are the emanations of an exalted mind and that of a true poet, then he need not concern himself further about Skipsey's writings; but if he agrees with us, and with reviewers in the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, and many provincial newspapers, that the man is a born genius, and that his poems are real inspirations, then let him speculate three shillings

for the book, and, our word for it, he will have his money's worth. So much by way of introduction; now for our quotations. We shall begin with his lighter pieces, and finish with his philosophical and mystical. The following are among his gems:—

WILLIE AND JENNY.*

Duskier than the clouds that hi
 'Tween the coal-pit and the sky,
 Lo, how Willie whistles by
 Right cheery from the collieree.

Duskier might the laddie be
 Save his coaxing coal-black e'e,
 Nothing dark could Jenny sec
 A-coming from the collieree.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The butterfly from flower to flower
 The urchin chased; and when at last
 He caught it in my lady's bower,
 He cried, "ha, ha!" and held it fast.
 Awhile he laugh'd but soon he wept,
 When looking at the prize he'd caught,
 He found he had to ruin swept
 The very glory he had sought.

ANNIE.

Coal black are the tresses of Fanny,
 But never a mortal could see
 The coal-coloured tresses of Annie
 And be as a body should be.
 White, white is her forehead, and bonnie—
 And, when she goes down to the well,
 The beat of the footstep of Annie
 The wrath of a tiger would quell.

* Some of these short poems now appear in print for the first time.

Red, red are her round cheeks, and bonnie—
 And when she is knitting, her tone—
 The charm of the accents of Annie
 Would ravish the heart of a stone.
 Nay, rare are her graces and many,
 But nothing whatever can be
 Compared to the sweet glance of Annie—
 The glance she has given to me.

Many of the ditties are very pretty and poetical;
 the following are quite Shakespearian :—

THE FAIRIES' ADIEU.

“ Our revels now are ended, so good night, so good night,
 And each unto our chamber let us hie,
 And there lose ourselves in visions till the broad daylight
 Again has bade adieu unto the sky.
 So good bye
 Till day has gone out of the sky.”

“ My couch is in the daisy with its golden, golden eye ;”
 “ And mine is in the violet, sweet and pure ;”
 “ And mine the modest blue bell, beneath whose canopy
 I dream away the angry day secure.”
 “ So good bye
 Till day has gone out of the sky.”

“ But when the day's departed, upstarting from our dreams,
 We'll gather in a ring upon the green,
 And there dance till night's enraptured, and the pale moon seems
 To mourn the fate that changeth such a scene.
 So good bye
 Till day has gone out of the sky.”

The following ditty, entitled “ Question and Answer,”
 is very smart :—

“ Say whither goes my buxom maid
 All with the coal-black ee ?”
 “ Before I answer that,” she said,
 “ Give ear, and answer me.

"Pray hast thou e'er thy counsel kept?"

"I have and can," said he ;

"And so can I," said she, and swept
Alighting o'er the lea.

"The Proud One's Doom," with its classical allusions and poetical moral, is a real gem :—

"Queen Pearl's own equal—nay,
A fairer far am I," May Dewdrop said,
As Sol at break of day
Did kiss the sparkler on her grass-blade bed.

"None may my charms resist!"
"None," Sol still kissing answered ; when alas !
The proud one turned to mist,
And with her pride did into Lethe pass.

Among Mr. Skipsey's mystical poems, "The Angel Mother" is with us a favourite. The poet in a vision sees and converses with the spirit of the wife and mother that was, who tells him what she now is, and what in her present state she has the power to do, and not to do. A few verses here and there from this poem will give the reader an idea of its beauty and drift :—

"I've passed the portals I so often dreaded,
And by the fiery trial unconsumed
I find myself to life, not death, yet wedded—
Even I whose relics you beheld entombed.

"The body's perished, but the spirit's risen,
And in a body beautifuller far
Than that which was its cradle and its prison,
And now is numbered with the things that were.

"To me the baubles of the world have vanished,
Even with the garments I behind have left,
But not one treasure from my heart is vanished,
Not of one golden hope am I bereft.

- "The self-same spirit, nay, the self-same being
 In every human faculty the same,
 Save with a clearer, keener sense of seeing
 What path to glory leads, and what to shame.
- "The wife's devotion and affection tender,—
 The mother's sweet solicitude and all
 That did our home a thing of beauty render,
 Is mine, or haunts me still, and ever shall.
- "Even from my sphere beyond your sphere located,
 I'm oft permitted to return—to wind
 My way through halls my change left desolated,
 A blessing to the dear ones left behind.
- "I see the brave man by the hearth-stone sitting,
 To whom my being was and yet is wed,
 And while the past before his gaze is flitting,
 I see the tear-drops for his lost one shed.
- "Upon my knees, unseen, before him kneeling
 I gaze into those eyes tear-blinded, till
 A sense of sadness yieldeth to a feeling
 As sweet as ever did a bosom thrill.
- * * * * *
- "I cannot wash as wont our jewels' faces,—
 I cannot comb as wont their golden hair;
 But I can lock them in my fond embraces,
 And I can gild their minds with fancies rare.
- "I cannot fetch the lisper sweet his rattle,
 Nor for the other the piano ring;
 But I can aid my boy-child in his prattle,
 And I can prompt my girl-child how to sing.
- "I cannot lead them to the daisied meadows,
 But I can overlook them when they're there;
 And give a golden glow to passing shadows,
 And make the fair sunshine to them more fair.
- "*Ay, tho' they cannot see or hear me, ever
 Into the soul of babe and father flows
 The presence of their mourned one like a river,
 That wakens music wheresoe'er it goes.*"

“The Thought Toiler” is a beautifully conceived and beautifully worded poem :—

A Thought Toiler faint and o'ercome by his labours,
And the manifold troubles by which he was girt,
Combined with the titters and sneers of his neighbours,
Lost hope, and thus vented the pangs of his heart :—

“I'm a-weary with care, I'm a-weary with care,
Surrounded with woes that no mortal can bear,
Whilst I gaze on the night of my ills and survey,
Not a star to direct my 'lorn soul on her way.

“I'm shorn of my strength and though few are my years,
The winter of life on my aspect appears ;
Ay, the feeling of death steals apace round my core,
Like the sea-waves around yon lone rock on the shore.”

So rang the wild wail when a voice from the spheres,
Where dwell the good angels awoke on his ears—

“Refrain from thy tears, from thy sorrows refrain,
The gloom that engirds thee shall vanish again.

“Though in shadows the car of thy destiny's driven,
And thy hopes are extinguished, thy bosom-words riven,
Not, not in our battle for right hast thou striven,
Unwitnessed by God and the angels of heaven.

“And could but thy eyes now be opened as they
Will be opened and not in a far distant day,
Thou would'st see for thy trials a guerdon more bright
Than the jewels that garnish the mantle of night.

“For the lava of thought that has sparkled and burned,
In thy innermost soul's to a diadem turned,
And each tear thou hast shed has changed to a gem,
That enhances the worth of that rare diadem.”

Thus cheered, the Toiler's strength is restored,
and with hope and confidence he once more goes
forward to battle for the right.

The last extract we shall give is from the poem of the "Seer." We have in it, we suspect, a picture of the poet's own temperament and disposition:—

Shy, sensitive is he, and far from equal
 Unto the battle of material life ;
 He strives unheeded, and too oft the sequel
 Unheeded falleth in the bitter strife.
 Averse to falsehood and pretences hollow,
 Averse to slander, cruelty and wrong ;
 He scorns the gilded car of pomp to follow,
 And underneath is trampled by the throng.
 Too nobly strung of self—to brook the mention
 Of aught essential to his personal gain—
 Too finely strung to pleasure in contention,
 He seeks within, the peace he would obtain.

And he does obtain it, for to him is granted a richer dower "than that which gilds a hundred monarchs' thrones," a gift which enables him to unlock "the safes of the Creation," and enrich his mind with their precious stores. Where others, not blest with his imagination, see nothing but what they consider the commonplace workings of Nature, he, with his gift, to use the words of his Genius, is enabled

"In every planet in the midnight heaven,—
 In every hue doth in the rainbow blend,
 Shalt thou perceive a lore and meaning, given
 To very few on earth to comprehend.
 "The very flower upon the meadow blowing,—
 The very weed down trampled on the road,
 Shall be to thee a priceless casket, glowing
 With glories hinting of the light of God.
 "In every breezlet—nay, in the commotion
 Of raging winds—in every streamlet clear—
 Nay, in the roaring of the mighty ocean,
 Shalt thou hear sounds will gladden thee to hear."

Who but a poet can comprehend the poet's "fine frenzy" as he is thus carried away by imagination into the realms of fancy, and by his wonderful gift is able to create and live in worlds of his own! Mr. Skipsey is a poor man in this world's gear, but his mind is to him a rich kingdom; with such a mind, in the words of Shakspeare, he is able to "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Where is the intellectual man who does not envy this poor but gifted miner the possession of such a mind?

We conclude with the hope that these few quotations have excited a desire in the mind of the reader to see more of this poet's writings. In them he will find poetical imagery, philosophic thought, and a cultivation, considering opportunity and position, which astonishes, whilst it pleases and enlightens.



THE COUNT OF SAINT GERMAIN,

BY

WILLIAM MACCALL.

THE COUNT OF SAINT GERMAIN.

MEASURELESS and merciless ridicule has been poured on the Eighteenth Century : and a great and earnest writer, Thomas Carlyle, has never spoken of it, but with boundless scorn. Yet, in some respects, it was the most memorable—in others the most noble, of all centuries. To how many divine ideas it gave birth ! How sublime was the transformation it achieved in Poetry and Philosophy ! And how grandly it burst from its embroilments and entanglements through the colossal earnestness of the French Revolution ! Its sins and its defects were flagrant enough, deplorable enough, detestable enough. Courts were corrupt. Rulers were both depraved and incompetent. Never had stupid and blundering statesmen, such as the Duke of Newcastle, so much influence ; never were vast hosts entrusted to the command of such imbecile generals,—a Soubise, a Cumberland, and so on. Yet, on the other hand, what deep and ardent yearning there was in the breast of nations for comprehensive reforms ! How exalted, even if often chimerical, were the schemes of improvement ! If adventurers and charlatans swarmed and flourished, it was less because men were in the mood to encourage quackery, than because they dreamed a dream of moral perfection. Philanthropy, Emancipation, Education are now the most leprous cants : in the Eighteenth Century they were realities—the visions and prophecies of a Better Time. The Eighteenth Century had its

Rousseau Evangel—its religious movements. Wild was the Evangel, and the religious movements were strange. But they showed at least that the souls of men were longing for the higher life. The Eighteenth Century deserves all the curses which have been hurled at it ; but loathe as we may what was evil, why should we forget what was good ?

Even the mountebanks of the Eighteenth Century were half the dupes of their own trickeries ; they half believed that they were the ministers and interpreters of occult forces in Nature. Stimulating, for the sake of notoriety or gain, human credulity to the uttermost, they were themselves as credulous as those whom they deluded.

One of the most mysterious, or, more properly, mystifying men of the Eighteenth Century was the Count of Saint Germain. In renown he was and is far behind Joseph Balsamo, who called himself Count Alexander Cagliostro, and his origin and real name are wholly unknown. In France he figured as the Count of Saint Germain ; but in various places he had been the Marquis of Montferrat, in Venice the Count of Bellamare, in Pisa the Chevalier Schöning, in Milan the Chevalier Welldone, in Genoa the Count Soltikof, in Schwabach the Count T. Zarogy, or Ragotzgy. He spoke German and English well, Italian admirably, French with a Piedmontese accent, Spanish and Portuguese with perfect purity. The Duke of Choiseul declared that the self-styled Count of Saint Germain was the son of a Portuguese Jew ; but the Count himself claimed a much more illustrious origin. When he spoke of his childhood, as he was fond of doing, he pictured himself as surrounded by

troops of menials in a gorgeous palace, and in a sunny clime, as if he had been the eldest son of the King of Granada at the time of the Moors. An old Baron von Stosch said that he had known during the Regency a Marquis of Montferrat who was regarded as the natural son of the widow of Charles the Second, King of Spain, and of a Madrid banker. It was conjectured that the Marquis and Saint Germain were identical. Some declared that Saint Germain was a Portuguese Marquis of Betmar, others that he was a royal Portuguese bastard, others that he was a Spanish priest, Aymar, others that he was an Alsatian Jew, Simon Wolff, others that he was the son of a tax-collector in Savoy, called Rotondo. The Marquis of Belleisle, a man who had great ideas, and who did great deeds, was introduced to Saint Germain and brought him to France, where he speedily grew conspicuous, partly as a Proteus, and partly as a prodigy. It was easy for Saint Germain to clothe himself with the many-colored robe of innumerable names; but, in innumerable characters to give, as if from personal experience, the records of past centuries was not so easy. Saint Germain spoke as if he had lived long ages before. Perhaps, however, he only wished to say that by transmigration he had animated one body after another. Grimm, often a hard judge, gives favorable testimony to Saint Germain:—"All who knew Saint Germain thought him a man of much talent. He had that natural eloquence which is so well fitted to enchant. With chemistry he was well acquainted, and he had a knowledge of history, such as few who have studied history, acquire. He had the gift

in conversation of recalling the most important events of Ancient History, and of narrating them as if he had been narrating an anecdote of the day, with as much detail and as much interest and vivacity."

Saint Germain was introduced to Madame de Pompadour, who treated him with signal kindness. Louis the Fifteenth received him graciously, had long and frequent conversations with him, and gave him apartments at Chambord. Madame de Hausset, who was for a time Madame de Pompadour's chief waiting woman, wrote *Memoirs*, whose literary merit is small, but whose historical talent is considerable, and which contain curious details respecting the French Court. In these *Memoirs* there is this record: One day Madame de Pompadour said to the Count de Saint Germain:—"What kind of person was Francis First in appearance? He was a king whom I should have liked."

"And verily he would have deserved the admiration," replied Saint Germain.

Then he described the king's face and his whole person with the minuteness and accuracy of an eye-witness. Forthwith he spoke of the King's Court, the Constable De Bourbon, and afterwards of Mary Stuart and Margaret de Valois.

Laughing, Madame de Pompadour cried: "It seems as if you had seen all that."

"I have a great memory, and I have read very extensively the History of France. Sometimes I amuse myself, not in trying to make people believe, but in letting them believe that I have lived in the remotest times."

"But you do not tell your age, and you speak of

yourself as very old. The Countess of Gergy, who was, fifty years ago, I believe, Ambadress at Venice, declares that she knew you there, and that you looked exactly as you look to-day."

"It is quite true that, long ago, I knew Madame de Gergy."

"According, however, to what she states, you must be a hundred years old at present."

"That is not impossible," answered he with a laugh: "but, I must confess, that it is also possible that this lady, for whom I have a great respect, is in her dotage."

"You have an Elixir of Life, which has had surprising effects; she pretends that, for a considerable time, she has not felt older than if she were only twenty-four. Why not give the Elixir to the King?"

"Oh! Madame," he exclaimed, with a kind of terror, "God forbid that I should give the King an unknown drug,—I should be mad to do so."

If Saint Germain had spoken to others as he now spoke to Madame de Pompadour, the exaggerations of public credulity would have diminished, or they would swiftly have vanished altogether. But it would not have suited the designs of Saint Germain to enlighten public opinion, which attributed to him a superhuman power. The Parisians had pleasure in chattering with admiration of Saint Germain's career in far distant ages, of his Elixir which prolonged life, of his immense riches, of his secrets for increasing the size of jewels, for removing the blemishes from diamonds without diminishing their weight. That he had a large fortune was generally admitted, and sometimes he made a parade of it.

One day he showed to Madame de Pompadour a box containing topazes, rubies, emeralds, the whole being of prodigious value, or seeming to be, for persons who wanted to pass for more sagacious than their neighbours, thought that he was skilled in the art of making false stones. On another occasion he appeared at Court with shoe buckles and garters of diamonds, which many supposed to be worth at least two hundred thousand francs. And, when arrested in a small Piedmontese town, on account of a bill of exchange which was supposed not to be quite in order, he immediately produced bills manifestly genuine, worth a hundred thousand thalers, took a haughty attitude toward the governor of the town, and was treated with overflowing honors at his departure. Whence came his wealth? This is as little known as the place of his birth. A very common belief was that he derived his resources from some foreign Court, and played at the French Court the part of a spy. But there was not sufficient evidence in favor of this belief. In what are called the "Authentic Memoirs" of Cagliostro, a book which, spite of its title, is supposed to contain much that is fabulous, Saint Germain is represented as the Grand Master of the Freemasons, and it is declared that Cagliostro received instructions from him before going to Courland to establish Masonic Lodges according to the Egyptian rite. If this statement is true, it would account for some of Saint Germain's influence, but it would not account for his wealth.

It was not till Saint Germain went to Paris that he gained notoriety and influence. In Holland, in Germany, at Venice, at London, his sayings and

doings had been viewed with indifference, or with a smile of irony or incredulity.

At Paris, however, that grand theatre of follies and depravities, where the idle voluptuary Louis Fifteenth was the chief actor, Saint Germain could easily play with applause whatever part he chose. The audience was not critical, provided it was amused, and was very willing to be deluded. Saint Germain left the marvels of Animal Magnetism, of the Philosopher's Stone, of a universal Medicine, and so on, to more vulgar performers ; and the arts and airs of the necromancer he spurned : he summoned no spirits from the realm beyond the grave. Through optical illusions he excited the phantasy, so that imaginative persons saw in a magic mirror, or believed they saw, those beloved ones among the departed to whom they passionately clung. They who in Paris Society, so credulous, so incredulous, and, above all, so frivolous, might not care for optical trickeries, were fascinated by Saint Germain's knowledge of chemical scents and of cosmetics. He was said to have invented a remarkable combination of copper and zinc. Mortals of another stamp he charmed by making heaps of precious stones glitter before their eyes. To Baron Gleichen, besides a small collection of admirable pictures, including a Holy Family by Murillo, he exhibited a mass of large and brilliant jewels, on whose genuineness Gleichen did not deem himself competent to pronounce. But Gleichen felt as if he had before him all the treasures created by Aladdin's wonderful lamp. Perchance, Saint Germain's diamonds were as unreal as those treasures.

During the latter part of Saint Germain's residence

in Paris he seemed to be a man about fifty years of age; and, possibly, he was not really much older than he looked. He was of middle height, neither fat nor lean, and very robust. His usual attire was extremely simple, and this simplicity contrasted with the sparkle of the diamonds on his fingers and those which enriched his watch and his snuff-box. Once he said to Gleichen: "Those fools of Parisians believe that I am five hundred years old, and I allow them to believe it, it gives them so much pleasure. In reality, however, I am much older than I look." When in the mood to mystify he employed small tricks, such as the following. Mentioning Francis First, he said: "The King turned to me." Then, as if he had forgotten himself, he cried: "The King turned to the Duke so and so." But the impression of the first words remained, the belief that he had really conversed with the two kings.

There was a report that Saint Germain pretended to be the contemporary of the Saviour, that he boasted of having successfully interceded for Christ with Pilate, and of having been instrumental in getting Saint Anna canonised at the Council of Nicaea. But stories of this sort arose from the immense skill in imitation which a clever Parisian had. As it was generally Englishmen whom this Parisian found it easiest to dupe, he obtained the name of Mylord Jones. When admitted into circles that were not familiar with Saint Germain, he personated the famous mystifier, and the more he exaggerated and caricatured the part, the more credence along with the more admiration he received. And if he had said that he was five thousand years old, like

some of the trees in California, no one would have doubted or objected. A man who sets his heart on being notorious is not sorry to be made ridiculous by the imitation of his peculiarities. And doubtless Saint Germain was the first to laugh at the absurdities in which his mimics indulged.

Marshal de Belleisle is famous in the annals of warfare for a masterly retreat he made in 1744 from Prague after taking it by storm. With that unscrupulous selfishness which was the most conspicuous feature of his character, Frederick the Second of Prussia had made a separate peace, leaving the French to shift for themselves. A year or two after, the Marshal was appointed Commander in the Army, which operated in the direction of Italy against the Austrians and the Sardinians. His brother, the Count de Belleisle, a singularly brave man, acted under the Marshal, failed in an attempt to beat a mass of French troops over the Alps into Piedmont, and died in battle. Peace came, but the Marshal continued to cherish his grudge against Austria. The French King loaded him with honors and made him Minister of War, and Minister of War he remained till his death in 1761. He accomplished many reforms in the army, which, however, were made valueless by the blunders of Administrators, and the incapacity of commanders. To the new policy, which chiefly through the Duke de Choiseul, France adopted, the Marshal de Belleisle was profoundly hostile. It is usually said that the change in France's foreign policy, and all the disasters and humiliations flowing therefrom, must be ascribed to Madame de Pompadour, flattered

by Maria Theresa, and wounded by the epigrams of Frederick the Second. But political corruption and political combinations lay alike beyond the daring and the domain of Madame de Pompadour, who was too busy trying to amuse the unamuseable King, and to retain her empire over his depraved soul, to have time for anything else. Choiseul was the real creator of the new policy, which failed through causes beyond his control. It is only because it failed that modern authors have unanimously reprehended it. That Choiseul was a man of elevated and comprehensive ideas, is shown in his bold and wise design to form a Gallican Church, a completely National Church, a Church independent of Rome, a Church resembling the Anglican Church in many essential characteristics. In his best schemes Choiseul was incessantly thwarted. He was baffled by Court intrigues. But the chief obstacle came from the impotent meddling of the King, who was always plotting against his Ministers. Herein the King was not inspired by any deep Machiavellian design, but by the childish love of a pastime. He was tormented by the intolerable weariness of the voluptuary to which any new sensation is welcome. Soon growing tired of everything, and even of the indulgences he loved the most, he pleased himself with a sort of idiotic vanity in playing the conspirator against his trusted and trustworthy servants. At every Court of Europe he had emissaries, with whom he secretly corresponded. The whole thing would have been comical, if the dearest interests of France had not been seriously imperilled thereby.

All Frenchmen, Choiseul himself not excepted,

had grown sick of a war which lowered France's military reputation much, and her political importance more, a war in which French pride was keenly hurt, even if French interests had not terribly suffered. But Choiseul wished to end with honor and with dignity what had been so calamitous. The enemies of Choiseul, however, desired to hasten a conclusion, even if the conclusion was ignominious. With the concurrence of the King, the Marshal De Belleisle sent in 1760 his favorite Saint Germain to the Hague, to carry on certain negotiations, which were to be hidden from the knowledge of the French Ambassador there, Count D'Affry, who belonged to a distinguished Swiss family, and who was himself a notable man, both as a soldier and a diplomatist. D'Affry came upon traces of St. Germain's mission, and was naturally indignant that, without his counsel and concurrence, peace should be treated of under his very eyes. He dispatched a Courier to Choiseul, bitterly complaining of the insult and the wrong. The wrath of Choiseul transcended the indignation of D'Affry. Without delay he sent the Courier back, and urged D'Affry to demand from the States General the immediate apprehension of Saint Germain, who on his arrival in Paris was to be placed in the Bastile. The following day, when the Paris Council met, Choiseul read the dispatch he had received from D'Affry, read the answer he had made to it, looked scornfully at his colleagues and the King, and uttered some words of rebuke and remonstrance in the haughtiest tone. The King held his head down as if ashamed. The Marshal De Belleisle had not the courage to make any reply. Saint Germain,

however, escaped. The States General, sent a guard to seize him ; but he had been warned, and he fled to England.

By and by we find him at St. Petersburg. There was a rumour that he had something to do with the revolution of 1762 ; but there was rather too much of bestiality, treachery and cruelty in the affair for a man of Saint Germain's taste and temperament. In any case he was, after the revolution, very intimate with the Orloffs. From St. Petersburg he went to Berlin, and thence travelled through Germany and Italy. To Frederick the Great, as to others, this singular man was an enigma ; but perhaps Frederick, with his contempt for human nature, only pretended to be puzzled. He himself was fond of mystifying, and he rejoiced in mystifications as proofs of human stupidity.

The most eminent of the five brothers Orloff were Gregory and Alexis. These two were the murderers of Peter the Third. Gregory, already Catherine's paramour, gained so much influence over Catherine after her husband's death, that she dreamed of making Gregory the sharer of her throne. The opposition of some of the Russian nobles, however, the brutal manners and imperious temper of Gregory and perchance, more than all, the fascination of a new favorite, Potemkin, snatched the sceptre away which Gregory was about to grasp. After his downfall and disgrace, Gregory travelled in Germany and France. At Nuremberg, Gregory Orloff found that Saint Germain had entered into relations with the Margrave of Ansbach, and he said to the Margrave :—" Here is a man who has played a great part in our re-

volution." Moreover, Gregory made Saint Germain a present of twenty thousand sequins. These demonstrations of regard might have a deeper meaning than they wore on the surface. Gregory knew the odium the murder of Peter the Third had brought on the Orloff family, and with true Russian cunning, he might wish to encourage the belief that the murder was so much a political necessity, that even foreigners without shame might share the responsibility. Saint Germain accompanied the Margrave of Ansbach to Italy, and here he met Alexis Orloff who, after burning the Turkish fleet at Tchesme, came to Leghorn. Though Alexis took the name of Tchesmeskjji, it is John Elphinstone, a Scotsman, to whom all the bold and brilliant deeds of the Russian ships in the Mediterranean must be ascribed. But Elphinstone was treated with the greatest ingratitude. He sent his demission to the Empress, and when he went to take leave of her he proudly wore his uniform as a captain of the British Navy. Shortly after his return to England, this hero died. Alexis Orloff was of Herculean build, was audacious to excess, and as haughty as he was audacious. To few did he unbend, to few was he gracious, and Saint Germain was one of the few. Perhaps to flatter Alexis Orloff, Saint Germain at Leghorn took a Russian name, and put on the uniform of a Russian General. If Alexis Orloff was not great as an admiral, he could be great in affairs that were thoroughly in harmony with the Orloff genius. By an act of incomparable treachery and cruelty, he seized at Leghorn a daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, the Princess Taiakanoff, who was sent to Russia, and by

the kindness of the divine Catherine spent the rest of her days in prison.

Saint Germain's curious but insignificant career grew less curious and more insignificant as the end approached. The last of his patrons or protectors was the Landgrave Charles of Hessen-Cassel, who was Danish Field-Marshal and Governor of the Duchies Schleswig and Holstein. Charles passionately delighted in the secret sciences and was the willing victim of adventurers and charlatans. At Echernfôrde in intercourse with the Landgrave, but in comparative retirement, Saint Germain closed his pilgrimage. Certain ladies regarded him as a second Solomon, pampered and petted him with ridiculous devotedness, and in their arms he died. Sometimes 1780 and sometimes 1784 is given as the date of his death. Saint Germain's papers fell into the hands of the Landgrave, but either they contained no revelation as to Saint Germain's origin, or the Landgrave was unwilling to make the revelation public. So Saint Germain died, as he had lived, not as a Great Unknown, but as a Small Unknown.

This Small Unknown resorted to very paltry artifices to gain or to keep an influential position in high places. He could be the most courteous of the courteous to the King of France, but the Margrave of Ansbach he treated as a young man, who did not know much of business, and especially of political affairs. From time to time he showed letters received from Frederick the Great; presenting the envelope to the Margrave, he said, "Do you know this hand and this seal?"

"Yes, it is the hand and the small seal of the King."

"Well, then, you shall know nothing of the contents," cried in triumph Saint Germain, thrusting the letter back into his pocket.

This was more the conduct of a braggart school boy than the conduct of a man.

Lately a theory of historical writing has been propounded, which cannot find general acceptance. It would persuade us that all which History should attempt is to picture the life of a people at successive periods ; that political changes and military events are comparatively of subordinate importance. Thus, the Wars of the Roses would lose all their interest, and how the people of England were clothed, and fed, and housed during the Wars of the Roses would alone be attractive. But only the deeds of man in his highest moods and moments are worth chronicling. The greatness of man is in his unrealized Ideals, and it is in its delineation of these that History is valuable. That History must satisfy curiosity cannot be denied, but that History teaches by example, as has been often averred, is a pure delusion. No modern nation was ever made wiser by an acquaintance with the History of ancient nations. Men are ruled by their prejudices, their passions, their selfishness, their superstition, their stupidity, and History lifts up before them, in vain, its warning finger. But History, like Epic and Dramatic Poetry, nourishes the heroic element in the human breast. It shows men willing in all ages to die for a cause or a faith, even though there might be nothing very holy in the faith or very noble in the cause. In every age the existence, whether happy or unhappy, of mankind is commonplace. It is best for us not to gaze at it too keenly

or intently. Certain modern historians pretend that it is the only thing we should gaze at, and that the rest is merely a splendid hallucination, a gorgeous phantasmagoria. Only in a prosaic utilitarian age like our own would this degrading doctrine win disciples. The great, the true historian, a Thucydides for instance, feels that his labors are sacred labors, and are not merely for the amusement of an idle hour. And, though he may pronounce stern Rhadamanthine judgments, he has no didactic purpose. Hence, a man equally proves his unfitness for the historian's vocation, through interrupting his narrative by long disquisitions, and through the attempts to stimulate attention by painting the wild and the wonderful.

Nevertheless, it would be absurd to deny men the pleasure to be derived from what is simply curious in History. The love of frivolous, scurrilous, libellous gossip has grown into a disease in our own day, a disease infecting all classes of society, and which has spread, as all moral maladies spread, from the highest class to the lowest. But there is a healthy, as well as an unhealthy interest in historical and biographical curiosities, just as we may relish good works of fiction, yet detest trashy novels.

It is to amuse, certainly not to instruct, that the brief chronicle of Saint Germain's harmless quackeries has been given. The man was vain enough, but assuredly not vile or vulgar. Spite of his extravagant pretensions, he was probably of plebeian origin. That he was the son of one who had grown rich in trade is as likely as anything else, in which case he took the poly-chromatic garb of pseudonyms

to conceal his origin. This first disguise may have tempted him to go further, tempted him to be just so far a charlatan as he could thereby be enabled to shine at Courts and enter the presence of Kings. What in these days is called snobbery is of very old date. How low men and women crawl in order to be admitted into what is called society! In the last century they did not find it needful to wallow and wriggle so loathsomely. The doors of palaces opened readily to admit adventurers or anyone notorious or eccentric. Such ambition as Saint Germain had he was able to gratify, in a fashion, as flattering to himself as it was harmless to others.

There was a kind of fitness in the relations of Saint Germain with Marshal the Marquis of Belleisle, who was the grandson of Fouquet, Marquis of Belleisle, the celebrated and no less unfortunate than celebrated superintendent of Finances, who fell the victim of Louis Fourteenth's jealousy and of Colbert's envy. Fouquet had, doubtless, wasted the money of the State, but to a far less degree than Cardinal Mazarin, who was yet trusted by that very King who poured on Fouquet all the vials of his vengeance. The common belief is that Fouquet died at the fortress of Pignerol, on the 23rd March, 1680. But Paul Lacroix and other French writers have believed that the Man in the Iron Mask, who died as a prisoner in the Bastille, on the 19th November, 1703, was no other than Fouquet. Among other objections to this theory is that derived from the age of Fouquet, who was born in 1615. But the Man in the Iron Mask, whose prison name was Marchialy, did not seem to be, and was not represented to be,

more than forty-five at the time of his death. There is more credibility in the notion, that the Man in the Iron Mask was a member of the Royal Family, who had made himself obnoxious to Louis Fourteenth—the haughtiest, most selfish of men. At all events it is remarkable that the birth of Saint Germain and the death of Fouquet should be enveloped in the same obscurity. This resemblance might be one of the unconscious bonds between Saint Germain and the Marshal de Belleisle.

Fouquet's fate, however, rose to tragic dignity, while it was in genteel comedy that Saint Germain played his part, and the genteel comedy sometimes degenerates into farce.

That men in the mass take us at our own estimate is generally acknowledged. Audacity, which in many cases it would be more correct to call impudicity, leads to success in almost everything. People praise modest merit, but modest merit is allowed to go to the wall, is trodden without mercy in the mire. Quacks and swindlers are as successful now as in any preceding age; indeed, far more successful, from the countless facilities which science places in their hands. The more audacious the impostor, the less skill he requires. Then there is in all men the love of secrets, which is only, though in more commonplace form, the love of mysteries. When the impostor's audacity or impudicity fails, and it seldom fails, men's love of secrets comes to his aid. It would be harsh to call Saint Germain an impostor; but he had the charlatan's boldness, and the charlatan's craft in turning to his purposes the universal love of secrets.

IAGO: A STUDY,

BY

S. HALES.

IAGO: A STUDY.

Miranda. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Prospero. But as 'tis,
We cannot miss him.

THESE words of Prospero must be our excuse for directing attention to what Mr. Swinburne, in his recently published *Study of Shakespeare* has termed "the subtlest and strangest work of Shakespeare." Both Caliban and Iago figure in the mind as monsters, the one physically and the other morally, and, if we consider them at all in the classification of ordinary human beings, we must carefully note at the same time wherein that excess or deficiency of quality consists which makes them stand in our imagination as one-sided dangerous beings. Of the two, Iago seems much the more dangerous to society, but, even from his subtle torpedo brain, let us hope there is safety in the control of some grand mortal, great of heart and powerful in intellect, who shall be to him what Prospero was to Caliban. Such controller he has not in the play, hence he works nothing but mischief both to himself and others.

Caliban looks up to human lives from below, and from afar in his dawning Humanity feels the power and the charm of Books and Beauty. To Stephano he says :—

"And that most deeply to consider is,
The beauty of his daughter."

And again—

“Remember

First to possess his books ; for without them
He's but a sot as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command.”

Iago looks down on men and women from his commanding intellectual height above, despising the “bookish theoric,” and finding no deeper use in Beauty than to enable an intellectual man like himself to practise sensuality with greater facility. His scope and energy of thought are not limited or fettered by any considerations by the way concerning the moral fitness of things. That a certain act seems necessary to his purposes, and that he can do it with probable success, are all the conditions he discusses. Yet there can be little doubt that he is cognizant of the moral element existing more or less as a factor and influence in the actions and characters of those around him. Indeed it always seems to us that here, if at all, is to be found the secret of his unconquerable hostility to his fellow-men.

One can imagine Caliban looking at the noble figures of Prospero and Miranda, and then at his own hideous form, and being made miserable exactly in proportion as he realized the difference and the contrast. And how can he know that that difference cannot be annihilated by a leap, however brute strong he may be, but only by the accumulated improvements of successive generations !

Something parallel to this physical beauty does Iago see in the characters of his fellow beings, though, with all his intellectual insight, it is as much

a secret to him as was the physical beauty of the enchanted isle to Caliban. Of Cassio he says :—

“ He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.”

and again :—

“ This honest fool.”

of Desdemona :—

“ ’Tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue,
In any *honest* suit : she’s framed as fruitful
As the free elements.”

of Othello he says :—

“ The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he’ll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband.”

It is evident from such reflections made for himself alone and not for the ear of any person whom he wished to deceive, that the presence and activity of the moral principle in Emilia, Roderigo, Cassio, and in grander force in Othello and Desdemona was patent to his intellect, however little he might feel its impelling and checking influence in his own life. It made him chronically discontented and miserable, with a discontent as restless as is that of the poor towards the rich, and as spiteful as that of a woman to her rival. If he could by the gymnastics of the brain have obtained these finer moral qualities, he would, but he could not bring himself into patient and willing service to men whom he felt, and felt justly, to be intellectual pigmies to himself ; and unfortunately, his marriage only made him worse. What moral principle his wife had was soon compromised

to his own standards. And so the final and stiffened attitude of this gifted but unfortunate man comes to be one "trimmed in forms and visages of duty, but with his heart kept yet attending on himself."

If Iago is to be regarded with any human sympathy, we cannot but feel the gigantic force of the struggle of his earlier life—a struggle which is only implied in that section of it presented in the play. It was long before his twenty-seventh year of age that he decided to exercise his talents for the future with a regard solely to what he considered his own interest.

It is more than a mere mental observation of the moral qualities of men and women that Iago makes, for he seems quite capable of estimating the weight and resisting power of their moral natures necessary to be overcome in each, and of the arguments most likely to subdue them to his purposes.

To digress for a moment, we would desire the student to notice that Iago's final overthrow was brought about by one who certainly was not a person of any weight of character or possessed of a high moral tone. Emilia, his wife, was probably the very last person that he expected to take the initiative in bringing him to confusion. Yet so it was. Who but Shakespeare could have traced out the possible evolutions of goodness lying undeveloped in this woman's nature? For years she had been barren of noble deeds. Any sweet womanly enthusiasm that she ever had in her earlier years was long since dried up. But the fact that she had loved and revered the pure-souled Desdemona proves now her crowning redemption! In the last moments of her life she becomes transfigured; how careless of

her own safety—of her life—in endeavouring to establish beyond all doubt the innocence of her sweet mistress.

“Perchance, Iago, I will ne’er go home.”

When she said those words, surely she had some prevision of the New Life with its inevitable and divine compulsions to self-sacrifice!

Shakespeare has been charged by some superficial readers with not being sufficiently moral. We would beg such persons to study carefully the progress of Emilia’s character. A woman who at one time would not scruple to be unchaste “for a consideration,” let it only be not too trifling, whose faith in the stability of woman’s virtue was small indeed, she is made to pass through a refining fire, urged on by her better nature, and before her death she comes to see the transcendent power of Chastity, that no “price,” however great, is enough to compensate for its loss.

So, to return to Iago, with all his marvellous insight into character, we yet find him failing to gauge accurately that of his wife. Yet how could it be otherwise? He who had no personal sympathy with any human soul or with any fine aspiration of the heart, how could he surmise that this pert though pliant wife of his, might, by the simple force of love and reverence for Desdemona, be lifted into a sphere of dominancy? “There is an intimate inter-dependence of intellect and morals,” says Emerson, “the heart has its arguments with which the understanding is not acquainted. The remedy for all blunders, the cure of blindness, the cure of crime is love. ‘As much love, so much mind, said the Latin proverb.’”

While Emilia accepted her husband's selfish code of morals she would necessarily be in subjugation to his penetrating and subduing intellect, but when the true womanhood of her real nature is felt, then his methods are traversed, and he himself is "enmeshed in the net" that he spread for the innocent.

Speaking of the whole play, Mr. Swinburne says :—
"If we have grace and sense to read it aright and not awry—it is not of any single person or separate passage that we think when we speak of it; it is to the whole masterpiece that the mind turns at mention of its name. The one entire and perfect chrysolite of *Othello* is neither Othello, nor Desdemona, nor Iago, but each and all." And, again, with equal insight he says—"It is only when Iago is justly appreciated that we can appreciate either Othello or Desdemona."

The real issue and solemn contention of the play is between the loving heart of Desdemona and the brain of Iago, between the masterly qualities of his intellect and the unquenchable fidelity of her soul to its own instincts of Love and Truth and Gentleness. And this dire combat is involuntary even to the all-knowing Iago. The fell fury of the struggle occurs in the Soul of Othello. It is there that the respective forces meet, and never in any human soul was there a more awful struggle than that which takes place between the Iago side of his nature and that which leans so tenderly towards his wife.

No word in the play warrants us in supposing that Iago had the least personal feeling of hatred to Desdemona, or that she had the least sense of recoil from him.

No trace of consciousness of any direct antagonism can be found in the mind of either. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is where Iago speaks of "being evened with Othello, wife for wife," but that was only a momentary thought, that instantly gave place to a much more feasible method of mischief, and the one that he ultimately adopted.

Whatever may have been the motives of this strange man, we dare venture to say that it was not dislike to Desdemona, nor any specially-emphasized desire to possess her that constituted one of them.

Mr. Swinburne, speaking from another point of view, confirms this. He says:—"Almost any other Creator but his would have given him some grain of spite, or some spark of lust after Desdemona."

It is with extreme diffidence and delicacy that we would take exception to Mr. Swinburne's foot note on page 179 of his *Study of Shakespeare*. It seems to us to contradict the words just quoted above. When Iago says—"Now I do love her too," he simply means to state that he has no inveterate dislike to her such as he feels towards Othello; and he goes on to describe and discriminate his "love"—"not out of absolute lust . . . but partly led to diet my revenge."

It is a curious feature of this man that however much he wishes to deceive others, he will not flatter or deceive himself by the least dissimulation of his motives. He frankly and coolly acknowledges to himself that "peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin" ("absolute lust," that is, for Desdemona); but since it was entirely unexpressed, and was known to none but himself, let us meet the confession with

those wonderful words which, although his own, yet come home to the best as well as the worst among us. "Who has a breast so pure, but some uncleanly apprehensions keep leets and law-days, and in session sit with meditations lawful?"

Has not Mr. Swinburne fallen in this instance into the general and easy error of conceiving Iago as going about idiotically telling lies? And here, even while in slight nonconformity, let us record our deep sense of gratitude and delight that Mr. Swinburne should have seen fit to use his swift and graceful imagination and his jewelled prose for the elucidation of even this play alone. We had begun to despair of an adequate interpretation of Iago's character, and then, suddenly, a most poetic rendering is given to us, and one for which we may predict a permanent place in criticism.

So far as we can understand Iago he does not appear to be sensual in the sense of the physical passions deciding any of the main actions of his life. That his imagination was allowed to range often and freely amongst sensual images is undeniable; yet here again the man is too supremely intellectual to have a mind "clotted by contagion" with grossest things of sense. As the critic so often referred to, says: "He is almost as far above or beyond vice as he is beneath or beyond virtue." In this respect, as in so many others, he seems twin-brother to that latest-born conception of evil given us by Goethe, the greatest writer of modern times—we mean Mephistopheles.

Indeed the whole of *Othello*, in its deepest significance, finds a curious modern parallel in *Faust*.

We have in both dramas what, in default of apter designations, we may term the masculine and feminine principles of the Human Spirit contending for mastery. Iago and Mephistopheles on the one side, Desdemona and Marguerite on the other, and between them Othello, the warrior—typical leader of the Middle Ages, and Faust, the thinker—typical leader of to-day. In passing, we may observe that no surer touchstone of the qualities of Goethe's defects could be found than in a careful comparison of the characters of Othello and Faust, and of the final impressions they leave upon our minds.

In the first scenes of the play we are struck with admiration at the resonant and royal tone of Othello's words, for we find his influence paramount at first. Later, Iago reigns with desolating effect, and finally the spirit of Desdemona has its sad triumph.

But now how calmly and majestically he confronts the agitated Brabantio and his followers, and afterwards the anxious senators. How easily he subdues opposition with what Mr. Dowden (in the most helpful and worthy Book on Shakespeare yet published) calls "the untroubled large validity of his will."

Surely this magnificent nature is not liable to dislocation and helplessness; yet, alas, when Iago's influence passes into his mind we find Othello rolling about in some such terribly helpless and ludicrous way as the big gun that Victor Hugo so graphically describes in his novel of *Ninety-Three*, as having broken loose on board ship, and by its simple force of weight making destruction at each motion, and crushing those who sought to secure it.

Moral and high-toned as is the character of Othello he is without vividness of perception, has little knowledge of varied human nature, and is to a great extent deficient in that faculty of the mind which psychologists tell us we do not exercise in dreams—the faculty of comparison. It was assuredly more from “want of thought than want of heart” that he sanctioned, or at least permitted Desdemona to deceive her father. He tells us himself—“Her father loved me—oft invited me;” yet he does not take the old father into his confidence. Neither does it occur to his mind as a false and unworthy action wherewith to inaugurate the kind of life he hopes to live with his sweet and beauteous bride.

Desdemona's deception of her father cannot be condoned; still we can find large excuse for her when we call to mind his ungovernable temper, his hostility to Othello as a son-in-law, and the unquenchable love she felt for Othellō. Yet Othello can put her to death later on for what he believes is infidelity towards himself—himself, whose earliest act had been to help her to deceive her father.

In one of the most solemn passages ever penned, Mr. Ruskin says:—“In some separate pieces the great masters will indeed exhibit the darkest mystery of human fate, but never without showing, even then, that the catastrophe is owing in the root of it to the violation of some moral law. ‘*She hath deceived her father, and may thee.*’ The root of the entire tragedy is marked by the mighty master in that one line, the double sin, namely, of daughter and father; of the first in too lawlessly forgetting her own people, and her father's house; and of the second, in allowing

his pride and selfishness to conquer his paternal love, and harden him, not only in abandonment of his paternal duty, but in calumnious insult to his child."

Her love for Othello seems to have made Desdemona lose all sense of love and duty to her father and friends. Her personality as well as person are given over to Othello. And he seems not adequate or equal to the absolute trust of her whole self over to him. He says:—"My parts, my title, and my perfect soul shall manifest me rightly." Brabantio, however, could never think so, for Gratiano tells us in that last scene, when addressing the dead body of Desdemona:—

"Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain."

And he goes on to say that were Brabantio living now, he might be tempted to a worse thing than death:—

"To curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation."

When Brabantio suggested to Othello in the Council Chamber:—

"Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see,
She did deceive her father, and may thee,"

he nobly ejaculates:—

"My life upon her faith!"

But when Iago suggested later on—

"She did deceive her father, marrying you,"

he says, as though he had not realized the fact before, and probably had not, from a moral point of view, "*And so she did.*"

We know that Iago's "art of putting things" accounts for a great deal of the altered state of Othello's feelings, but as Mr. Dowden justly observes:—"There was a certain side of Othello's nature which it were well that Desdemona had seen, though she trembled." Iago and Desdemona are alike in this, that there is no vacillation manifested in their conduct from first to last. He is watchful and self-confident. She is filled with profound peace and calm. Even in her deepest trouble she can say:—

"Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love."

During all the conflict through which Othello passes we feel the tenderest sympathy with him, so long as he refrains from a final belief in his wife's guilt. But we sympathize no longer when at the end of third scene, Act III., he says to Iago:—"Now art thou my lieutenant!" and the prompt acceptance of a victory which made the lieutenancy seem cheap and trifling, comes in the words:—"I am your own for ever." It is not until the death-chamber scene that our hearts beat again in sympathy with Othello.

After the revelation of Iago's villainy we ask with Lodovico:—

"O, thou Othello, that were once so good,
Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?"

The "thrice-gentle Cassio" speaks tender words, that fall, breathing no animus against his honoured general—only pity and love. But no words that

can be spoken can avail to heal or soothe the hurt of this great and noble heart. Since one voice is unable to speak them, we feel that the prolongation of his life can only be a misery. It is now that we look towards the strange worker of all this mischief, expecting to hear what his motives were—to understand him if possible; but no! the only confession he makes is one calculated to drive deeper home to Othello's mind how utterly he had been duped. He confessed that he dropped the handkerchief in Cassio's chamber for a special purpose that wrought to his desire.

The imperturbability of this man is marvellous. He seems to regret neither his successes nor his failures. Even to the last he leaves with us a sense of mastery, defiance and rebellion. In unmitigated villany perhaps King Lear's daughters come nearest to him, though their humanity seems great by comparison with his.

Mr. Swinburne, in a transcendently fine vein of criticism, says:—"He has within him a sense or conscience of power incomparable. A genuine and thorough capacity for human lust or hate would diminish and degrade the supremacy of his evil. He is almost as far above or beyond vice, as he is beneath or beyond virtue. And this it is that makes him impregnable and invulnerable. When once he has said it, we know as well as he that thenceforth he never will speak word. We could smile almost as we can see him to have smiled at Gratiano's most ignorant and empty threat, being well assured that torments will in no wise open his lips; that he might have told his tormentors that they did but bruise the

coating, batter the crust, or break the shell of Iago."

Recently it was the present writer's good fortune to witness one of the most perfect representations of character that he has seen during the last twenty years — Miss Genevieve Ward as *Stephanie* in *Forget-me-not*. Surely we may hope that some gentleman of the stage will learn from this gifted lady how to render for us a good Iago, that is, one which shall be shewn to us in all the inverted grandeur of his badness — one that will feel no need to make constant invitation to the shallow minded to notice his 'cuteness and his villany ; one that will possess a resolute good humour without merging it into good feeling ; having a lightning-like rapidity of intellect, and "an eye to stamp and counterfeit advantages though true advantage never present itself ;" "a knave very voluble ;" and yet withal, "a very valiant fellow."

In conclusion, we take from Mr. Swinburne's *Study of Shakespeare* what is, perhaps, the most sublime thought concerning this wonderful character that it is possible to conceive :—

"As though it were possible and necessary that in some one point the extremities of all conceivable good and of all imaginable evil should meet and mix together, in a new 'marriage of heaven and hell,' the action in passion of the most devilish among all the human damned could hardly be other than that of the most godlike among all divine Saviours—the figure of Iago than a reflection by hell-fire of the figure of Prometheus."

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS,

BY

J. KAINES, D.Sc.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS:

*A Discourse delivered at the Positivist School,
London, on Sunday Morning, 25 Aristotle, 92
(21 March, 1880).*

WE commemorate this morning the last of the types of the month "Aristotle," which represents "Ancient Philosophy" in the provisional Calendar of the West. How fittingly Aristotle illustrates and sums up that Philosophy, I need not say here. The subject has already been treated by abler hands than mine, and in a way which leaves little, if anything, to be desired. It is barely possible to mention Ancient Philosophy without the name of Aristotle recurring to the mind, so much is that Philosophy his own, or if not his, so much has he done for it to make it intelligible to us. When one thinks upon what Aristotle did in this and other ways, one sees in this as in so much else the appropriateness and felicitousness of the terms which the Master applied to him, namely, "the incomparable Aristotle,"—"the eternal prince of all true thinkers." What did the all-penetrating and all-encompassing mind of Aristotle not take into it? What subject did he not touch, and touching, adorn? Was anything too hard or too deep for him? Did the difficulty of a subject appal, or its newness fright him? One

is tempted when one contemplates the reach and extent of his acquirements and studies to put the question which was of old put in another connexion, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Aristotle's lordship over all subjects of human thought and speculation has not only never been questioned, it has been readily admitted by all competent minds for centuries past; and perhaps there never was a time when his eminent claims as a deep and encyclopædic thinker were more considered, and admitted than in our own. Philosophers and savants have joyfully recognised his supremacy in the general or special subjects to which they most devote themselves, and students have gladly acclaimed him as the master mind of antiquity. Whatever the subject handled, his breadth, depth, and comprehensiveness of grasp and treatment are everywhere marked, be the subject Philosophy (*i.e.*, Metaphysics) Logic, Politics, Ethics, Biology, Rhetoric, Poetry, or Physics. Nor were his studies limited to books and natural phenomena. In no other works, as John Stuart Mill declared, is there revealed such a profound acquaintance with man and mankind—with the springs of thought, feeling, and action in the human race.

My purpose this morning is not to enlarge upon the qualities of Aristotle as a discoverer and philosopher; did I do so the fleeting moments I have at my disposal for a few general reflections upon the month of the Positivist Calendar would soon run out. That month, presided over by Aristotle, has other, if lesser, names, which deserve our attention, those namely—to mention but a few—of Thales, Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato. The claims of

these Philosophers to our due consideration will be contested by none—each marks an epoch and founded a school. These schools lasted long ; may, indeed, be said in some sort to last still, as the questions they raised and discussed still stir and agitate the minds and hearts of men, under other names it may be, and later formed designations. Pythagorians (or followers of the Pythagorean ethics) still exist, and we need not go far to find followers of the methods of Plato or Socrates—methods which, in human history, have been both so fruitful and so barren of results. If as, Schlegel declared, and Coleridge repeated after him, every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist, it should not be difficult to find many followers of these two schools of thought, which, although joined at their starting point, have diverged so widely since. Little did Plato dream when he called Aristotle “the mind of his school,” that in the future the method of the pupil would collide with, where it did not destroy, the method of the master. We are this morning more immediately concerned with Plato, as he presides over the last week of the month of ancient philosophy. We shall not treat of Plato’s social or political theories, which are expanded in his own very beautiful and poetical presentments of them, attractive as they are ; time would fail in any the barest attempt to indicate their nature and extent. Least of all shall we treat of Plato’s doctrine of Ideas, of God, and a Future State. These have been absorbed into Catholicism, and helped largely in forming and moulding the doctrines and beliefs of the early Christian Church. Hence it is that Plato’s works—and pre-eminently his doctrine of the Logos—were

such favourite studies with the early fathers. No one can study the nascent growth of Christian dogma without being impressed with the stamp and impress given to it by Plato and the Neo-Platonists. This explains why the names subsidiary to Plato in the Positivist Calendar are those of the Christian Fathers, namely, St. Justin, Origen, St. Clement, Philo of Alexandria, and others. So long as Catholicism lives as a system of theological and metaphysical dogmas, so long will Plato's influence be recognised and felt. That influence will decline to make room for that of Aristotle and his spiritual descendants, as soon as Human Catholicism of the present and near future takes the place of the Roman Catholicism of the past. No other school of Greek Philosophy seems to have contributed much to that compound product called Christianity ; certainly none other but Plato's have left such ineffaceable marks of its general impress and character. Of Plato himself little need be said here as his works are so widely known ; and what he did, or essayed to do, has met with abundant recognition. He was born about 430 or 429 B.C., and died about 348 B.C. He was, as we know, the pupil and friend of Socrates, whose fame he has, by his immortal dialogues, assisted in spreading, and the memory of whose loftiness, purity, and goodness, remain a possession of Humanity's for ever. The lustre of the name and fame of Socrates will never be dimmed and obscured. Hardly can we conceive that it will be ever surpassed or equalled in the future. Plato and Xenophon have preserved Socrates for us, and we can in the *Memorabilia* of the one, and the *Dialogues* of the

other, see the "old man eloquent," as he wandered about the streets of Athens, and may indeed almost hear the tones of that questioning and searching voice, so full of wisdom, goodness, and love.

Whatever the subject treated by Plato, there is always a purity and elevation of tone and thought, such as was not commonly exhibited in his days by speculative thinkers. In reading his dialogues, one feels that one has to do with a calm and serene mind, scanning mankind from philosophic heights, and observing and noting their excellences and defects, with an even temper and a bland disposition. The raillery of Plato, or of Socrates, is of the urbanest, and the humour of the pleasantest. The dialogues are, to use the word sincere in its old sense, without flaw. Their form and substance seem alike perfect. No wonder Milton wrote

"Unsphere
The Spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

Although the too great subjectivity of Plato lowers the value of much of what he says—still we can drink deep draughts of his pure and beautiful philosophy, and refresh ourselves in these jading and jaded times in the limpid stream of poesy, which pours unceasingly from his fount. No one can rise up from the study of some of the dialogues without being wiser and better for it. The atmosphere of truth, beauty, and holiness, pervades them.

I venture to quote from the dialogue entitled "The First Alcibiades or the Nature of Man" some reflections

which cannot fail to be of use to us. I do so the more readily as they are of a practical character, and bear in the direction to which of late Dr. Congreve has guided us with so much profit of mind and heart. Now, as much as ever, perhaps more than ever, we need to address ourselves to the same task Plato had in view—the importance of personal religion. (The interlocutors are Socrates and Alcibiades).

Soc. To know oneself is wisdom, as we have both agreed.

Alc. It is true.

Soc. While we do not know ourselves, nor are wise with this wisdom, we cannot know either our goods or our evils; for it is not possible that he who knows not Alcibiades should know that what belongs to Alcibiades does indeed appertain to him.

Alc. It is impossible.

Soc. It is only by knowing ourselves that we come to know that that which belongs to us does indeed appertain to us; and if we know not what belongs to us, neither shall we know what has reference to the things that belong to us.

Alc. I confess it.

Soc. We therefore just now did ill to agree, that there are some persons, who though they do not know themselves, yet know that which belongs to them, without knowing the things which appertain to that which belongs to them. For these three knowledges—to know oneself, to know that which belongs to one, and to know the things that appertain to that which belongs to one, are linked together; they are

the action of the same man, and the effect of one and the same art.

Alc. It is very likely.

Soc. Now, that man that knows not the things that belong to himself, neither will know those things that belong to others.

Alc. That is evident.

Soc. And if he knows not what belongs to others, neither will he know what belongs to the city.

Alc. That is a certain consequence.

Soc. Therefore such a man can never be a good statesman ; nay, he cannot be so much as a good master to govern a family ; what do I say ? he cannot so much as govern himself, for he knows not what he does ; and if he knows not what he does, it is impossible he should be free from faults.

Alc. That is impossible indeed.

Soc. And if he commits faults, does he not do ill both in private and public ? If he does ill, is he not miserable ? And as he is miserable, does he not involve those that obey him in his misfortunes ?

Alc. Who can deny it ?

Soc. Then it is not possible that he who is neither good nor wise should be happy.

Alc. No, certainly.

Soc. Then all vicious persons are miserable.

Alc. I acknowledge it.

Soc. Then a man cannot deliver himself from his misery by riches, but by wisdom.

Alc. That is certain.

Soc. So that, my dear Alcibiades, cities have no need either of walls, or ships, or arsenals, or troops, or grandeur, to make them happy : the only thing

they need is virtue. And if you would manage the affairs of the commonwealth well, you must give your citizens virtue.

Alc. This is an evident truth.

Soc. But can a man give that which he has not ?

Alc. How should he ?

Soc. Then you ought first of all to consider how to acquire virtue ; and so must every man who desires to take care not only of himself and the things that belong to him, but also of the city, and the things that belong to that.

Alc. That is beyond all doubt.

Soc. Therefore you ought not to consider how to acquire for yourself, or your city, a large extent of empire, and the absolute power of doing what you please, but only how to acquire wisdom and justice.

Alc. I believe what you say.

Soc. For if you and your city govern yourselves wisely and justly, you will please God.

Alc. I am well convinced of that.

Soc. And you will govern yourselves wisely and justly, if, as I just now told you, you behold yourselves always in the Deity ; in that splendid light, which alone is capable of giving you the knowledge of the truth.

Alc. This seems very reasonable.

Soc. For while you behold yourselves in this light, you will see yourselves, and will see and know your true goods.

Alc. Without doubt.

Soc. And so you will always do what is good.

Alc. Most certainly.

Soc. If you always do what is good, I dare answer for it, and warrant you, you shall be always happy.

Alc. Your warrant is very good in this case, Socrates.

Soc. But if you govern yourselves unjustly, and instead of beholding the Deity and true light, you look into that which is without God and full of darkness, you will do nothing but the works of darkness, and such as are full of impiety : and it cannot be otherwise, because you will not know yourself.—
(*Plato's Divine Dialogues, translated by Sydenham and T aylor.*)

This is old world wisdom, and with trifling adaptation and modification is of as much use to us as it was to the Athenians when it was first uttered. We, upon "whom the ends of the world are come," who heir all the religions of the past—their glorious human product that is—we, who find in the Religion of Humanity all that the mind could wish or heart desire, need as much, possibly more, as ours is a purely human religion, under whatever aspect viewed—this personal purity and holiness alluded to by Socrates. Our religion, as has often been said here, makes great demands upon our whole nature, and not a mere part of it. A religion which rests upon a demonstrable basis, and is calculated for the wants of human beings everywhere and everywhen, is not an easy religion. It would not recommend itself to us if it were. We know what its demands upon our mental and moral capacities are, and we desire to meet, not shirk them. We have not given up belief in Christianity in order to be self-indulgent. We feel

the strain the religion of the future puts upon us, and while we rejoice that it frees us from much that irked our minds, clouded our consciences, and deadened our finer sensibilities, we bare our backs to the burdens it imposes upon us, and "gird up the loins of our mind" to the painful tasks and journeyings which it may exact from us. We joy in a religion which insists upon the possession of moral fibre, and the putting forth of intellectual strenuousness—a religion which asks of us everything and promises us nothing—save the satisfactions which come with duties discharged and services rendered. It is not for us to expect reward—we who are already so richly rewarded by what the past has left to us. Can we do anything which will repay "the debt immense of gratitude" we already owe to Humanity? Will our utmost exertions do aught to wipe out a thousandth, nay a millionth part of that debt? And, when we have done all, are we not compelled to say, in the language of the old religion, "we are unprofitable servants?" Our new Divinity demands what is best of us, what is most pure, most strong, most noble. She will be satisfied with no less a service than that of our lives, and our one desire and endeavour should be, how to render those lives fit and acceptable to Her. She demands a good, nay, a holy life, and "the beauty of holiness" belongs to Positivism as much, nay more, than it belonged to Catholicism.

Holiness, in Catholicism, was the result of divine communion, and holiness in Positivism is to be reached through communion with Humanity. The holiness of Catholicism was rarely or never attained by its most ardent disciples, because of its quasi-super-

human character, which required the seeker after holiness to subjugate the flesh, and deny not only its illegitimate, but also its legitimate wants. Our ideal is a high one, but it is attainable by tender hearts and strong natures. The Religion of Humanity grants the legitimate desires of the flesh, knowing how dangerous it is to forego them—what perils their mortification bring in their train. We do not

“ Strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky ;
The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily, nearer God.”

To us, “ whatsoever things are honest, or of good report, whatsoever things are pure ” are dearer than when we were Christians, because such things are associated with One with whose well-being all our hopes and endeavours are bound up, and whom we can render perfect only by perfecting ourselves. By Holiness we do not mean something altogether unattainable, or if attained, useless for us as human beings—we mean what has always been meant by the term, namely, “ whole, healthy, perfect in a moral sense, pure in heart, set apart for a sacred use, &c.” The holiness of Positivism is a relative holiness—a human holiness. It differs in this sense from the holiness of Catholicism, though that has always been more human in its requirements than its opponents usually suppose. Hence the complaints so often made of it by Protestants, at the Indulgences granted to human weakness and error, and the tendency it often exhibits to gloze over the occasional

wickedness of its adherents—a tendency not limited to Catholicism as the history of Protestantism itself proves. The story of the endeavour after holiness from Fetichist to Positivist times is a pathetic one. It was seen first in the dissatisfaction with himself and his surroundings, which was expressed by primitive man when he bowed himself down to confess to his fetich. Polytheism illustrates the need man felt for it, and his endeavours to attain it—futile as many of them were. While Monotheism insisted upon holiness as of prime importance, the doctrine of which it elaborated with profound insight and experience, and the practice of which was a necessity, without which its adherents could not be Christians, and were liable to the pains of eternal damnation. “Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” A harsh and exclusive sentence it may be, but one needed to bring man further upon his way towards physical and moral purity, and very helpful it has proved in doing this.

We know that the need of holiness has been felt by all religions, and the practice of it provided for, with penalties for failure and rewards for performance. In the infancy of the race, these penalties and rewards had their uses. We do not now need them. We find them corrupt the holiness, the growth of which they were intended to foster; and, as we no longer need such aid (or hindrances) we discard them. Positivism invites its adherents to the practice of virtue for the sake, not of itself, but of Humanity—virtue having been found throughout the long past, at all times and in all places, to promote the physical and moral health of human beings. It invites us to

discipline all the powers and faculties of the soul in such a way as may further the general good—the general good being the good of Humanity ; and how it may be best furthered can only be ascertained by those who hold high communion with Her, those to whom, from long familiarity, she reveals her wondrous hidden love. If “the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him,” the secret of Humanity is with them that love Her. And if we find it difficult to realise the Humanity in the general whom we are ever to serve, we shall approximately realise Her in the near and dear friends who surround us—whose love, and care, and goodness; “build up the beings that we are.” Outside that narrow circle, in the larger whole, embraced in the city, state, and nation, we shall make greater and greater approximations to the realization of Her existence and Providence. And never should we rest until she is revealed to us in all her wondrous beauty and attractiveness—of heroic mould yet human sweetness and tenderness.

Ours is an arduous and difficult task—that of making known and spreading a new religion. We may well pause occasionally to ask what means we have for doing this ? What agencies we can command ? What machinery put in motion ? Who is sufficient for such a thing ? Have we brain-power sufficient to powerfully affect men’s minds ? Perhaps we have—but the minds remain to a large extent unaffected. What may be wanting ? I do not say anything is wanting. What is it that made the old religions spread—whether those religions be Buddhism, Confucianism, Mahommedanism, or Catholicism—but *the contagion of example* ?

This helps the spread of a religion when all else fails. Let the doctrine be never so foolish or illogical—the worship and life prove contagious. Christianity was “to the Greek foolishness,” and yet so much did it answer to the urgent needs of the time, that in spite of Greek opposition, nay, even by the aid of it and its very heresies, it spread and grew. And “men took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.” “See how these Christians love one another!” Such a thing the most purblind could not miss seeing.

See what value is set upon *acts*—what an external controlling power they exercise over others. What is the secret of this power? Is not the answer obvious—acts are more within individual and collective cognition than affections and thoughts. Our affections we may restrain, our thoughts we may keep in our own bosoms, but our acts proclaim us. Hence the importance Comte gives to the relative effects of mental and moral discipline, to the life and worship of Positivism over its doctrine, invaluable as it is. Herein he follows the traditions of the founders of religions before him. Our religion will spread, nay is spreading, as all religions have spread by the force of example. What we are becomes, therefore, a question of the last importance. Are “we whole, healthy, perfect in a moral sense, pure in heart, set apart for a sacred use,” to recur to the definition of holiness? Do men perceive that we are holy in this sense? Do we perceive it ourselves? Or are we in the condition of becoming holy? If our one desire and endeavour is to perfect ourselves morally, to be pure in heart, and to fit ourselves for sacred uses, we need

be under no fear for the future of the Religion of Humanity. That religion is bound to spread, the future belongs to it, and all kindreds, and nations, and peoples, and tongues, shall rejoice at the sound of it. But however much we may aspire after, or wish for the spread of the universal religion, we must remember that aspiration is not endeavour, nor wishes discipline. The life of Altruism is not possible, save and except by the subordination of the Old Adam of Egoism. We must, both he who speaks, and they who hear, regulate their thoughts, affections, and acts by the consciousness of the one abiding presence of Humanity—labor and work, as did the holy Milton before us, “as ever under the great taskmaster’s eye.” If she be near us, we shall realise to the full what St. Paul meant when he said, “Wherefore, seeing we also are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.” For Jesus, we substitute Humanity.

True and noble souls who once worshipped with us and are here no longer, have gone to join the “great cloud of witnesses :” souls who testified that Humanity and the service of Humanity were indeed precious to their minds and hearts. We mourn their loss, but not as those without hope. “Their works do follow them,” and the memory of the just is blessed—blessed *to* the just and *by* the just. May we so labour and live, that when we, too, shall be called upon to “join the majority,” the voice of Humanity

may be heard, saying to us in the accents so soothing and consoling to dying ears : "Go thou thy way till the end be ; for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."



ALEXANDER ANDERSON,

BY

M. M.



ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE last poet belonging to the working classes who occupied our attention was Joseph Skipsey, the English miner ; the one we now intend to introduce to our readers is Alexander Anderson, the Scotch navvy, or "surfaceman," as he generally signs himself. In Scotland he is known far and near, but his fame has hardly yet crossed the border. His sun is, however, rising, and the light of his genius will soon be shining in all lands where the English language is spoken. Like the miner, he is self taught, although not so much so as is Skipsey, who never went to school, whereas Anderson went in his boyish days to a village school, where he acquired the rudiments or foundation on which he has since built his fame. Born in 1845, he is said to have already, by his own perseverance, mastered the French, German, and Italian languages, and to be well conversant with the literature of those countries. He is familiar with the works of Goethe, Schiller, and Dante ; and though only a working railway navvy, of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, is able to hold converse with the most cultivated minds on such masterpieces as *Werther*, *Faust*, *The Robbers*, and the *Divina Commedia*. His countrymen appreciate his talents and acquirements, and

tempting offers have been made to him, but he is not only a poet but a philosopher, for, according to his biographer, "a surfaceman Mr. Anderson still contentedly continues, residing with his parents in the humble village of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and unmarried. He has his favourite books, pen, ink, and paper, to amuse him in the evenings, and friends too, who drop in now and then to have a quiet chat." He himself says, "What more have I to wish for? I have the great rush and whirl of the world going past me in trains through the day when at my work, and at night the cool healthy calm of my native village." "We believe," adds his biographer, the celebrated George Gilfillan, "a purer and simpler minded man does not exist. He sends on his passions rushing with the trains—he retains in his own bosom the peace which passeth all understanding." Those who buy his books and read his life will find that he has not always remained in Scotland, as did Burns when alive, but has enlarged his mind by a run over the Continent as far as Rome, from which he brought—

"A withered violet from Keats' grave."

He has a long poem entitled "In Rome," from which we intend to give extracts by-and-by. In the meantime let us begin with the following to give the reader an idea how our navy can sing to his fellow-workers :—

"Let us sing, my toiling brothers, with our rough, rude voice a
 song
 That shall live behind, nor do us in the after ages wrong,
 But for ever throb and whisper strength to nerve our fellow-kind
 As they rise to fill our footsteps and the space we leave behind.

What though hand and form be rugged? better then for labour's
mart—

I have never heard that Nature changed the colour of the heart—
The God above hath made us one in flesh and blood with kings,
But the lower use is ours, and all the force of rougher things.

Then, my brothers, sing to Labour, as the sun-browned giant
stands,

Like an Atlas with the world shaking in his mighty hands ;
Brawny armed and broad and swarthy, keeping in with shout
and groan,

In the arch of life the keystone, that the world may thunder on."

Here is another song of the same vigorous stamp :—

" Hurrah ! for the mighty engine,
As he bounds along his track ;
Hurrah, for the life that is in him,
And his breath so thick and black ;
And hurrah for our fellows who in their need
Could fashion a thing like him—
With a breast of fire, and a soul of steel,
And a Samson in every limb !

" Oh, see how he shakes aside the night,
And roars in his thirsty wrath,
While his one great eye gleams white with rage
At the darkness that muffles his path ;
And, lo ! as the pent-up flame in his heart
Flashes out from behind its bars,
It gleams like a bolt flung from heaven, and rears
A ladder of light to the stars.

" Hurrah ! I lean over and pat his neck
As a rider might that of his horse,
While beat goes my heart like a Cyclops at work,
At this terrible acme of force.
I hear the ring of the rail, and the click
Of the joint, as he roars on his track,
And I think in my frenzy, 'a steed for the Gods,
Or some Titan Mazeppa to back.'

This is the sort of song that makes the blood tingle in one's veins. So is the song he puts in the mouth of the Engine :—

“ Hurrah ! for my path I devour in my wrath,
As I rush to the cities of men
With a load I lay down like a slave at their feet,
Then turn and come backward again.
Hurrah ! for the rush of the yielding air
That gives way to my wild fierce springs,
As I keep to the rail, while my heart seems to burst
In a wild mad craving for wings.

“ I rush by hills where the shepherds are seen
Like a speck as they walk on their side ;
I roar through glens and by rocks that shake
As I quicken the speed of my stride.
I glide by woods and by rock-bound streams
That hurry and race in their glee,
But swift as they run, with their face to the sun,
They can never keep pace with me.

“ I tear through caverns of sudden dark,
Like that in which first I lay,
Ere the cunning of man had alit on a plan
To drag me up to the day.
I rush with a shriek, which is all I can speak,
A wild protest against fear ;
But I come to the light with a snort of delight,
And my black breath far in the rear.

“ I crash along bridges that span the hills,
And catch at a glimpse below
The roof-thatched cot and the low white wall
Lying white in the sun's last glow.
Or it may be the gleam of some dull, broad stream
Creeping slowly onward beneath,
While within its breast for a moment I catch
The shadow and film of my breath.

"I rush over roofs in my madness of flight,
But not like the demon of old ;
I leave them unturned, for the arches in air
Bear me up, and my feet keep their hold.
At times too I catch, when I check my speed,
The long, wide lane of the street,
And hear, 'twix the snorts of my own fierce breath,
The clamour and hurry of feet.

"Then I snatch a look at the puppets beneath,
But to snort and rush onward again,
With a fear at my heart almost quenching its heat,
For, heavens ! these must be men—
Ay, men, I could bend like the willow, but who,
With a thought that from nothing will shrink,
Have hurl'd me down with their hands on my throat,
And bound me in rivet and link.

"I flare through the night when the stars are bright,
With the lights of the city for mark ;
With bound upon bound I shake the ground,
As I feel for the rail in the dark.
And I know that the stars whisper each to each,
As downward they flicker and peer,
'What is this that these fellows have hit on below,
That seems like a meteor from here ?'

"For my great eye glistens, and gleams in the front,
As if to give light to my tread,
While behind, like the fires of a Vulcan flung out,
Three others glare thirsty and red.
And the flame licking round the fierce life in my heart,
Let loose for a moment, upsprings,
And darts through the whirls of my breath overhead,
Till it makes me a demon with wings."

In the poem entitled *The Spirit of the Times* there are some grand verses, such as the following :—

“O, fellows, but this is a wondrous age,
When science with faith in her eyes,
Springs up in her thirst from this planet of ours
To the stars in front of the skies.
And we—we watch her as onward she glides
Leaving wonders behind her track,
Like a huntsman who jerks a hawk from his wrist,
But who will whistle her back?

“Ah, who? for at length she has found her strength,
As a tiger may come at the sup
Of the warm first blood, and his wild fierce mood
Like fire through his frame flashes up;
So she, and we follow as onward she leads
With the flush of pride on her cheek,
And she makes us the greater men, though we work
In the wake of the Roman and Greek.

“Shame rest on the bigot that thinks in his heart
She flings a blight on our creeds,
And darkens the light that we keep to guide
As we rush from the fable to deeds.
Out on such croakers! with one white hand
She lifts her miracle rod
And strikes wherever we wish, while the other
Holds on by the garments of God.

“Then hurrah! for our higher fellows that work
With this thought and its Titan powers;
And cut through the jungle of creeds and fools
A path for this planet of ours.
And hurrah for this nineteenth century time—
What the future may grow and be!
Ah, God! to burst up from the slumber of death
For one wild moment to see!”

What lover of Science does not echo this wish? We shall finish our quotations from the *Songs of the Rail*, with the following short poem:—

STOOD AT CLEAR.

" 'Where is Adams ?' that was the cry,
 'Let us question him before he die,'
 Naught around in the night was seen
 Save the glimmer of lamps, where the crash had been.
 Right across the six feet way,
 One huge hulk, engine and tender lay.
 While the wailing hiss of the steam took the air,
 By fits, like the low dull tone of despair.
 But still above all, rose that one clear cry—
 'Speak to Adams before he die.'
 'Here,' I said, 'turn your lamps on me,'
 And I laid Jim's head upon my knee ;
 'Jim, old mate,' I said in his ear,
 'They will ask you a question—can you hear ?'
 Then I saw through the grime that was on his face,
 A white hue coming with slow, sure pace ;
 And upon his brow by the light of the lamp,
 Other dew than the night's lay heavy and damp.
 'Speak to him—quick !' they bent and said,
 'Did the distant signal stand at red ?'
 Broken and slow came the words with a moan,
 'Stood—at—clear,' and poor Jim was gone.
*I turned my head away from the light
 To hide the tears that were blinding my sight,
 And pray'd in my heart, to God that Jim
 Might find heaven's signals clear to him."*

Let us now turn to Anderson's second book,
 recently published by Macmillan, entitled *Ballads
 and Sonnets*, and see what we can extract that we
 think would be interesting to the English reader.
 First of all we have thirty-seven Sonnets on Rome,
 the eternal city. His address to the famous river
 that runs through it will give an idea how he has

grasped a subject which has been handled by so many great minds :—

“Tiber ! thy city’s great have sunk and died
 Making her famous, yet thou rollest on
 (For time shrinks back from nature) ; in thy tone
 To me, a pilgrim standing by thy side,
 A threnody comes forth and fills my ears ;
 And all the heroic annals of the past
 Rise up, as if the hand of time had cast
 Its fingers on the keyboard of the years,
 Hymning their changes. What a mighty reach
 From the wild, fierce, wolf-suckled twins until
 Seven hills saw mighty Rome repose on each—
 Gateway to worlds which she oped at will,
 But now for ever shut, and in her ken
 No ‘Sesame’ to open them again !

“Tiber ! before I pass away from thee,
 One other dream. I stand with half-shut eye,
 And hear a mighty army’s vaunt and cry :
 Then see within the pass the heroic Three,
 Hark to the clang that strikes against the bridge
 That shakes (such strength was in a Roman’s blow,
 When faith was potent centuries ago) ;
 Then the loud crash, as two from off its ledge
 Leap among friends. But where is he, the best,
 The mightiest—Horatius ? In thy wave
 He plunges, and around him thou dost lave
 Thy yellow surges on his mailed breast.
 Thy foam is on his beard, he gains the land,
 Thou Roman ! and I stretch him forth my hand.”

Agnes Dead is the title of a poem on the poet’s first and perhaps only love. He describes her as a

“Pure sweet one that came but for a while,
 As flowers come, and then went back to heaven.”

The following lines will show that there is beautiful poetry in this piece :—

“So we grew up, and with the kindly years
Our friendship grew the stronger, and I watched
With a boy lover's eye the opening bud
Of her sweet spirit ; saw its infant germ
Expand beneath the breathing of the years,
Touch the soft outline of her gentle form,
And tint the cheek with colour like the rose
When first it breaks its little cell of green ;
So I, who made her centre of my thought,
Became her worshipper ; for when we know
The purity of that to which we bow
We grow sincere indeed. And she was all
That one might picture Eve to be when in
The slumber of her paradise she woke,
And found herself within the clasp of flowers.

“What wonder then, if Agnes yet a child,
Was to me all I wish'd for, that my life
Took half its being from the warmth of hers ;
That all my motions were as if her eyes
Kept watch upon me ; that my sleep became
The silent picture of the day, and set
The sweet rehearsal of my waking thoughts
Before me in the fairy hue of dreams ;
That her sweet voice made all my pulses thrill,
While the light touch of her etherial hand
Made the heart thicken, as beneath the shock
Of strangely started fears or open wrong.
O ! love like this is worth ten years of all
The staid bearing of a sober manhood,
And if, perchance, we smile at all the warmth
Of boyish passion in those early days,
It reaches further than the lips, and in
The heart we feel the sadness living on,
Crowned with the vain regret, the broken light
Of an existence only to be seen
Lighting some distant peak within the heart.”

We finish our quotations from the writings of this extraordinary poet with one of his characteristic poems entitled

NOTTMAN.

"That was Nottman waving at me,
But the steam fell down, so you could not see ;
He is out to-day with the fast express,
And running a mile a minute, I guess.

"Danger ? none in the least, for the way
Is good, though the curves are sharp as you say,
But bless you, when trains are a little behind,
They thunder around them—a match for the wind.

"Nottman himself is a devil to drive,
But cool and steady, and ever alive
To whatever danger is looming in front,
When a train is run hard to gain time for a shunt.

"But he once got a fear, though, that shook him with pain,
Like sleepers beneath the weight of a train,
I remember the story well, for, you see,
His stoker, Jack Martin, told it to me.

"Nottman had sent down the wife for a change,
To the old folks living at Riverly Grange,
A quiet sleepy sort of a town,
Save when the engines went up and down.

"For close behind it the railway ran,
In a mile of a straight if a single span ;
Three bridges were over the straight, and between
Two the distant signal was seen.

"She had with her her boy—a nice little chit,
Full of romp and mischief, and childish wit,
And every time that we thundered by,
Both were out on the watch for Nottman and I.

“ ‘Well, one day,’ said Jack, ‘on our journey down,
Coming round on the straight at the back of the town,
I was right a-head, in front of our track,
In the haze on the rail something dim-like and black.

“ ‘I looked over at Nottman, but ere I could speak,
He shut off the steam, and with one wild shriek,
A whistle took to the air with a bound ;
But the object a-head never stirr’d at the sound.

“ ‘In a moment he flung himself down on his knee,
Leant over the side of the engine to see,
Took one look, then sprang up, crying, breathless and pale,
‘Brake, Jack, it is some one asleep on the rail?’

“ ‘The rear brakes were whistled on in a trice
While I screw’d on the tender brake firm as a vice,
But still we tore on with this terrible thought
Sending fear to our hearts—‘can we stop her or not.’

“ ‘I took one look again, then sung out to my mate,
‘We can never draw up, we have seen it too late.’
When, sudden and swift, like the change in a dream,
Nottman drew back the lever, and flung on the steam.

“ ‘The great wheels staggered and span with the strain
While the spray from the steam fell around us like rain,
But we slacken’d our speed, till we saw with a wild
Throb of the heart, right before us, a child !

“ ‘It was lying asleep on the rail, with no fear
Of the terrible death that was looming so near ;
The sweat on us both broke as cold as the dew
Of death as we question’d—‘What can we do?’

“ ‘It was done—swift as acts that take place in a dream—
Nottman rush’d to the front and knelt down on the beam,
Put one foot on the couplings ; the other he kept
Right in front of the wheel for the child that still slept.

“ ‘Saved !’ I burst forth, my heart leaping with pride,
For one touch of the foot sent the child to the side,
But Nottman looked up, his lips white as with foam,
‘My God, Jack,’ he cried, ‘it’s my own little Tom.’

“ ‘He shrunk, would have slipp’d, but one grasp of my hand
Held him firm till the engine was brought to a stand ;
Then I heard from behind a shriek take to the air,
And I knew that the voice of a mother was there.

“ ‘The boy was all right, had got off with a scratch :
He had crept through the fence in his folly to watch
For his father ; but, wearied with mischief and play,
Had fallen asleep on the rail where he lay.

“ ‘For days after that on our journey down,
Ere we came to the straight at the back of the town,
As if the signal were up with its gleam
Of red, Nottman always shut off the steam.”



OUIDA,

BY

HERBERT J. BATHGATE.



OUIDA.

"Lo, there my boon !
What other ? for men sought to prove me vile,
Because I fain had given them greater wits."
Merlin and Vivien.

IT is a daily experience with those who read and think much, to find the difficulty of having enthusiasm for what our favourite authors tell us, and yet to be able to exercise a cool reasoning power of discrimination as to the ultimate value of the thoughts which presently we feel to be helpful to us. Glowing eulogy or bitter denunciation have their proper place ; but let us never be beguiled into forgetting that they belong only to the art of persuasion. Leslie Stephen, a subtle critic himself, says that to be an adequate critic is almost a contradiction in terms ; to be susceptible to a force, and yet free from its influence ; to be moving with the stream, and yet standing on the bank. We feel strongly inclined, in the present instance, to swim wholly with the stream, not so much to justify our emotions as to propagate them by the contagion of enthusiasm, and to entirely disown the position of Iago, who wished to be thought "nothing if not critical." And we are the more inclined to tell of what is noblest and best in the books which are to be discussed in this Paper, as it

is most undoubtedly true that there has been much ignorance, if not spite, in the various efforts made from time to time in the magazines, to gauge the work done by the lady novelist writing under the pseudonym of Ouida.

Conspicuous among the offenders are the society journals. In a sense, this is, and must be, inevitable. It is bitter sometimes to have the hard naked truth uncompromisingly stated ; and Ouida has not spared the follies, iniquities, and gross inequalities which give life to such prints. In *Vanity Fair* for the 21st February, 1880, under the heading of "Books to Read and Others," a violent attack is made upon Ouida's novel *Moths*. References are made to her "dull impropriety ;" we are told "she revels in descriptions of things and situations that no modest woman should write about," and further, that Corrèze, the hero of the book, is "simply a diluted and operatic Strathmore or Tricotrin, or any other of Ouida's men with ridiculous natures." A severe sermon is read to the unfortunate novelist on the character of the Lady Dolly, who, the critic complains, is exhibited as "deceiving her husband with joy and gladness, and who actually marries her daughter to one of her own old lovers." This is of course very bad ; and the pious critic, in the true spirit of our modern Christianity, fervently thanks God that the character of Lady Dolly "is an anachronism which only Ouida can produce." Let us look over, except with a passing notice, the way in which our critic overshoots his mark by so absurdly decrying the splendid character of Tricotrin—a name never to be recalled without reverence—and the question-

able taste which dictates the remark, that "with the loose women of society, Ouida seems to be only too well acquainted," and proceed to see how the assumed position of virtuous indignation is justified.

In the identical number of *Vanity Fair* containing this precious effusion, there is permitted to appear an instalment of a "Fragment of Autobiography," entitled *Mervyn O'Connor*, in which the author makes his hero murder his own father, in order to obtain the love of a married woman, who does anything but loathe him even after knowing the whole truth. But this is not all. On turning over the pages of the same number, there is to be found a *True Story of Matrimony*, of which briefly the following are the chief items. A certain Count A., poor, but of old "and honourable" title, is living with a woman, not his wife, much his senior, and the some while wife of a Continental money changer, whom she has deserted, "conveying" with her in her retreat £2000 of her husband's money. Next there arrives on the scene a "fine fellow," Dennis Connolly by name, and a friend of the Count. This "fine fellow" sees into the situation at once and proceeds to put matters upon a "proper footing." The upshot of the whole scheme is that he so persuasively "blarneys an American lady of fortune" that she is eventually married to the Count, who has meanwhile been rid of the woman who previously lived with him, and whose husband easily receives her into his house again. All this is brought about by the unfailing resource of Denis, whose achievement is held up as a very fine piece of work indeed. One can very easily fall into the mistake of making too much of

this kind of extraordinary editorial management, but it is somewhat important to the purpose of this Article, that its readers should fully understand what often passes current with society as criticism, especially as Ouida has had her full share of such treatment. Here and there, cultured and thoughtful writers—in particular the genial and talented author of *Paul Pelican*—have raised protests against obviously one-sided and bitter attacks of this kind. That Ouida is immoral and often vulgar is frequently alleged, but it is somewhat new to be told that she is “egregiously dull.” Yet this is what Mr. Labouchere has affirmed to be unfortunately the case. Such statement is most astonishing to anyone who has read the novels of this much abused writer. Surely the formal complaint which used to be made against her naughty writings, was that she clothed her wicked spiciness in so alluring and seductive a garb, that the danger to young and enthusiastic minds was untold? Now the indictment is changed, much, we are inclined to think, at the expense of the plaintiff’s better judgment, and we are sincerely sorry to find the gallant and courageous defender of Charles Bradlaugh’s civil rights ranging himself on the side of the bigots. The conclusion to be drawn from the fact of the enormous sale of Ouida’s novels is surely that the reading public is not averse to dulness? Clearly this is the weakest—and let us hope—the last, of the complaints put in court.

One of the most irritating of Ouida’s detractors to deal with, is the man, who, when brought to close quarters in an argument “shakes his head, and wisely, knows no reason why.” This is the man who

reads, nay devours, all the novels Ouida has written, and enjoys them, probably, because of the evil he is predetermined to find in them. Nothing can induce him to forego the mysterious shake. Perhaps he will even get so far as to say "Oh, well, you know it *doesn't do*," but beyond this it is impossible to bring him. Unfortunately he forms one of a large class of men, without much intellect and with some intelligence; all of whom, big or little, consider themselves fit companions of pure and chaste women; and this is a vital and important point to notice.

We think we can enumerate Ouida's faults as well as anybody. To count faults is not much to our taste; to count the faults of a really strong writer is well nigh waste of time; still we may touch on the threshold what questionless are Ouida's chief weaknesses.

Ouida displays no intellectual self-consciousness, but, perhaps for that very reason, her imagination is seldom free from the bias of a dominant idea; and though too good an artist not to give a temporary reality to her characters, she is not always guiltless of the monotony of favorite types, and the arbitrariness of so selecting them as to exhibit all the possible virtues of one class of society, or all the possible vices of another. Yet under constant dramatic impulses, strong enough to lift her above her grooves without placing her in contradiction to them, she writes with picturesque truth and varied power. Sometimes even the most admiring readers among men detect themselves involuntarily smiling over her pictures of men, yet they are genuine for good or bad. There are, here and there, subtle suggestions

which almost startle a man by their truthfulness, and make him ask himself, How came a woman to think that? We often wonder what women really think of her dissection of feminine character. We are afraid they do not love her for it, indeed everyone must be familiar with the manner in which they answer the query as to how they relish Ouida's novels, "Oh, I like her awfully, but—do you think she does women justice?" But then there are women *and* women, and if we choose to forget the portrayal of such types of womanhood as Ariadne and the old Grandmère in *Tricotrin*, we can easily think too much of Ouida's strictures upon her own sex.

Let us consider for awhile the objection advanced against Ouida that her novels, or at least some of them, say *Strathmore*, *Puck* and *Idalia*, have a tendency to excite warm, sensuous, if not sensual, emotions in the minds of young readers. We freely admit this to be true in a qualified sense. Ouida imparts—to use the words of Joubert with certain reservations—"bowels of feeling,"* to the words she uses "and pours into them such a charm, sweetness so penetrating, energy so puissant, that her writings have an overwhelming effect upon the soul." But while making this admission, we must insist that those who would take the name of Ouida from off the list of books to be read, must also present to their families a mutilated Bible or Shakespeare. Montaigne must not even appear there. What must we think of people whose system of ethics leads them into such a ridiculous position? Not but that books must

* "Donna des entrailles à tous les mots."

be dealt with in a wide discretionary way. We should like seriously to ask these good orthodox, but illogical people, if they, while placing the "naughty" novels of Ouida upon the Home *Index Expurgatorious*, would allow their children to read, undeterred, the thirteenth chapter of II. Samuel. We are aware that it is the custom in our schools, and at family daily worship to pointedly skip all such episodes, a humiliating confession surely of weakness for those who are the upholders of absolute Inspiration. We can answer for it personally that such tactics always had the result of leading to a private perusal of the forbidden chapter or verse, the guilty sense of doing so in such a furtive way, must, we are convinced, have done more harm than had the passage been read out aloud. We do not suppose any sensible man or woman would condemn the Bible for the sake of these exceptional chapters, yet this is precisely what is being done with the writings of this gifted lady; and we do not need to place these books on a level with the Scriptures to apply the argument with much force. Perhaps it would be considered too wicked and flippant to suggest that these people should read Ouida as they read the Bible, yet we make the suggestion in earnest and sincere good faith. We do not specify any further passages such as the one in II. Samuel, because we do not wish to specialize—as the somewhat scurrilous enemies of Ouida are doing—what is, after all, a feature in most great books. *Au reste*, we really don't believe the majority of Christians know, *or will acknowledge even to themselves*, what is in the Book they so unreservedly place in the hands of the young.

It is weary work pleading thus for that which is apparently so patent. If people will not concede so primary a truth, there is nothing left to be done, but to leave the matter to "Time which tries the truth in everything."

Let us refresh our minds by reading the following passage, written by one of the most gentle and intellectual Christians of our day, John Keble:—
 "Recollect I beseech you," he says, "how you each felt when you read those plays (Shakespeare's) for the first time. Do you not remember that all along, as the drama proceeded, you were led to take the part of whatever good and worthy characters it contained; and more especially, when you reached the end and closed the book, you felt that your inmost heart had received a spur, which was calculated to urge you on to virtue, not merely such as is apt without much reality, to warm and excite the feelings of the young, but such as consists in the actual practice of a stricter, more pure, more industrious, more religious life? And as for the passages of a coarser sort, here and there to be met with in those plays, anyone may perceive that they are to be attributed, in part, not to the author, *but to the age in which he lived*; and partly they were introduced as slaves in a state of intoxication were introduced into the presence of the Spartan Youth—to serve as warnings and create disgust. We need not hesitate therefore to conclude, *illum Virtuti ex animo fuisse*, that he favored virtue from his very soul." *

This, then, is to be the abiding test for all good

* Prælectiones Academicæ Oxonii, 1844, Vol. I. page 58. sq.

and sound work. Does it conduce, in the sequel, to the practice of virtue, and does it instruct the Soul in the means to sustain and contend with evils, and in the rules of living and believing well? We say most heartily that Ouida's best work will stand this final and searching test, and we will endeavour to show this to be the case.

Towering above all her books stands "Tricotrin," and in that magnificent and inspiring book, which rises to such noble heights, and falls again somewhat ignominiously, the character of the wandering Bohemian, Tricotrin himself, is the finest portraiture attempted by Ouida. His greatness is in his whole souled, self-denying love, the love of Shakespeare's Sonnets, the love which alters not "when it alteration finds." He had reached the sublime self-sacrifice which speaks in the words "If I love thee what is that to thee?" it is "the supreme utterance of the passion which can withstand absence, and neglect, and oblivion, and opprobrium, and scorn, and thoughtless cruelty, and still live on, strengthened by every year, and purified by every stroke. But none the less is it the supreme martyrdom of love." The bright young life he had cherished, and which had found a place in his heart of hearts, forsook him for the clamour of evil ways, and still there was left in him only an intense compassion, and the love which filled his life yet was so hopelessly unrequited: the love which remained with him in all its sweetness and in all its pain, until what was in him of puissant life was given up in the service of the People. For him, Life was no mere carnival, but a deep and holy earnestness. He loved Life as such, for he believed

in it. He found that there was no day—and he was thankful for it—in which heroic actions are no more, and heroic sufferings are not borne, and heroic sacrifices are not made. Sacrifice and self-denial are liberty, and the greatness of life is sacrifice. This book confirms our opinion that Ouida's genius is better fitted to touch the heart, than to satisfy the understanding; she has imagination, and less fancy. She touches the great depths of the human heart, and I know few passages in our Literature of Fiction to equal the description of the hopeless despair of the good brave old Grandmère. Let our readers refer to the 57th and 60th chapters of "Tricotrin" and read for themselves the unequalled and tragic circumstance of her death. All through her novels, Ouida displays, in common with Wordsworth, a loving and lively sympathy with the pains and sorrows of parentage. Her love of the old-fashioned ways of truth and single-hearted uprightness never swerves, and on many a page she exhorts men and women to be truthful, to be unselfish—"Truth always has its vengeance soon or late, none desert her without seeing that she would have been their noblest friend. Only often it is too late when they do see it, Once driven away with the scourge of lies, she is very hard to call back. (*Signa*, Chap. xvii.)

Ouida's sentences, having at first to the casual reader a wilful wayward sound, are to the thoughtful and attentive, direct and penetrative. They are, moreover, a delight to anyone who rejoices in vigorous and sweet prose, while her criticism upon conventional religiousness is refreshing to all who know how assuredly true religion is served and its

beauty discovered by the utter demolition of all bigotry and sanctimoniousness. Her writings can hardly fail to have helped in the ordering of some lives. Their indignation is against wrong, injustice, and dishonour. Their cry is for honest work, clean living and hearty loving. "You must get your living by loving," said Thoreau, "or your life is at least half a failure."

Ouida does not believe in equality; we doubt very strongly whether she believes in civilization as understood in England at all—whether her sympathy is not with an earlier, ruder and less conscious type of life; but certainly what she does believe in is self respect, the right and duty of the lowest to be, in his function, King of himself, free, self assured and self reliant. She has taught us to think lovingly and understandingly of low and miserable lives, to exert ourselves to procure a different state of things for such lives, helping us certainly to a noble theory of Secularism. This is much for a man or a woman to do. Further, we find that those of her heroes who have lived soft, luxurious and sensuous lives, are eventually made to suffer and pass through suffering to a nobler manhood, showing conclusively that she is not, as her enemies say, inclined to place ease and pleasure before her readers as the goal of life. Indeed there is but one life worth having, the life of love, and all humanity for our lovers.

Life that breathes, and moves, and breaks into form and flower, has a sweetness for her, which it has lost for many in a wearisome quest after sickly and infirm speculations, nor is she ever led by force of any philosophy to tire of the beauty of things that

are about our ways and homes. One great reason of the delight which imaginative writers like Ouida give, is that they make us forget the dim, ungraphic parts of life, and so turn the dull opaque realities of the world into brilliant transparencies, all of which are vivid as well as visible, and which yet, for that very reason, are mere aspects—and not often, indeed, the most important though much the most easily imagined and remembered aspects of the truth.

Vigorous and copious in her novels we feel the movements of an irrepressible, vehement nature, gifted with a flowing rhetorical eloquence ; but with a large share of the true poetical faculty, she is yet frequently faulty in diction, loose and almost untruthful in imagery. Sometimes again, her prolonged exquisite sustentation of the pictorial tone, seems to us a marvel of ingenuity and imagination.

When Ouida has occasion to lash the vices of society, her use of irony is strong. Weapons that others only play with she wields with relentless effect. Her satire is passionate, her laughter loud and relentless. With the keen edge of a morality which is both fierce and humourous, she has penetrated those outward manners of her age which artists of less strength can only mockingly describe.

Were space at our disposal we would willingly dwell upon the keen, loving way in which Ouida interprets the wants and ways of dumb animals, the stirring and indignant appeal which resulted in the abolition of the torture to which old and worn out horses were subjected in the Leech swamps of France. We should like to speak of her reverence for the "pure, white light" of Milton's life ; her acute

and various criticisms upon Shakespeare, and upon the literature of her country at large ; but we must be content at present to point out even thus briefly the excellencies of a fine novelist.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter—are we quite fully prepared to say that such work as that of Ouida's is hopelessly, irretrievably bad : fully prepared even to prove that the evil we think we find interwoven with much of her writings to be

“The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all?”

Unless we can show clearly that the eventual tendency be against the practice of virtue, and sweet strong life, we must rigorously refrain from passing cowardly, because blind and unreasoning judgments. One must not expect too much in the way of justice from even thinking men and women, but this much surely we have a right to insist upon, that the comments shall be well grounded and thoughtful, and free from the defects which come from haste, and feeling untempered by any exercise of reason.

I have been assured lately, by one who does not certainly lack intellect and sound culture, and whose life is a constant source of immediate inspiration to all those who have the good fortune to be numbered among his friends, that one of the greatest lessons in life he has ever learned, he owes to the study of Ouida's writings. They taught him to meet each day with a calm unhesitating spirit of acceptance. Should pleasures and comforts of all sorts be his lot for the day, he was to take them to him, and feel it

his duty to his fellowmen and to their common human nature, to throw himself heartily into them, accepting them not sadly. On the other hand, should a day arise in which pain and suffering stretched out their hands to give him their inevitable greeting, it was as easily and naturally to be taken up, and not even to be borne so much as cheerfully *lived*. And thus his life has become rounded and more full of grace and real sweetness, living thus from day to day "Under Two Flags." This is a complete and genuine service to render to any human creature—this is the gift to our souls of a free and gifted nature. We maintain that such services as these are priceless, and not to be overborne by petty and unthinking abuse; let the imitation of such loyalty to humanity be our end and aim. We appeal to our readers to be just and candid in these matters, and let them be assured that their lives will not lose in usefulness and strength.

We are not much concerned about putting in a complete defence; this would be foolish and an evidence of palpable weakness. We know and have acknowledged the faults of Ouida; but then so many have tried as did the Eastern King with his Queen, "so smooth, so white, so wonderful" to overcome her charm with every device that ingenuity and unprincipled "wizardry" could set in action—

"And many tried and fail'd, because the charm
Of Nature in her, overbore their own."

*ON THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES
AND PASSIONS IN OLD AGE.*

DR. SALGUES begins his chapter on this subject by observing that the whole of human life is occupied by different sensations and affections, without which it could not be preserved or sustained. By their means alone, man has the consciousness and feeling of his existence ; but if he would live in health, in full enjoyment of all his functions, and in happiness, he must regulate their number, their force and energy. Too numerous, too active, or ill directed, they painfully affect the physical organisation, subvert the powers of the mind, and cause diseases, alike distressing and numerous. For this reason, therefore, the old man cannot too strictly watch over himself, nor study too closely the rules prescribed by science with regard to his sensations and propensities. Necessity rigorously impels him to this study, which is so much the more useful to him, as it is at his age, in particular, that the mind is more speedily affected by the slightest causes, which are the active principles of physical and moral disorders and troubles, almost always dangerous in their consequences.

Man is urged to continue to exercise the faculties of his mind and body so as to keep all his functions in play to the last. He says the mind and intellect

have been with justice compared to a lamp, which goes out if we neglect to supply it with oil. Exercise, and a moderate degree of activity, impart to them more force, elasticity, and extent. St. Augustine, therefore, did not judge with his usual discrimination, when he advised the old to wrap themselves up within themselves, and to look quietly on while the current of life ebbs, drop by drop. Old age, in following such a recommendation, would only add to its pains and woes. I repeat—study, distraction of thought, a slight bodily occupation, are the true elements of the happiness of this age, and the only means, as Cicero declares, to render life worth enjoying. These intellectual exertions, however, must not be too closely pursued, or the vital powers may become exhausted, and may end in a rapid and miserable decrepitude. The mind requires occupations, but these must be selected with discrimination, and be conformable to the age that needs them. The most advisable employments for the old are those which afford play to the imagination ; they are much better suited to the support of health than deep researches, which demand too much thought, and too great an effort of the intellectual faculties. Who, on the other hand, can be blind to the pleasing impressions and delicious sensations that the contemplation of the universe, and the studies of painting, poetry, or music offer ? All these recreative employments purify the imagination, banish chagrin and melancholy, and furnish increased vitality, the attendant of health, to the frame. Of the truth of this Bacon was well aware. He recommended to the old the reading of poetry, the view of a landscape, and every study capable of filling the mind with

grand and beautiful objects, such as history, fables, or the wonderful works of nature.

Memory, the Doctor tells us, is one of the most precious powers of the mind, and imperiously demands every attention on the part of the old. If in their case its powers are diminished, it is because they have neglected it. When advanced in years, we become careless, and the mind, losing its expanse, no longer cares for anything beyond its individual wants. It is the age of egotism, which we can never combat too strongly. The surest way of doing so with success, is to interest ourselves in everything around us ; to call perpetually to mind the actions, the enjoyments, and all the wants of life, but more especially those of our childhood. The first result of this course will ever be a lively enjoyment, well calculated to strengthen the springs of life.

Concerning the passions, the Doctor calls upon the aged particularly to hold them under a strict curb : " Reason wills and commands it, and health requires it." He advises those who have passed their youth and middle age in voluptuousness to abandon the pleasures of love altogether as soon as they begin to feel the effects of age. By doing so they preserve their energy and enjoy their life to the last ; but if they persist in forced indulgence they must expect amongst other evils, trembling limbs, exhaustion of animal heat ; the intellectual faculties become enfeebled, the mind loses its strength and vivacity, and the judgment its precision. With individuals, however, who have at no time of life abused the pleasures of love, who are endowed with a robust constitution, and are not attacked by any of the

indispositions incident to old age, this rule does not apply. These pleasures, in such cases, seem to double their existence, and to keep up a mild harmony in the vital action. But even here, observes the Doctor, moderation must not be forgotten. To the wise elderly man who finds he must banish love altogether if he wishes to live to a good old age, society still offers him a thousand other enjoyments more conformable to his situation. For the old person, indeed, are reserved those seductive illusions, and the crowd of desires, which give an impulse to his heart, animate him, and sometimes lend him some part of his youthful strength. Is it not at his time of life, also, that almost every inquietude and painful thought dies away, to give place to the caresses of his offspring, to the pleasing prattle of one, the sports of another, and the precocious talent of a third? In these consist the true happiness of the aged.

The Doctor particularly recommends "moderate gaiety" as the best preservation against anxiety and grief. It is the golden panacea, the secret of longevity, and the elixir of life. It renovates the nervous system; reanimates the oscillations of the capillary vessels; facilitates the circulation, secretion, and expulsion of the fluids. How different the result if we abandon ourselves to the melancholy influence of sadness, fear and hate, which paralyze all these movements! But joy and gaiety, on the contrary, give activity to transpiration, render digestion easier and better, sleep more regular and refreshing, the cure of sickness easier, the period of convalescence shorter, and life itself longer! He even recommends a hearty laugh occasionally as being highly beneficial

to the lungs and circulatory and digestive organs. However, excess of laughter is not recommended. But he is not afraid of this being much indulged in by the aged. On the contrary he says, unhappily, man in the vale of years, far from loving joy, and the mild sensations of the heart, is much more inclined to melancholy, ennui, timidity, or the fear of death. He hesitates on every point, wavers and deliberates incessantly, and the season of action is lost before he has formed any resolution. What are the probable causes which thus modify the character of the old, disturbing his rest and happiness? They are numerous, and most of them closely connected with the feebleness of his existence ; but one of the most active is, perhaps, the indifference of those around him ; the neglect and inaction in which they allow him to languish. In Lacedemonia more respect was shown to old age. Its steps were followed with love and veneration. It was passed in salutary activity ; it was kept employed, and therefore happy to the end of existence. You who surround the old, and charged with the care of ministering to their comforts, keep their sensibility constantly in play, place it in the most pleasing and most consoling situations ; you will thus add to their existence, which will ever be prolonged more when stimulated by the pleasures of the mind, and the pulsation of a quiet and contented heart. The Doctor recommends old men to live so that those by whom they are surrounded cannot but love them, for the pleasure of being beloved renews existence. The disagreeable ill-tempered old man is left as much as possible to himself, when, if he cannot distract his mind by some literary or bodily employ-

ment, he becomes a prey to melancholy passions, and weariness of life. He tells the old not to encourage the feeling of distrustfulness which is apt to creep over them when experiencing the falseness and treachery of mankind. He advises them to look more on the bright side of the human race, on the noble and great actions that have been and are continually being performed, and give their friends, who will one day close their eyes, credit for generosity and disinterestedness. This state of mind will not fail to bring tranquility and happiness.

The Doctor finishes this chapter with urging the old not to be afraid of the inevitable. Fear of death, he says, is very common to most old people. Nothing renders them so unhappy as this; they dread that which they cannot avoid, and which may surprise them any instant. They tremble in the midst of enjoyments; they forbid themselves everything, because everything may serve as a conductor to death, forgetting that this very fear is in fact, often the cause of it.

The only means of remedying the fear of death is to familiarise ourselves with its image. Who can be happier than he who, having contemplated closely, and with courage, this invincible enemy, finally views it with indifference, and in the midst of gaiety thinks of death, without fearing its attacks?

M. M.

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